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The Secret Drawer.

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

Miss Foljambe was eccentric. Every one knew it, and every one said it, very commonly adding, with an envious sigh:

"Well, she can afford it!"

For one of Miss Foljambe's eccentric habits was inheriting fortunes, and she had accumulated quite a pretty assortment. Her father left her one, her grandmother left her one, her maiden aunt, her only sister, her cousin in India, and finally the grocer round the corner, an old bachelor who had supplied the Foljambes with bread-stuffs and butter for a generation, and who also affected eccentricity after his degree. All these had in dying bequeathed their possessions to their beloved daughter, grand-daughter, niece, cousin, or patron, Miss Winifred Foljambe, in token of—various sentiments, not so important in themselves as in their results.

So Miss Winifred lived in the great old-fashioned family mansion, where she had been born some seven-and-twenty years before the date of this story, and was protected by a middle-aged aunt-in-law, who had rather less to do with her movements than the President of the United States, and was waited upon by a troop of servants, who one and all considered themselves rediscoverers of the terrestrial Paradise, and kept several pairs of horses in her stables, who were duly exercised by their grooms, while Miss Foljambe, in thick boots, water-proof cloak, and sensible bonnet, laughed in the face of the maddest storm that ever blew or the blackest frost that ever chilled the poor man's heart or his rich brother's purse-hand.

Sometimes, of course, Miss Foljambe had to return the calls and invitations people were forever showering upon her, and then she dressed and comported herself with becoming deference to the prejudices of her companions; but this was mere duty-visiting, as any one might plainly perceive; the water-proof or the heavy shag cloak, the stout boots, and the sensible bonnet went with Miss Foljambe upon the visits or errands in which her soul delighted, and from which, in great measure, she derived her title of 'eccentric.' Plenty of people who never heard Miss Foljambe's name knew the gray suit and the handsome, shrewd face of the wearer, and came to look upon it as a sure herald of relief in their direst distresses; came to know also that, although both will and power for such relief seemed almost unlimited, any attempt at imposition, or bullying, or laziness, was sure to bring down not only detection and reproof, but a withdrawal of favor and supplies—in fact that honesty was decidedly the best policy in dealing with "the water-proof lady," as some of her pensioners had taken to call her.

Besides these two eccentricities of inheriting other people's money and giving her own money to other people, Miss Foljambe indulged an eccentric taste for rococo, and had crammed

her house with all sorts of odd furniture, ornaments, and objects neither useful nor ornamental, but simply ugly. But again, "she could afford it," and when the house got too full, as it did about once in three months, Miss Foljambe knew plenty of people very glad to accept the overflow.

Reubens was all the better for this taste, and so was Bruce, the cabinet-maker, who was employed about three-fourths of his time in repairing, making over, and utilizing Miss Foljambe's

never answered with even a show of plausibility, so that at last the popular opinion decided that Reubens himself manufactured them in some remote and subterraneous laboratory, applying rust, and moth, and wear, and gangrene to his finished work as other men apply paint and varnish and gloss. However this may have been, and it is well to state at once that it was not in the least, there was no abode of Art or Fashion one-half, nay one-hundredth part, as attractive to Miss Foljambe as Reubens' dark, musty old rooms, dismal cellar, and broken-roofed garret. In one or the other of these rosy bowers Miss Foljambe was pretty certain at every visit to find some new treasure hidden from all her former explorations, and yet bearing moral evidence upon its dusty face of never having stirred from its standing

Miss Foljambe had compelled herself to attend a wedding reception the previous evening, and felt herself entitled to a little extra recreation by way of reward. So putting on the shag coat and the heaviest of boots, topped by knickerbockers, she took her way down town, visited three families of strangers, each of whom she found ready to perish, and all of whom she left thanking God and their unknown benefactor, and then she looked in at Reubens'.

"Good-morning, lady. I vash hoping to see you this day," remarked the Jew, creeping out of his den like a wary old spider.

"Why, Mr. Reubens? Have you anything new, or is it only something strangely overlooked in all my researches here?" asked Miss Foljambe, smiling.

"New! Ah, dear lady, there ish nothing new here! Like their master, they are all old, very old and worn."

"All the better. But what is it?"

"It ish a table that the good lady may like to shee—ah, the poor old bones—ah!"

But for all his groaning and panting the cunning old fellow continued to mount to the very garret almost as nimbly as Miss Foljambe could follow, and began to rummage among a heap of old carpets which she remembered lying in the same corner at her first visit. From beneath them, however, Reubens presently extricated a small table, and, lifting it with difficulty, set it before Miss Foljambe, and dusted it with the skirt of his ragged dressing-gown.

"Oh, the little beauty! What a love of a table!" exclaimed the young lady, going upon her knees to examine the feet. It was a card-table, covered with the traditional green baize, and carved in all the affluent absurdities of a century ago. The wood was ebony, and the in-laying sandal-wood. Around the edge a carved moulding quaintly represented drapery looped away from the sides where the players were to sit. The legs terminated in eagle's claws, clutching each a lamb, the heads of the unfortunate victims projecting between the talons.

"There never was anything so lovely," repeated Miss Foljambe, after a scrutiny of half an hour. "What is the price, Mr. Reubens?"

"A mere trifle, lady; a trifle to you, at any rate, who are rich—as Jews are not," said the old Hebrew, naming a sum I am ashamed to repeat.

"That is absurd, Mr. Reubens," said Miss Foljambe, tranquilly. "Such a sum would make half a dozen families happy for a week."

"God of Abraham! and my own poor family are crying for bread," exclaimed Reubens, ready to roll in the dust. "But the good lady is my honored patron. We will say something less for the table—the handsome, rare old table. Will she give me ten dollars less?"

"I will give you just half of what you asked in the first place, and you know, as well as I, it is four times what anyone else would give," said Miss Foljambe, positively. Reubens did not know it; and, with many protestations of the sacrifice he was making, accepted the diminished price with sufficient eagerness, and promised that the table should arrive at home nearly as soon



"My own poor family are crying for bread," exclaimed Reubens, ready to roll in the dust.

purchases; for, although that young lady for her own use might prefer a century-old chair, secretary, or bedstead in the purity of its original inconvenience, she never expected her pensioners to accommodate their practical needs to her whims, and Bruce had no need to look for other work so long as he could count upon Miss Foljambe's.

As for Reubens', don't you know what that is? Why, it is the vortex where all the oddities spinning around the world's maelstrom finally bring up; it is the universal destiny, the finality of all things. How Reubens found them out in the first place, how he acquired them, whence he recruited his stock, are questions often asked, but

in the course of ages.

"Why, where did this come from?" I was in this room only last week, and I am sure it was not here then!" she would exclaim, dragging a corner of the suspected treasure to the light.

"Not here! Ah, dear lady, how can you think that? It ish always here, like me," old Reubens would reply, raising his white eyebrows and wagging his patriarchal beard.

"That means you won't tell. Well, pull this out into the light, and give me the price."

And here would go another piece of invaluable rubbish for Bruce to render presentable. At last we come to the story.

It was a stormy day in December.

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as Miss Foljambe herself. The table arrived in due course, and the next morning that lady sent for Bruce, who, presenting himself without delay, was shown into presence of the table and Miss Foljambe.

Bruce was a manly-looking fellow of thirty years old or thereabouts, and his eccentric employer had more than once wished to suddenly petrify or bronzyfy him, as an addition to her collection, but had never mentioned the idea to him—a somewhat singular reticence considering that frankness a l'outrance was one of Miss Foljambe's most noted eccentricities.

Upon the present occasion she said: "Mr. Bruce, you see this table. I want a new baize put upon the top, and the carvings cleansed and oiled. Some of the inlaid work is starting out, and this leg is splitting off."

"A good shake would send the whole thing into pieces," said Bruce, meditatively.

"Then don't shake it," replied Miss Foljambe, with some asperity. "Do whatever you can to strengthen it, but nothing to alter it."

Bruce nodded and pursed up his lips, as if he would like to whistle, as he stooped to take a reverse view of the frame of the table.

"I wish you to work here, if you please. I dare not trust it to be moved a great deal."

"It wouldn't be very safe before it is fixed, without I brought a boy to hold on to each leg all the way to the shop," said Bruce, gravely.

"Very well," briefly replied Miss Foljambe, quick at detecting any slight upon her new treasure.

"Have you your tools with you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bring them up, then, and go about it. I will send to your shop for some baize to recover the top. I suppose you have it?"

"Yes, ma'am," and Bruce, thrusting the blade of a thin knife beneath the old baize, began to tear it off. Miss Foljambe stopped him to give directions for the new cover, and went to send a man after it—persons with several fortunes at their command seldom like to wait for what they wish to have.

When she came back the cover was off, and the top of the table also. Miss Foljambe screamed.

"Why, Bruce! Is it broken?"

"No, ma'am. I took off the top so as to get at the frame inside better. There's no harm done yet."

"I am glad of that." And Miss Foljambe seated herself to watch Bruce, who was minutely examining the top of the table, which he had placed across two chairs.

"There's a drawer," said he, presently, looking up with rather an excited face.

"A drawer? Where, pray?" asked Miss Foljambe, staring at the two boards hinged together into which the table-top was now resolved.

"In the thickness of the board. I don't see how to get it open, but I can see the end of it. I suppose there is a spring somewhere. Oh, here it is!"

And as Bruce pressed his finger upon the under side of the board a little click was heard, and he carefully drew out a small drawer, perhaps half an inch in depth, and six or seven inches in length and width.

"Just room to hide a few cards, and know where to get them again," said the cabinet-maker, with a shrewd smile.

"But those are not cards," said Miss Foljambe, extending her hand for the little packet Bruce was curiously turning over and over.

"No; they seem to be papers. Some one hid them, and now, most likely, the hider is hid underground," replied Bruce, examining the mechanism of the drawer, and paying very little attention to the papers, which Miss Foljambe was eagerly examining.

Presently she got up and left the room without a word. Bruce went on with his work very contentedly, for now he might whistle to his heart's content, and did so.

Winifred, meantime, went to shut herself up in a little den called her dressing-room, probably because she did everything but dress there. At present she wished to consider, undisturbed and unwatched, the significance of her discovery.

The packet, tied with a faded bit of red tape—for even red tape decays

with time—consisted of two papers, and a miniature upon ivory representing a very handsome young woman, rather in the Amazonian style; but the picture bore no name, date, or other inscription, and if it had a story could not tell it.

The papers consisted of a certificate of marriage between Jonas Bascombe and Fanny Bellows, dated two-and-thirty years back, and a will carefully drawn and formally executed, by which Jonas Bascombe, in the same year, bequeathed his entire property of every description to Fanny, his beloved wife, and after her to her children by him, or, failing issue to their marriage, to her unconditionally. This will, duly signed and sealed, was witnessed by one Philip Waters and Betsey Andrews, neither of whom, to judge by their cramped and illegible autographs, were so much in the habit of penmanship as of handicraft.

Miss Foljambe read the whole of these documents with the most precise attention, took another good look at the handsome young woman, who might or might not have been Fanny Bascombe nee Bellows, and, then laying them all upon her lap, leaned back in the old brocade easy-chair, put her foot upon the castellated fender—both relics of Reubens—and applied herself to thought.

They must have been hidden from Fanny as well as the rest of the world, for no woman would be so careless of her marriage certificate as to sell it in an old table without remembering it. And the will? Miss Foljambe pursued and captured a floating idea that a will to be good for anything had to be proved, and after that was kept—somewhere, not in the secret drawer of a card-table at any rate.

Yes, Jonas was clearly a crafty old fellow who chose to keep the reins in his own hands, and even while bequeathing his entire property to his handsome young wife concealed the instrument by which he did so, and very likely never informed her of its existence. The marriage certificate had been hidden also, as a choice rod in pickle, should Fanny prove unruly—perhaps even Jonas had denied the marriage, or at any rate kept it private. But if he had died without revealing his secret, what then? How had Fanny managed to prove her marriage and how had she secured her inheritance? Miss Foljambe wove romances innumerable, and imagined as many terminations to the whole affair as there were days in the year, but yet without coming within a hundred miles of the true one. At last she started up and clapped her hands together.

"I have it! Varens!" exclaimed she, and rushing to her secretary wrote a peremptory note summoning Varens to attend her at the earliest possible moment.

This proved to be late in the evening, and Varens himself proved to be a little, dry, withered old man, with eager gray eyes, thin lips shutting upon each other like the lips of a steel trap, and more wrinkles upon his face than hairs upon his head.

Varens called himself a lawyer, but if he had made it police detective, unattached he would have come nearer the mark. Miss Foljambe had employed him upon a former occasion to ferret out the whereabouts of a missing husband, who, when found and brought home to his weeping and lovable wife, revenged himself by knocking her down and kicking her; but then that was no fault of Varens or Miss Foljambe, and only resulted in the latter's employing the former at a round price to get the disappointing husband shut up in the penitentiary for five years—a convenient device by which the wife was protected, and the husband retained within easy reach should she desire to visit him.

"Ah, good-evening, Mr. Varens!" exclaimed Miss Foljambe, as the lawyer entered her presence in the stealthy and apologetic manner peculiar to him. "You are the very person I most wish to see."

Varens rubbed his dry hands together, with a little crackling noise as if they had been covered with parchment, and smiled discreetly.

"A great many persons would be glad to have Miss Foljambe give them that assurance," said he.

"A great many persons are not as

useful to me as you, Mr. Varens," replied the lady, briefly, and then proceeded at once to the business of the occasion, telling her story clearly and concisely, and finishing by laying the will, the certificate, and the picture before the lawyer.

He examined all with the utmost attention, paced a few times up and down the room with the restless, feline motion of a cat suspecting the near vicinity of a mouse, then sat down again to say:

"It can be done, Miss Foljambe. There is very little doubt that it can be done; but how soon or how satisfactorily I cannot yet say. Shall I take these proofs away with me? and will you be so good as to wait patiently until you hear from me before attempting any action on your own part?"

"You mean I made a mess of it by advertising for Bunker, and nearly allowing him to escape before you could catch him?" said Miss Foljambe, coolly. "Well, I won't do so this time. Take your own way about it, only succeed."

To this injunction Mr. Varens only replied by a bow that might mean anything, everything, or nothing, and remarked that it was a very cold night.

Miss Foljambe rang the bell for refreshments, including some of a spirituous nature, and for the chaperone. She liked people who did much and talked little, and treated her detective all the better that he made no promises.

Ten days passed away. Bruce had finished repairing the card-table; and Miss Foljambe was still vainly racking her mind for something to hide in the secret drawer—something which should startle and interest some future explorer as much as her discovery had her, when Mr. Varens wrote a vague little note to say that he should present himself at Miss Foljambe's that evening.

"Well!" exclaimed that young lady as the little dry old man entered her drawing-room. Mr. Varens' look of mild astonishment gently rebuked this impatience, and he replied:

"Very well, thank you, Miss Foljambe. I hope you are well."

"I meant to inquire what you have to tell!" persisted Miss Foljambe, sturdily.

But not until his own time, and only in his own fashion, did Mr. Varens impart his intelligence. Then it was to this effect:

Jonas Bascombe, an eccentric old bachelor, reputed to be extremely wealthy, had, in the latter portion of his life, retired to a country house near the city, where he had for many years carried on an immense and profitable business. Here he lived so retired a life that, had he chosen to indulge in the wildest or the most varied eccentricities, the probability was that no one outside his own house would have been the wiser; and as for those inside, whatever they knew they were very unlikely to impart, as, besides a natural taciturnity, amounting almost to want of speech, Philip Waters, the manservant, was nearly stone-deaf; and Betsey Andrews, the cook and housekeeper, never stirred out of her own domains, or admitted any visitor therein.

Besides these, rumor and tradition spoke of a young woman variously known as the Chamber-maid, the Housekeeper, the Seamstress, or the Guest of the establishment. Whatever her position, it did not appear that she had been a constant resident in the house, but had visited it at intervals.

Matters stood in this position when, one fine day, the quiet and the privacy of this demure household were invaded by a guest who would not be denied admittance, and who, in leaving, carried with him all that was worth mentioning of Jonas Bascombe and Betsey Andrews, his handmaid. This fact was at last made known by Philip Waters, who, opening the door of the doctor's office in the village, thrust in his head and remarked:

Bascombe's dead. Fit. Betsey's dead. Broke her neck tumbling down cellar. Yesterday."

Before the doctor, a slow and pompous man, could collect his ideas or his words, the grizzly apparition withdrew, and was seen no more, then or

ever. Whether the crabbed old man feared to be questioned as to the catastrophe so briefly described, whether he dreaded to be accused as the agent of one or both of these mysterious deaths, or whether he had acquired possessions before or since his master's demise of somewhat doubtful title, no one ever discovered. All that could be said was that from the moment he closed the door of the doctor's office Philip Waters disappeared as wholly from the face of the earth as if, mole-like, he had burrowed beneath it.

Jonas Bascombe was laid in his grave, and hardly was decently composed there when two rival claimants appeared beside it, each demanding what the dead man had left behind.

The younger, prettier, and more demonstrative of these was Miss Fanny Bellows, or, as she declared herself entitled to be called, Mrs. Fanny Bascombe, lawful widow of the late Jonas, and mother of an interesting infant claiming that gentleman as his father. The other would-be heir was Mrs. Mehitable Foljambe.

"My grandmother!" exclaimed Miss Winifred Foljambe at this point.

"The same, and also half-sister of Jonas Bascombe," replied Mr. Varens, briefly, and then went on with his story.

Fanny Bellows, claiming to be Fanny Bascombe, averred not only that her marriage and the birth of her child was undeniably lawful but also that her late husband had, at her earnest and oft-repeated request, drawn up a will bequeathing his whole property to herself and her possible heirs; that it had been witnessed by Mr. Bascombe's two servants; and that he had then taken possession of it, as well as of her marriage certificate, and had assured her that both would be forthcoming whenever they should be wanted.

To this statement and this claim, made with much unnecessary vehemence and angry menace upon the part of Mrs. or Miss Fanny, Mrs. Foljambe quietly replied through her lawyers: "Prove it," and this was precisely what the unfortunate Fanny found herself unable to do, the marriage certificate, the will, and the witnesses thereto having all and sundry disappeared from the face of the earth.

So Mrs. Foljambe took possession of Jonas Bascombe's estates, sold the old house and the furniture, and offered Fanny a very moderate sum as compensation for her losses in the lawsuit, which was indignantly refused. After this Fanny disappeared, and Mrs. Foljambe, living out her respectable life, finally departed, leaving her fortune to her descendants.

Here Mr. Varens paused and looked at Winifred, who was gazing intently at him.

"Well," said she, "what is to be done?"

"That depends upon yourself, Miss Foljambe. The law gave this property to your grandmother. At her decease a portion came to you, afterward another through your aunt, another through your sister, and another through your cousin. In fact, this property has become identified with that of your family in such a manner it would be impossible to separate it equitably."

"But yet none of it belongs to us. This marriage certificate and this will gave it all to Jonas Bascombe's widow and children."

"If you choose to make the law known, said the lawyer, quietly, as he tied up his papers.

Miss Foljambe looked him steadily in the face for a moment, then said:

"I was not bred to your profession, Mr. Varens, and do not understand what you can mean. My unprofessional conviction is that the sooner this property is restored to its rightful proprietors, the better, and I shall next employ you to find them out."

"I have already done so," said the lawyer, not in the least discomfited by his client's scorn.

"What! found these people?"

"This person. Yes."

"Explain, pray!" exclaimed Winifred, breathlessly.

"Mrs. Jonas Bascombe," began the lawyer, a little more deliberately than usual, "after losing her lawsuit, retired to a small cottage presented to her by Mr. Bascombe some time be-

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See our clubbing offers on other pages.

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1907.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

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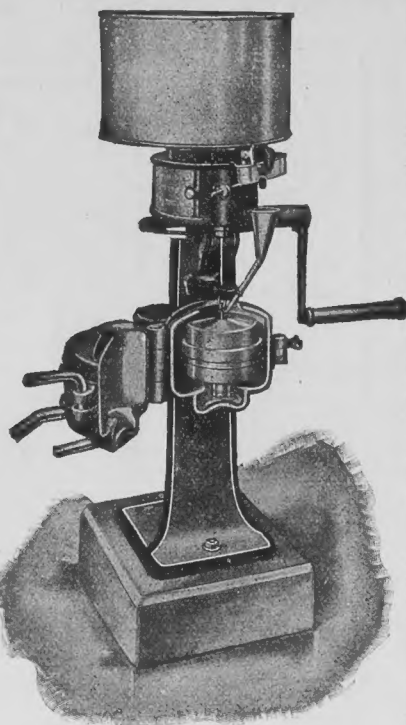
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WINNIPEG

W. ANTLIFF,
Manager

CALGARY



fore their marriage. Here she lived quietly for a few years, and then died, leaving some debts and a little boy. The sale of the cottage paid the debts and apprenticed the boy to a cabinet-maker, who treated him well, and, in dying, left him a little property and his own name. The young man is now called David Bruce, and is, I believe, occasionally employed by yourself."

And Mr. Varens looked stealthily into his client's face, feeling that he could now afford to give the rebuke she had lately administered. Miss Foljambe met the look serenely.

"That is singular, is it not?" said she, quietly. "I believe I need not detain you any longer, Mr. Varens. Will you take any refreshment?"

"No, thank you. Miss Foljambe, if I may be allowed to say it, you are an honor to the sex."

"Which?" asked Miss Foljambe, bowing him out of the room.

Five minutes later she was sending an imperative message for Bruce.

"Another old table, or a tumble-down side-board, I suppose," said the young man, preparing to obey.

He was shown in to the working-room as usual, and found Miss Foljambe awaiting him. She put the picture discovered in the secret drawer into his hand.

"Do you know that?" asked she.

David Bruce flushed scarlet, then turned white as death even to his lips.

"It is my mother," said he.

"You remember her, then?"

"I was ten years old when she died."

"See here, too," and Miss Foljambe

"Yes," said Winifred, looking at him steadily.

"Well, then, Miss Foljambe, I have been in love with you for years. I never thought to tell it, and never should but for this. Can you forgive me?"

Miss Foljambe considered the matter, and said:

"Yes, I can forgive you."

"But that is not enough. Can you—oh, Miss Foljambe! it is your own kindness that makes me presumptuous—but can you, will you give me the faintest hope? Is it possible that you could ever endure to accept me as a husband?"

Again Miss Foljambe considered, and at last said, with a queer little smile:

"I have often thought if you were a bronze or a marble I would buy you at any cost."

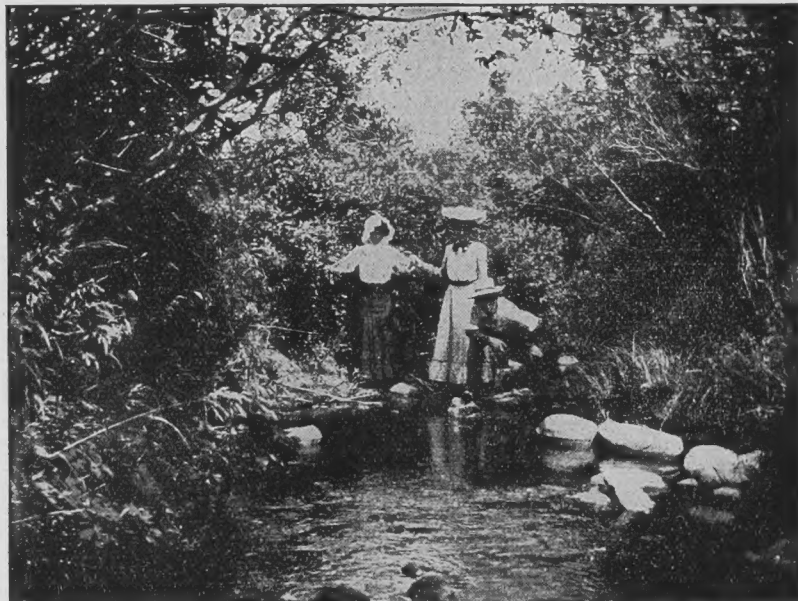
"I am not to be bought; and if you were still rich and I poor I would not marry you even if you asked me," said David Bruce, proudly. "But now—"

"But now," interrupted Winifred, "you think to buy me. People—no, I do not care for people—you will think I marry you to save my fortune."

"When I cherish an unworthy thought of you, Miss Foljambe, it will be when I forget all the goodness, and the kindness, and the nobleness I have so long admired in you," said Bruce.

So it was all settled in the end, and, as Mr. Varens remarked, it was a very comfortable arrangement all round, for goodness only knew how the property could have been divided.

Mrs. Bascombe still loves rococo,



Scene on Wolf Creek, near Ellisboro, in Qu'Appelle Valley, Sask.

Mail Order Department

This is a part of our business which has increased very rapidly in the last few years. We attribute the success to the goods we handle. It has always been our aim and pride to handle only such goods as represented the very best product of the leading manufacturers, and it is owing to this fact that we have reached the enviable position as the Largest Dealers of Pianos and Organs in the Great West.

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which is the recognized standard of comparison, and is favorably known in every community throughout the wide Dominion.

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handed him the marriage certificate. He read it and sat suddenly down in the nearest chair.

"Thank God!" muttered he, covering his face with his trembling fingers.

"And see here," pursued the lady, holding out the will, and then snatching it back. "No, don't stop to read it; I will tell you. Your father left all his property to his wife, your mother, and after her to you. My grandmother, his half-sister, did not know that he was married, and so she claimed the property, and got it. In dying, she left it to her children, and it has finally all come to me. I never knew until five minutes before I sent for you. You understand that clearly, I hope?"

"I knew that it was your grandmother who had the lawsuit with my mother, but I thought she was in the right," said Bruce, behind his hands.

"You knew, and still you could come and work for me, and receive your own money as wages!" exclaimed Miss Foljambe.

"I liked it, and I hoped you would never know," replied the young man. "Liked it!" gasped Winifred. "Why should you?"

"Because it made me feel myself on an equality with you—at least it was a link between us—and it pleased me," said Bruce, looking her in the face at last, with eyes full of meaning.

"Man, what are you talking about?" inquired Miss Foljambe, impatiently.

"Shall I tell you?" asked Bruce, deliberately.

and the other day Reubens sold to her a wonderful inlaid cradle, said to be the very one in which Marie Antoinette rocked the unfortunate little Dauphin.

May the Bascombe Dauphin prove more fortunate, as indeed he is likely to with such a father and such a mother.

Premier Scott:—But after all is said and done, the people of western Canada refuse to take their eyes off the Hudson Bay route. For twenty years they have been looking that way. In the election last fall, both parties in both Alberta and Saskatchewan made distinct pronouncements on that subject, and in May the Saskatchewan Legislature adopted a strong memorial urging the project on Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attention for immediate action.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

A Valentine Party.

An Attractive Way to Announce One's Engagement.

A valentine party is a most attractive way to announce an engagement. The maid who has been ensnared by Cupid may issue the invitations, or some friend may entertain in her honor. The affair may be a formal dinner or luncheon, or, better yet, an evening party to which men are asked.

The early part of the evening is spent in playing Hearts. The game requires a full pack of fifty-two cards, ace high in playing, low in cutting. There is no trump suit. From two to six can play at each table, but four is the usual number, each playing for himself. When three play, the deuce of spades is discarded, and when six play, all four deuces are thrown out.

Each player is given fifty chips, or counters, at the start. The deal is determined by cutting, as usual, and the holder of the lowest card deals. Players cutting the two lowest cards, if they are equal in value, cut again.

Deal the cards one at a time, beginning at the left, until the entire pack is distributed. Lead any card you choose. The others must follow suit if they can, if not, discard a heart or any other card preferred. The highest card of the suit takes the trick.

The object is to avoid getting hearts. The winner takes the trick and leads again, and so on until all the cards have been played. After all the tricks are taken in, each counts the heart cards he has and announces the result. Players should not gather the cards until all of the thirteen hearts have been accounted for. Then each one pays a counter for every heart card he has taken in. Any player having no hearts gets the pool; two having taken none divide it. If all have taken hearts, the pool remains and forms a "Jack," which can be won only by a single player having taken no hearts, all the others having taken at least one. The pool, of course, is increased thirteen chips each deal until it is won. The deal goes to the left.

The game is easily learned and seems simple, but there is opportunity for all sorts of scheming. To make it more interesting, prizes may be awarded to the man and woman who have the most chips when playing is stopped, and there may also be booby prizes.

If there are not too many guests, it is better to serve supper on a single large table. In any case, decorate the table appropriately. The guests may be seated around the room or at the small tables which were used for card playing.

At a Valentine party last year, the decorative scheme was simple and yet very effective. The dining room walls were red and the rug was bright with the same warm hue. The table was a round one, of weathered oak, around which fourteen people were gathered, too closely, perhaps, but no one minded. Across the room diagonally, fastened to the picture moulding, were a number of hearts, cut from red cardboard, and strung upon linen thread. The cross lines met at the gas fixture, and this was wound with narrow strips of red crepe paper until only the lights were visible. Under the chandelier and just over the table, hung an enormous red heart, cut from cardboard.

In the center of the table was a tea-cloth of Mexican drawn work, and a plate doily of the same beautiful material was at each place. A bowl of roses was placed just underneath the heart.

The place cards were valentines, the old fashioned ones of cupid and lace paper, in ornate envelopes bearing the name of the guest. In default of this, the names might be written on hearts cut from the ever-ready red cardboard.

The supper itself consisted of thin bread and butter sandwiches, of white and brown bread, cut into heart shapes with a cake cutter, a salad, coffee, little heart shaped cakes with pink and white frosting, the Valentine cake, olives, salted peanuts, and pink and white ices frozen in heart shapes and served on lace paper doilies.

The sandwiches, coffee, olives and

salted peanuts are easily managed.

For the small cakes, use only good cup cake batter, the plainer the better, and frost with pink and white icing. A candied cherry on each side of the white cakes makes a pretty effect.

The Valentine cake is made as follows: Cream a cup of butter and three cups of sugar, add a cup of milk, six cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, half a teaspoon of banana extract, a teaspoon of vanilla extract, and the whites of twelve eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put a silver heart in the dough and bake in a pan lined with buttered paper. When cool, ice with white icing, decorate with red candy hearts, and put a little bisque Cupid on top. The Cupid may be a small bisque doll with gauze wings which have been stiffened with a bit of starch and dusted with frost powder.

The blushing bride-to-be cuts the cake as the announcement is made, and the one who finds the silver heart will be the next to become engaged.

If the heart shaped ices cannot be had plain ice cream will do, colored

with fruit coloring or a little juice from canned strawberries, raspberries or currants. A dainty dessert which may be served instead of an ice, is the peach blossom cream, sweetened to taste. If it can be moulded in heart shape, so much the better. A wreath of whipped cream is an appropriate garnish.

After supper, the guests may write original valentines in verse, destined for the bride-elect. A gorgeous valentine is given as a prize for the best one, and the verses, copied in a little book, make an appropriate souvenir of the occasion.

A Handsome Calendar Free.

The Western Home Monthly is indebted to the International Harvester Co. for a very handsome calendar for 1907. We advise our readers to secure one of those handsome calendars. They can secure a copy free by writing the International Harvester Co., Winnipeg, and mentioning the Western Home Monthly.

An ounce of glycerine shaken up with three ounces of rose water makes a splendid lotion for face and hands. Apply just after washing.



Lamerton, Alberta, April, 1905.



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The ABOVE FIXTURES, No. P-26, can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating \$101.00—not counting freight, labor or piping—is described in detail among the others.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nickel-plated brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

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New Year Opening. Wednesday January 2nd., 1907.

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Catalogue H. tells about the **TRAINING AT CHATHAM**.

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Write for the catalogue you want, addressing:

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The Saint's Progress

By Aldis Dunbar



Saint Valentine stood at his door,
And shook his white head o'er and o'er.

Viewing his equipage of state,
"I fear," sighed he, "'tis out of date!

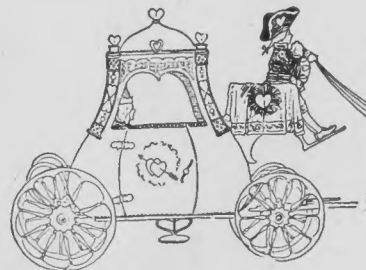


"When I was
younger, I
confess,
I strode afoot
with spright-
liness.

"Yet found warm welcome as I
went
From lads and lasses reverent.



"In time, I chose a palfrey gray,
To set me quicker on my way;

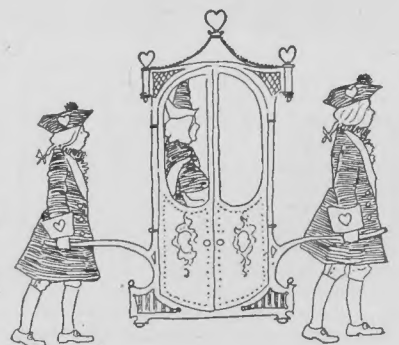


"Or rode among my
devotees
In gilded coach, at pleas-
ant ease

"Aye, even—once—the
dear old man!—

"I met them in a gay
sedan!

"Now, horses are too
slow, by half;
And this barouche will
raise a laugh.



"'Tis clear that I must court expense,
Or lose my saintly influence!"

How think you, friends, this very morn'
The kindly saint was earthward borne?

Within a *touring car* he sat
For all to see—Love's *auto-crat*!



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ESTABLISHED 1864.
CANADA'S LARGEST
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The only Pianos containing
THE ILLIMITABLE
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now so popular in the Conservatories,
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Is a Piano of the Bell quality for those who
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All Instruments are fully
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B. E. FOSTER, 8th. Street Music Store, BRANDON
SASKATCHEWAN PIANO & ORGAN CO., SASKATOON & REGINA
OR TO THE MAKERS

The Bell Piano & Organ Co., Ltd. Guelph, Ont.



When a tiny papoose makes its appearance in a red man's tepee, the event calls for great rejoicing and oftentimes hilarious feasting if the little stranger happens to be a boy.

Among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians there is an ancient and interesting custom still extant. The father of the newly arrived papoose rushes from the tepee in search of a name, neither stopping nor speaking to any one until some peculiarly striking object arrests his attention and suggests a name for his baby.

For example, the first object that strikes him forcibly may be an old squaw stretched out on the ground in front of her tepee snoring loudly, then his little one will bear the musical name of Da-ma-a, which in the Indian language means "Sleeping Woman;" or, if his search for a name leads him far from the camps and he espies a solitary coyote (prairie wolf), creeping stealthily across the prairie, the embryonic

fire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight.

These cradles are ornamented by the clumsy fingers of loving mothers, with beads, shells, elks' teeth, bright pieces of glass or tin, queer-shaped bones and beaded trinkets, all hung within reach of the chubby brown fists. Baby soon learns to rattle her primitive playthings gleefully. Strange as it may seem, she sometimes thrives in her cramped quarters and enjoys as a great treat a change to the blanket on her mother's back when the toiling squaws are sent to the scant timber stretches along the creeks to bring up firewood and water for the camp.

As soon as little Prairie Flower can toddle about she is taught to share the burdens of her mother. I have seen a tiny dot with a bundle of fagots strapped upon her baby shoulders toiling up a steep river bank behind a groaning, sweating squaw bent double beneath her heavy load of firewood—a veritable beast of burden.



Apache Squaw and Papoose.

redskin warrior will straightway be dubbed "Lone Wolf."

If the father's fancy is first attracted to a buck hobbling his pony on the grass, poor baby will be burdened with the queer name of "Horse Hobbler;" or perchance through the usually phlegmatic temperament of the father runs a rare vein of sentiment, and he pauses in his hasty quest to gaze with pleasure upon a beautiful wild prairie blossom, then the little girl will get the pleasing name of "Prairie Flower."

In all cases an Indian baby takes its name from some extraordinary circumstance connected with its birth. One born a long way from home is called "Born-a-Long-Way-from-Home," another whose advent occurred in sight of a river bridge is named "Un-ka-ma," which is the Indian for bridge, etc., etc.

The naming of the little one having been accomplished, it is given over entirely to the mother's care, the father troubling himself no more in regard to his papoose.

Securely fastened in her queer cradle, little "Prairie Flower" swings from the top of the brush arbor near her father's tepee, rocked by the playful breezes, her wee brown face peering smilingly from out its trappings of gayly beaded buckskin, and her sharp little eyes blinking at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly camp-



Chief Lone Wolf's Mother.

The Indian woman accepts her lot of pack-horse and drudge with a stoicism worthy of a better cause. From babyhood she is the toiler of the tepee and the willing slave of a cruel and imperious husband, who goads her on to greater tasks with quirt and lash. Attempted civilization has not bettered her condition one iota out on the reservations, though when found near white settlements she is observed to try in her feeble way to become enlightened and walk in the "white man's road." She will, if possible, obtain possession of a real baby carriage, which she generally fills with firewood and pushes along proudly, while carrying her papoose swinging in a shawl or blanket on her back.

If she sees a handsome red damask table-cloth alluringly displayed at the agency store, she will spend the last dollar of her "grass money" for it, and winding it tightly about her hips in lieu of the inevitable blanket, strut about as proudly as the haughtiest dame of fashion in her Parisian gowns. The amusements of the little Indian girls are few, but their tasks are many. They are taught at a tender age to unsaddle, feed, water and hobble their brothers' and fathers' ponies, to help provide the wood and water for the camps, to tend the camp-fires, assist in preparing the food, and wait upon the bucks.

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FREE FREE

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This handsome **Fur Scarf**, made of fine black full-furred skins is about **48 inches long**, and has six large beautiful black tails. The fur is full, soft and fluffy, just the right style, equalling in appearance **black Martin Scarfs** that cost **five or six dollars**, ornamented with nice plated Neck Chain of very handsome appearance, rich, warm and stylish looking. We will give away one hundred of these extra fine **Fur Scarfs** to ladies and girls who will help introduce Dr. Armour's famous Vegetable Pills, the greatest remedies on earth for the cure of indigestion, constipation, Rheumatism, kidney complaints, weak and impure conditions of the blood, catarrh, female weaknesses, etc. We want a few honest agents in each locality to receive our handsome Furs.

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Just send your name and address and agree to sell only eight boxes of these famous remedies at 25c. a box. We trust you and send them by mail postpaid. Each customer who buys from you is entitled to a **handsome present** from us. You can sell them quickly. When sold return us the money and we will send this **lovely Fur Scarf** at once. If you sell the goods and return the money quickly we will give you an opportunity to secure a handsome "Gold Watch or a magnificent Solid Gold-finished Jewelled Ring. Free, besides the Scarf, without selling any more goods. Don't miss this opportunity. Write now before you forget it and you can soon secure these handsome presents. Address,

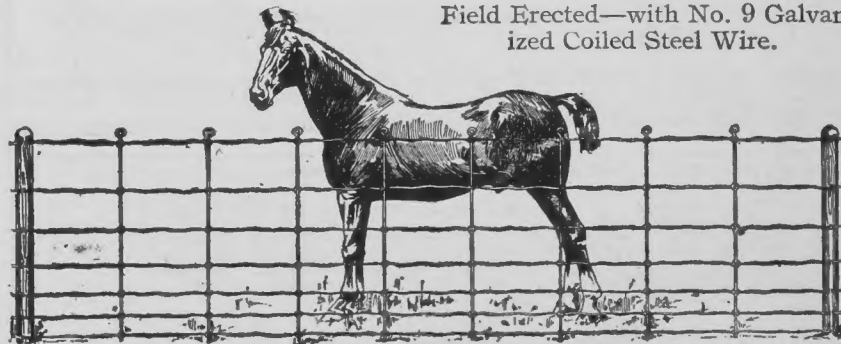
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Purgatives, powders and purging mineral waters, never reach the liver. They irritate the bowels and FORCE them to move. They generally do harm. They NEVER do any PERMANENT good.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices—in which the medicinal action is many times intensified by the wonderful change which

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"Fruit-a-tives" have already proved a cure to many thousands of people in Canada.

"Fruit-a-tives" are free from calomel, cascara, senna and other bowel irritants. They are concentrated fruit juices with valuable tonics and internal antiseptics added.

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Costs one cent per hour for 45 candle power.

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No oil, no smoke, no dirt; easily handled.

The preparation used in the lamp is packed in 10-lb. cans, and may be kept on any shelf, as there is no danger.

Use this lamp once and you will never want any other light.



An ornament in any home.

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The lamp will last a lifetime.

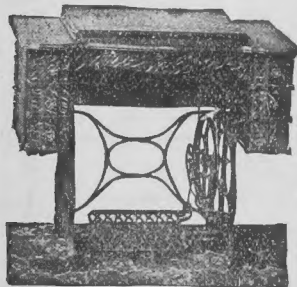
Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

Write for particulars to DEPARTMENT G.

The light is so powerful and white that it cannot be appreciated until seen.

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\$27. is our Special Price for the Winnipeg Machine. You cannot obtain its equal elsewhere under \$75. Three Months Free Trial and Guaranteed for 10 years.

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Dept. W

The Wingold Stove Co. 311 NOTRE DAME AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

The Indian youth, on the other hand, enjoys the liveliest diversions. One of the first things he is taught is the use of the ancient bow, from which he quickly learns to speed the swift arrow with unerring aim.

He is at home upon the sturdy little ponies of the plains from babyhood, and revels in a rollicking, happy freedom as he canters across the wind-swept prairie.



Little Kiowa Girls.

Horse-racing is their favorite pastime, though they enjoy a ball game that somewhat resembles polo, and a game of chance called "monte." The nimble young redskins paddle and dive in the pebbly-bottomed creeks with the same ease as do the wild ducks that fall as frequent prey to their ready rifles. They hunt from their haunts on the prairie coves of shy brown quail and plover, and the toothsome wild turkey, and even such big game as deer, elk and antelope attest the skill of the young hunters.

The sole diversion permitted to Indian squaws and girls is the marvelously beautiful bead-work embroidery wrought out so skilfully in color designs upon buckskin leggings, moccasins, and the pouches and geegaws sold as curios to eager tourists; besides this accomplishment, they are also experts in developing quaint designs in tiny shells and elk's teeth upon their buckskin robes of ceremony.

The attempts at civilizing the red man made by the government and a few well meaning philanthropists have met with little or no encouragement from the full-blood on the reservation. He prefers to remain in a picturesquely savage state rather than assume a condition of commonplace enlightenment.

It would astonish the uninitiated to learn of the inducements in the way of food, clothing and other presents offered parents to send their children to school, and then to allow them to remain there long enough to learn something. In the schools at the agency of the reservation, supported by missions or government funds, the children are taught, besides their A, B, C's, to keep their bodies clean, their clothes mended, to sit at tables and eat with knives and forks, and to sleep in beds raised off the ground. The boys are taught agricultural, the girls domestic pursuits, and if they spend the remainder of their lives with white people the knowledge imparted with such painstaking and at such an expense may prove of practical value to them, but, as they return to the camps during vacation, or for good and all whenever their capricious parents so will, what they learn at school is absolutely of no use to them whatever. They resume with evident enjoyment the blanket and buckskin leggings along with the brutal customs of camp life, and go so far as to refuse to speak English—High school graduates who had lapsed back into savagery having been known to reply to the questioning of whites with a

sullen headshake and a guttural "Me no sabe."

Observant travellers have remarked upon the close-cropped hair and mutilated fingers of many of the older squaws found in the teepees. This is the result of a pernicious practice which requires a squaw, at the death of her papoose, to cut off the end of a finger at the joint and crop her hair short, and as their children do not thrive a squaw is frequently found with as many as five finger joints missing.

They also slash and cut their breasts and arms in a fearful manner when a loved one dies, howling all the while like wild maniacs. They allow their blood bespattered faces and breasts to go unwashed until the blood dries and wears off!

The decadence of the race of red men is being rapidly consummated, and will solve, in the most natural manner possible, the perplexing question of the ultimate disposal of "poor Lo."

The Indian squaw is tenderly attached to her offspring, and will protect it with her own life. The father, too, shows as much affection as his savage nature will permit.

At the death of a little child witnessed in an Indian teepee, the mother appeared to be heart-broken and wept bitterly, while great tears rolled down the rugged cheeks of the warrior father as he kissed his dying boy and tenderly wiped the death-damp from his brow.

The attendant "medicine man," making a noise like the roar of a wild animal, got down over the poor little papoose, and blowing hard upon him, applied his mouth to a spot on the child's body supposed to be the seat of the disease; then drawing in his breath with all possible suction, he spat out, with considerable display, a wad of plaited hair, which he pretended to have extracted from the child's heart. He had now brought forth the evil spirit of disease, and the next step in his treatment was the violent ringing of a



Kiowa Papoose in Deerskin Indian Cradle.

bell in the boy's face to keep the evil one away. This was continued until the little one breathed his last. The poor mother increased her bitter wailing, and taking up her boy's moccasins, kissed them repeatedly, and pressing them to her bosom, went forth to prepare herself for the rites her tribal custom demanded.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Hurrah or huzzah is the oldest and most common exclamation in all languages.

A Financier's Views on the West.

Mr. B. E. Walker, General Manager, Canadian Bank of Commerce, in his address at the annual meeting of the shareholders of his bank, speaking of conditions in the Western Provinces in Canada, said:—

MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN AND ALBERTA.

We need not tell you that the three prairie provinces have had another year of prosperity and that in some directions it has been accompanied by speculation and undue expansion.

Before the middle of August our Winnipeg manager made his annual estimate of the grain crops of the three provinces, which was published in Great Britain and elsewhere. A fortnight of most unusual heat and hot winds followed, which caused some widely differing calculations to be made, but the facts as now known bear out our figures fairly well. Our estimate in August was:—

Wheat	91,813,000
Oats	80,854,000
Barley	17,735,000

The final estimate at 15th September, of the North West Grain Dealers' Association accounts for 86,000,000 bushels of wheat.

At the commencement of the movement of the past year's crop, prices ruled from eight to ten cents per bushel below those of the previous year, but at this date the difference is only two or three cents. Trustworthy and competent persons estimate that the proportion of high grade wheat will be 75 to 80 per cent. of the whole. In addition to this the wheat is regarded as equal, if not superior to that of 1905 for milling purposes, and the 1905 crop of high grade wheat was looked upon as one of the best that had ever been produced in the West. Whilst these satisfactory results have been produced, better results can be obtained if the farmer will take heed. There is a great deal of carelessness in the selection of seed, the destruction of obnoxious weeds and the care of the crop during harvesting and threshing. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the farmer that one of the most serious matters threatening the welfare of the West, and particularly the province of Manitoba is the alarming prevalence of noxious weeds and smut. In 1905, the railway companies and the officers of the Experimental Farms of the Dominion Government made use of special trains with staffs of lecturers, to demonstrate to the farmers the necessity of exercising greater care in the matters referred to. In order, however, to obtain the best results, it will be necessary to continue from year to year this educative work, which will mean the saving of a very large amount of money to the people of this country. In some recent years the crop, in Manitoba particularly, has suffered severely from rust. This disease should certainly be investigated by the provincial governments, with the object of discovering a remedy. The best available information indicates that there will be an increase in crop acreage in 1907 of 10 to 15 per cent. The autumn has been unusually favorable for plowing and harvesting operations, and the farmer has taken every advantage of it. Towards the close of the season, however, the land became too dry for plowing, and it is predicted by some that we are on the verge of a series of dry seasons. Land values continue to increase in the more populous parts of the country as well as in the newly settled parts. We stated in our report of last year that all the great land-owning corporations had advanced prices, and it is felt by competent authorities that the limit of price at which the new settler can afford to acquire land for farming purposes has been reached in some districts.

In order to illustrate the elevator capacity of the West, we append the following figures obtained from an official source:

	Bushels.
Canadian Pacific Railway	
Winnipeg and East	12,955,000
Canadian Northern Railway,	
Winnipeg and East	7,851,000
Canadian Pacific Railway,	
West of Winnipeg	25,118,600
Canadian Northern Railway,	
West of Winnipeg	5,561,600
Alberta Railway and Irrigation Co.	156,000

Total elevator capacity .. 51,642,200
As a grain centre Winnipeg is now the second in America, yielding precedence only to Minneapolis, and with the possibility that in the near future it will take first rank. The capacity of the flour mills in Canada between Lake Superior and the Pacific has increased largely during the past year and is now about 35,000 barrels per day.

We have not yet before us the Government statistics for the past year, but we are satisfied from information received from trustworthy sources that the export of cattle from Western Canada has been unusually large, surpassing all previous records. There are various reasons given for this, in the first place the cattle fattened well and early in almost every district in the West. During the previous two or three years they did not mature and the unexpected maturity in the past year practically compelled the rancher to reduce his numbers, as the area available for ranching is decreasing,

and the land is being settled by agriculturists willing to pay for land prices which are prohibitive to the ranchers. Prices of cattle, too, have been much better than for some years, and the rancher, the middleman, and the small farmer should all have made money. The trade in horses continues to improve, more particularly as regards the better bred animal. Sheep raising, especially in Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan, is developing satisfactorily, and with proper care the flocks should in a few years compare favorably as to number and breed with those in the Northwestern States. We have been able to obtain the figures representing the shipments of live stock, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, mainly from Alberta, partly for home and partly for foreign consumption. The totals for 1906 are: Horses, 16,851; cattle, 109,708; sheep, 55,407; and hogs, 32,133. As compared with 1905 these figures show an increase in shipments, as follows: Horses, 3,968; cattle, 26,293; sheep, 5,597; and hogs, 7,700. The development of the dairy industry is satisfactory, but there is room for great expansion in the raising of hogs and poultry. The farmer evidently has not been convinced of the large profits which have resulted to other communities in Canada and the United States by fostering these industries. The chief deterrent we fear, is the extra care required, whilst he is able to make good profits by growing grain, he will neglect these still more profitable branches of his business.

With the abundant harvests of the past two years, it would be natural to expect a very pronounced increase in the farmer's ability to liquidate his indebtedness. Unfortunately, however, only a small percentage of the land and mortgage obligations incurred some few years ago has been removed from his shoulders, and it will take some years yet to remove the remainder. If the farmer could be induced, except when he does not borrow the money, to cease buying land for two or three years and to allow a surplus of money, or its equivalent in live stock, to accumulate in his hands, then this part of Canada would be placed on an financial basis.

The railways and other transportation companies were entitled last year to praise for the satisfactory way in which the crop was moved out of the country. This year, however, conditions are very different. The car shortage has been a serious drawback, not only to the crop movement and to all who require transportation, but to merchants, bankers, and all who are interested in the collection of debts. If those who have products to ship cannot get cars, how can they pay their debts?

The lumber business has been profitable to both the manufacturer and the retailer, and the manufacturer has found a demand for practically all he could supply. Stocks on hand cannot but be small, and if another fair crop is harvested and the excessive cost of land and material and the tightness of money do not interfere, the results next year should be good.

The fur trade tributary to Edmonton for the past season is estimated at a value of \$1,500,000.

Mercantile business may be regarded as in a healthy condition. There have been no serious failures. Collections on the whole have been fairly good, but they are not an improvement on the previous year. The volume of business of the wholesaler and manufacturer is yearly increasing, and notwithstanding that competition in all lines is keener, credits, we believe, are being more closely scrutinized by the best houses.

For many years there has been great dissatisfaction on the part of the wholesale trade and others with the present laws in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, governing the winding up of insolvent estates. Last year the Board of Trade of the city of Winnipeg took up the question with a great deal of vigor, and meetings were arranged to discuss it with several of the Western Boards of Trade and Government representatives. Some good was accomplished, and an understanding was reached that a general Insolvency Act, similar to that now in force in Manitoba, should be adopted for all the Western provinces. The Manitoba Act has worked fairly well, but the present laws of Saskatchewan and Alberta are so unsatisfactory that we can but hope that the new governments in these provinces will speedily take action to amend the situation. Another matter that should be dealt with by the Governments of Saskatchewan and Alberta is a modification of the tariff of solicitors' charges.

The official figures give the number of new settlers entering the Dominion during the year ending the 30th June, 1906, as 189,064, and it is estimated that 75 per cent. of these have settled in the Western provinces. The population of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta is now estimated as follows:—

Manitoba	360,000
Saskatchewan	260,000
Alberta	185,000
	805,000

Reliable immigration agents report that conditions are altogether favorable for another year of heavy immigration from the United States. We regard these settlers as the best coming into Canada. They understand Western farming and climatic conditions, and are generally in fairly good financial circumstances.

Do you appreciate what a splendid tonic you have in

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You can depend on it to take away the bad effects of fatigue, brain fag, poor blood and build up a run-down system.

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Each tiny crystal perfect—all its natural strength retained.

For cooking—for the table—for butter and cheese. Pure—dry—delicious—evenly dissolving. At all grocers'—bags or barrels.



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W.H.M. Jan. 06.

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Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

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THIS is the time of the year to enjoy the delights of singing, and particularly of Choir and Chorus work.

Our enormous stock of music—admittedly the largest in the West—contains a splendid assortment of Part Songs, Anthems, Glee, etc., in sheet form. Order at once from below list and get up some good music. These are only a small selection from our stock, but some of the best.

PART SONGS

Laddie—Pinsuti.....	10c
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Easter Carols.....	5c
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Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid) is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Boo Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes, and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

Correspondence

An Impossible Request.

Lacombe, Alta., Nov. 24th, 1906.
Editor.—It has been with the greatest interest that I have followed the correspondence page of your paper, for I am a lonely rancher, and would like to become acquainted with some of the writers in your paper. Would you kindly send me the address of "A Strathcona Canuck" and "Roberta"? "A Lakeside Rancher."

Sankey on the Warpath.

Jaffray, B.C., Nov. 26, 1906.
Editor.—Seeing many letters from different parts of the country in your magazine, and feeling very lonely, I am thinking that possibly some lady might take pity on a lonesome individual like myself and write me.

I am a farmer, and have a ranch near the Kootenay and Belly rivers in Alberta. I am a widower, through the death of my wife, and have a few children. I am temperate in habits, and neither use tobacco nor stimulants of any kind. I don't swear, but try to live upright and love home life.

Now, if any lady, single or a widow, between 25 and 35 years of age, would care to write to me, I will be quite open and honest with her. A true, generous, kind heart is the most I have to offer and the highest asset I am seeking in a companion. Wishing you much success.

High Praise for the W. H. M.

Devlin, Ont., Nov. 17, 1906.
Editor.—For the past few months I have been a subscriber to your monthly magazine, and I find one can gain much knowledge and information by studying it closely. I think your correspondence page a storehouse of knowledge in itself as regards choosing a wife or husband. I think your paper is doing a splendid work in the West by bringing young people together. Occasionally I read letters which I don't agree with, but it would indeed be a strange world if some of us did not differ in opinion. All your correspondents write very true and interesting letters. Thanking you for space in your paper.

"The Wanderer."

He Gets it from Pa.

Austin, Man., Nov. 28, 1906.
Editor.—I have been reading the W. H. M. for some considerable time, for though not a subscriber I get it from Pa. I am very lonely, and looking through the correspondence columns I noticed quite a number of letters from girls who wish correspondents. I am a bright young man of medium build, 23 years of age, and don't know the taste of liquor. I am a first-class cook, but thought how nice it would be to have a dear little female with me in the buggy, instead of driving about alone. I would not require her to go outdoors, except for pleasure—not even for a stick of wood. Please forward me the name and address of the young lady who signs herself "Dot," and oblige.

"Danger."

This One Means Business.

Long Ridge, Alta., Oct. 21, 1906.
Editor.—I have been a reader of the W. H. M. for some time, and must say that it is all O. K., especially the correspondence columns. It should be a very good thing for the bachelors of the West. I am a bachelor, 26 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 ins., weight 160 lbs. Have had a good education, and am fond of music. Am of good habits, but smoke the filthy weed. I would like to correspond with some young lady who would not object to that sort of a husband, but she must be of good habits and between 20 and 26 years of age.

I may mention that I have 160 acres of good land, fairly well improved, and a number of cattle. Now, girls, brace up; don't be afraid! I mean business.

"Skylark."

Pauline Has Her Say.

Portage la Prairie, Man., Dec. 1st, 1906.
Editor.—In looking over the correspondence columns of your valuable paper, I see letters from lonely bachelors all over the West. But I say "Why are you thus?" when there are as many bright and intelligent young ladies just waiting for you to say the word.

I don't see why you can remain in that lonely state. Just think of having a wife by your side to comfort and cheer you when you are depressed and to look after you as your mother did when you were a wee, toddling boy of two or three months. What is your house but a desolate and neglected looking shack—a mere shelter in time of storm? Get a wife and it will be transformed into a haven of rest. Think of coming home and finding a loving wife and a steaming hot supper whose pleasant face and cheery smiles drive away all the thoughts and cares of the day.

If any of you young bachelors would like to correspond with me in a friendly sort of way, I would be delighted to answer their letters.

"Pauline."

Jake Criticized.

Manitoba, Nov. 1st, 1906.

Editor.—I am a reader of your most interesting paper, and like the correspondence page very much. I wish to express my opinion with regard to matrimony. I certainly think Jake is hard to please.

"He wants an angel for a wife, Domestic scenes devoid of strife; In fact, so few are his desires, So very high in his mind aspires, That even women ought to know Jake's wants are countless here below." I quite agree with Jabez, whose letter appeared in the October number. Some people think that marriage is inevitable, and of those who do men are the worst offenders.

I would like to see the letters of some young man or woman who got acquainted through the columns of your valuable magazine.

"Blonde Hanuck."

Is Porridge All That the Bachelors Can Cook?

Portage la Prairie, Nov. 14th, 1906.

Editor.—You bachelors! Are you not ashamed of yourselves? So many of you living up there in the West in solitary state and so many of you poor girls down here in the same condition! Now, would you not like your meat cooked for you, instead of having to cook it yourselves? When you are tired and hungry just think of eating pie, cake, pudding, sausages and all the other nice things a woman knows how to cook. Does it not make your teeth water to think of it? Now what in the world do you bachelors cook for yourselves anyway? Porridge for breakfast, potatoes in their jackets for dinner and more porridge for supper.

Poor fellows. I would like to write to some of you personally to express my heart-felt sympathy. Thanking you for your space, I remain,

"One of the Lassies."

Marjorie Wants a Hubby.

Edmonton, Alta., Nov. 27th, 1906.

Editor.—Please find enclosed one dollar subscription to your paper. Could you through the medium of your excellent magazine put me in communication with an elderly bachelor or widower who would care for a middle-aged wife who understands thoroughly all household matters including poultry raising, gardening, and nursing. I am a practical Englishwoman and am at present working as general help. References given and required, but if it is true that you have so many lonely bachelors I can tell you that there are plenty of single women. Wishing you all success,

Marjorie.

Aurora's Second Letter.

Manitoba, Dec. 1st, 1906.

Editor.—I am still reading with great pleasure and interest the letters in your correspondence columns. I am a farmer's daughter and therefore take an interest in the young bachelor farmers of the West. Some of them write very sensible letters, and as they say they can provide comfortable homes it is worth while getting into communication with them.

Of course it is risky business corresponding with people you don't know, but one can form a pretty good opinion by their letters, etc. I am twenty years of age and single. I have lived in both country and city but prefer the former. I have always had an idea that living on a farm would suit me as I am very fond of horses, riding and driving; but, of course, one can have these privileges on a farm as well. I might say that this is not my first letter in the Western Home Monthly, and that I do not wish to correspond with any fellows who say they are not hard to please. The man who marries me (if I can find one with spunk enough) must marry me for myself and not because he wants a good housekeeper. Wishing the young bachelors success, I will say *au revoir*.

"Aurora."

What do you think of him, Girls?

Foxwarren, Man., Nov. 3, 1906.

Editor.—In reading over your valuable paper I see innumerable letters from ladies who seem to be at a loss for want of a husband.

In my opinion, I think that the ladies of to-day are the least little bit hard to please as to the kind of men they take as helpmates through life. It also seems to me that there are any amount of young ladies who consider themselves a great deal better than they really are and also a great deal better than any young men they come in contact with. In my opinion, I think that although the ladies are supposed to be so much superior to the gentlemen, I consider myself better than any of them. Possibly I may have a very high opinion of myself, but I want to "blow my own horn" a little, as I can see all the ladies blow theirs. I am not a married man, but do not think that I shall ever be so hard up for a wife as to advertise for one. A man or a woman must be pretty far spent when they put an ad. in the paper for a helpmate, and some of those who profess to be so good must have some failing, or they would not have such trouble in securing what they want. Now, bunch, I want you to criticize me as much as you wish, for you might enlighten me on the subject. Thanking you for your space,

"The Devil."

Thinks Bachelors should Smoke.

Russell, Man., Dec. 1, 1906.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your magazine for years, and am greatly interested in the correspondence columns. I think that the bachelor who signed himself "All Alone" has no need to be alone from the way he writes. He ought to be patted on the back, especially for what he says about "outside work."

I don't think the fair sex should be so hard on the bachelors by forbidding them to smoke, as while they are doing that we are generally doing something worse. I can keep house to suit most people, and would like a few correspondents of either sex about my own age (18).

"Scotch-Canadian."

Thinks the Men Expect Too Much.

Alta., November 20th, 1906.

Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for the past two years and think the correspondence columns very interesting. Some of the writers have a very poor opinion of us Westerners. "Manitoba Teacher" thinks we are a hard lot, but wants you to put her in correspondence with a good steady young man. How are you going to do it? I think some of the bachelors are not very hard to suit, as long as they can get a woman to do chores and housework. I have seen numerous instances in Ontario, Manitoba and Alberta where the wife has been expected to do the milking and feed the calves. Is she in her place? I should think not, and I admire a woman who puts her foot down and says "no." I wonder if Kneehill Valley man has a wife yet. I pity her if he has. I am a bachelor at the present time holding down a homestead. If any young ladies wish to correspond for pastime, my name is with the editor.

"Rider of the Plains."

Bessie Wants a Hubby.

Saskatchewan, November, 14th, 1906.

Editor.—I am a reader of your paper and think the correspondence columns very interesting. I am a young lady of fair complexion, medium height, kind, affectionate and refined. I have a mild temper and am easy to get along with. I have lived on a farm for a few years and like it. I certainly think it is the most independent life. I know how to manage the work on a farm and would be just as contented there as any place if I had a partner who was a nice, kind young man for I would do my part to make it cosy and happy. I have lost my parents and am feeling quite lonely. have no friends and only arrived here six months ago from Ontario. I would like to correspond with a good, steady, young man. I think there are a number of the latter who have written some very interesting letters to this magazine; and would like some of them to write to me. Kindly give my address to the young man signing himself "A Yankee Boy". His letter was indeed interesting and I would like to exchange views with him on the correspondence. I like the little phrase of Mark Twain in his letter, "Man's first thought should be his wife and so should woman's first thought be her husband."

She should make the home attractive and pleasant and greet him with a smile and a kind word when he comes in tired out. If more young men would picture the home life that and both try to make it a happy one, there would be more happiness about than there is.

Cheerful Bessie.

Irish Lassie Has Her Say.

Swan Lake, Man., December 17th, 1906.

Editor.—For some time I have been a constant reader of your magazine and greatly enjoy the letters in the correspondence columns. I was greatly taken by a letter in the June number from "Young Man". I agree with him in what he says about young women. I think a young man requires as much in a young lady as a young lady does in a young man and while the girls are looking for an ideal man they should endeavor to make themselves ideal women. I think a girl can do a great deal for a young man and will go far enough to say that if she is the right kind of a girl she can make him an ideal youth. I do not like either the liquor or tobacco habit but I would not shun a young man on account of either. If girls knew the influence they had on youths they would not act as they do but rather exercise their influence and help them to become ideal. I liked the letter from "A Rocky Westerner". If all correspondents were as broad minded as he is with regard to the duties of a wife there would be more happy homes. Some men think a wife should do nothing but work and instead of her being a chum and companion, they make her a slave. Thanking you for allowing me so much space,

Irish Lassie.

Sour Sal Writes Again.

River View Farm, Sask., Nov. 29th, 1906.

Editor.—Will you allow a most interested reader to come in again and give another opinion on the matrimonial question. To begin with, sudden marriages seldom turn out well. I have seen several cases where a young girl will go out with a young fellow and because he is very fascinating they think they are in love and at once marry him. Does their married life prove a success? By all means, no. I think there is a vast difference between

like and love, and I think if more of us girls and boys would think about it more seriously, there would be more happiness to be found. I see "Lonely Boy" says he does not wish his wife to feed pigs. Bravo, Lonely, you will be rewarded for your manly statement. Another correspondent is very jolly when he asks for a wife weighing a hundred and forty pounds. I wish him success. I greatly enjoyed reading "Yankee Boy's" letter and his direct opinion of both sexes. I quite agree with him. Wild Beau is quite correct in stating that girls who marry drunkards, hardly ever succeed in reforming them.

Now let me say something about the girls. If we do not use tobacco or drink we do things quite as bad. I think it is our duty to respect a young man who is honorable, and invite him out in the evening to spend a good sociable time and try and divert his mind.

Hoping I have not tired you with this long letter,

Sour Sal.

Sandy's Particular as to Weight.

Belle Plain, Sask., Nov. 24th, 1906.
Editor,—Having become a subscriber to your valuable magazine, I would be pleased to be put on your correspondence list. I am a lonely bachelor, five feet, eight inches in height, dark, and will pass in a crowd for looks. Any young lady who cares to correspond with me will have her letters promptly answered, but she must weigh between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty pounds.

Hoping for an early reply from some young lady,

Sandy.

Who's Charitable?

Enfield, N. C., (Halifax Co.), U. S. A.
October 1st, 1906.

Editor,—I am a poor cripple and would be so very grateful if some of your readers would be so kind as to drop me a line to cheer me in my loneliness. A letter from either lady or gentleman would be ever so much appreciated.

Ben C. Knight.

Another Candidate for a Wife.

Three Hills, Alta., Nov. 14th, 1906.
Editor,—I have been interested to see in your recent issues a good many letters from your readers on things matrimonial. It would appear that there is really no necessity for any young man to "bach" out in these uncivilized parts on account of the dearth of a congenial feminine element, as he has only to write to your estimable paper notifying his desire for the bonds of Hymen and at once he will be inundated with epistles from young ladies also desirous of tying themselves up in the same knot. Being a young bachelor myself, I want to know whether there is any nice, young, good-looking, pleasant dispositioned girl, able to talk seriously occasionally, well educated and willing to keep her husband in all she can. One who is not scared to death of cattle or liable to lose her head in case of a prairie fire. In short, a quiet, sensible companion, good without being "goody goody" and healthy in mind and body. I would like to add a few more qualifications, but fear I should be asking too much. Regarding myself, I am an Englishman, twenty-four years of age, five feet, eleven inches in height and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. I have mouse-coloured hair, sandy moustache, hazel eyes (they have been termed greens) and as far as looks are concerned generally plain featured. I have a fair sized house and have been on my homestead eighteen months. Am a poor man financially, so that my wife (if I get one) will have equal credit for any future success. If any girl who feels inclined to write will do so, she may depend on receiving a courteous answer.

Thanking you in advance for inserting this letter in your correspondence column,

W. K.

No Red-Heads Need Apply.

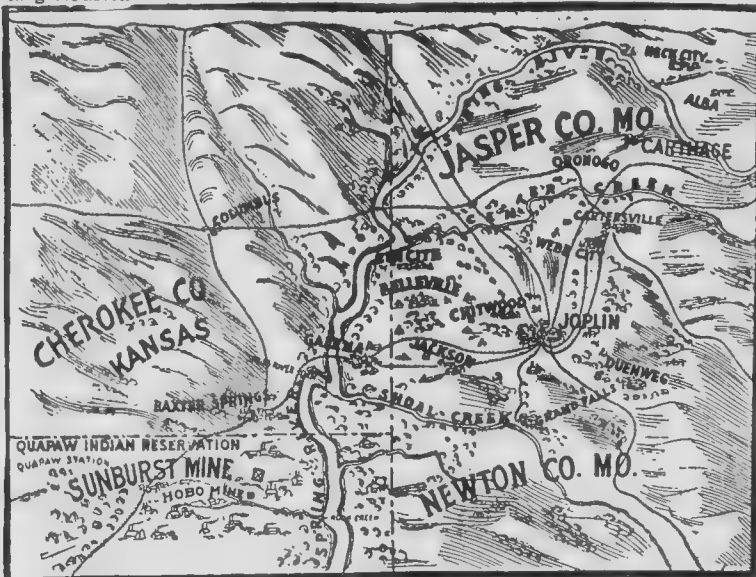
Dauphin, Man., Nov. 16th, 1906.
Editor,—I have read with great interest the letters which have been appearing in your paper on the matrimonial question and have decided to also have a finger in the pie. I have not yet tried that awful life known as bachelors, neither am I anxious for the experience. Of course there are several bachelors around here, although they seem to be gradually forsaking the state of single blessedness and getting hitched up. As I do not wish to share the fate of the less fortunate ones and believe in the old saying "delay is dangerous", I mean to start in time. I am a hustling young hayseed, twenty-one years of age. Grubbing roots and following the plow are my favorite occupations, and in my spare moments to play on the mouth-organ which I can do very well. I intend getting a banjo so would prefer a girl who is a fairly good musician for a partner. I would like to correspond with some nice girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. I prefer black or brown hair—no red-heads need apply. She must be willing to live on a farm and help a fellow along. I don't mean her to be a slave, but a cheerful, contented helpmate. Of course she must be a good housekeeper and cook. For my part, I am a total abstainer and do not use tobacco at all. Like most men, I have my faults, but still I find life

NEWS DISPATCHES TELL OF RICH STRIKE AT SUNBURST MINES

Immense Zinc and Lead Ore Bodies Proven Up by Development Work in Last Few Days. Machinery Ordered for Shaft No. 3—Night and Day Shifts Will be Put to Work.

Newspaper dispatches announce important facts to holders of stock in the Sunburst Mining Co. This immensely rich zinc and lead property lies in the heart of the world's greatest producing district—the southwest district. It is in the Quapaw Reservation, Indian Territory, four miles from Baxter Springs, Kans.

Development work has proven up ore bodies of tremendous values, and the permanent equipment for shaft No. 3 has been ordered and work is pushed with all speed. 280 acres of proven ore land has now been added to the original holdings, constituting a great and tangible asset.



MAP OF DISTRICT SHOWING SUNBURST MINE

2 and No. 3 shafts, which will open up immense bodies of ore for a distance of 500 feet.

The Following Dispatch from the BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS of November 8th, 1906, explains itself:

"One of the richest strikes made in the Baxter Springs mining camp, south of this city, for some time past, was that made by the Sunburst Mining Co., operating on one of their properties just east of the Sunburst and north of the Hobo. The Sunburst Co. have three shafts in ore, with a large amount of drifting done, and this strike was made in No. 3 shaft, and apparently in the Hobo run of ore, which has always been considered one of the very best in the Quapaw reservation. The further this run of ore is developed, the richer it is showing.

The Sunburst Mining Co. also has made a very important deal the past week by purchasing from the Great Northern Mining Co. 280 acres of lease one mile east of the Hobo, less than one mile southeast of the new rich strike made by the Irish Maid, and about two miles west of Monkey Hill, where the most famous lead strike was made ever encountered anywhere in the southwest. The Monkey Hill strike showed as much as 28 inches of solid lead of the highest grade. The Great Northern, which is one of the largest holders of the best leases in this camp, made this sale the past week.

The purchase of this large tract of land by the Sunburst crowd means important developments in that section in addition to those already made, and following on the heels of the rich lead strike made on the Charley Bluejacket land to the north of the tract and its purchase by a syndicate of Minnesota iron men, will cause an unusual amount of activity in that part of the camp.

The Sunburst Mining Co. will also start drifting their No. 1 shaft on the tract east of the Sunburst to encounter the rich strike made to the north of it in the Haley mine. The Haley has encountered ore which will undoubtedly yield all the way from 25 per cent to 30 per cent. The strike was made near the north line of the Sunburst tract."

PRICE OF SHARES, NOW, 8c; PAR VALUE, \$1

This sale of a limited issue of fully paid non-assessable stock is to procure immediate funds for further machinery, a concentrating mill and to put day and night shifts to work.

Quick dividends are in sight!

On account of the additional holdings, which are of great intrinsic value, as well as the remarkable proof of the richness afforded by the development work already begun, the price of Sunburst stock will not remain long at the present figure.

Every step forward in the workings of the company is attracting wide attention, and is justifying the most liberal expectations.

As this work goes on Sunburst stock is bound to increase in value, as it is bound to be a mighty source of profit. The public demand because of the public confidence in this great property has already absorbed thousands of shares and will steadily advance the price.

The shrewd investor will realize his opportunity now and buy before the next big advance.

Buy now and share pro rata in the demonstrated profits of this enterprise. Make your reservation for as many shares as you may desire at the present price, remit 10% of the full price for the block and send us the balance in nine monthly payments. On the completion of your payments your certificate will be sent you for the desired number of shares fully paid and non-assessable, no matter how much the price has advanced during that time.

BUY STOCK ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN

A rise in the price of these shares to par means over 1,200% for every \$1 invested—besides the dividends.

Subscriptions will be accepted for 200 shares and upward, either by cash in full, with reservation, or by 10% down and 10% monthly for nine months.

The cost is the same either way, but by the instalment plan you can reserve a much larger block of stock, and when the price advances, as it will immediately on disposal of this block of stock, you can reap the immediate profit.

Your whole reservation will receive the benefit of every advance in price, even while you are paying for it.

Upon completion of your payments, certificate will be issued for stock purchased. If unable to finish payments, you will receive, upon request, certificate for the amount paid for.

A few dollars will start you. Read the following table, then act promptly:

\$16.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$1.60 down, \$1.60 a month for 9 months.
\$32.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$3.20 down, \$3.20 a month for 9 months.
\$48.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$4.80 down, \$4.80 a month for 9 months.
\$64.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$6.40 down, \$6.40 a month for 9 months.
\$80.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$8.00 down, \$8.00 a month for 9 months.
\$96.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$9.60 down, \$9.60 a month for 9 months.
\$112.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$11.20 down, \$11.20 a month for 9 months.
\$128.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$12.80 down, \$12.80 a month for 9 months.
\$144.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$14.40 down, \$14.40 a month for 9 months.
\$160.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$16.00 down, \$16.00 a month for 9 months.
\$176.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$17.60 down, \$17.60 a month for 9 months.
\$192.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$19.20 down, \$19.20 a month for 9 months.
\$208.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$20.80 down, \$20.80 a month for 9 months.
\$224.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$22.40 down, \$22.40 a month for 9 months.
\$240.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$24.00 down, \$24.00 a month for 9 months.
\$256.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$25.60 down, \$25.60 a month for 9 months.
\$272.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$27.20 down, \$27.20 a month for 9 months.
\$288.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$28.80 down, \$28.80 a month for 9 months.
\$304.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$30.40 down, \$30.40 a month for 9 months.
\$320.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$32.00 down, \$32.00 a month for 9 months.
\$336.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$33.60 down, \$33.60 a month for 9 months.
\$352.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$35.20 down, \$35.20 a month for 9 months.
\$368.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$36.80 down, \$36.80 a month for 9 months.
\$384.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$38.40 down, \$38.40 a month for 9 months.
\$400.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$40.00 down, \$40.00 a month for 9 months.
\$416.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$41.60 down, \$41.60 a month for 9 months.
\$432.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$43.20 down, \$43.20 a month for 9 months.
\$448.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$44.80 down, \$44.80 a month for 9 months.
\$464.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$46.40 down, \$46.40 a month for 9 months.
\$480.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$48.00 down, \$48.00 a month for 9 months.
\$496.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$49.60 down, \$49.60 a month for 9 months.
\$512.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$51.20 down, \$51.20 a month for 9 months.
\$528.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$52.80 down, \$52.80 a month for 9 months.
\$544.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$54.40 down, \$54.40 a month for 9 months.
\$560.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$56.00 down, \$56.00 a month for 9 months.
\$576.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$57.60 down, \$57.60 a month for 9 months.
\$592.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$59.20 down, \$59.20 a month for 9 months.
\$608.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$60.80 down, \$60.80 a month for 9 months.
\$624.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$62.40 down, \$62.40 a month for 9 months.
\$640.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$64.00 down, \$64.00 a month for 9 months.
\$656.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$65.60 down, \$65.60 a month for 9 months.
\$672.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$67.20 down, \$67.20 a month for 9 months.
\$688.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$68.80 down, \$68.80 a month for 9 months.
\$704.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$70.40 down, \$70.40 a month for 9 months.
\$720.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$72.00 down, \$72.00 a month for 9 months.
\$736.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$73.60 down, \$73.60 a month for 9 months.
\$752.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$75.20 down, \$75.20 a month for 9 months.
\$768.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$76.80 down, \$76.80 a month for 9 months.
\$784.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$78.40 down, \$78.40 a month for 9 months.
\$800.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$80.00 down, \$80.00 a month for 9 months.
\$816.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$81.60 down, \$81.60 a month for 9 months.
\$832.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$83.20 down, \$83.20 a month for 9 months.
\$848.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$84.80 down, \$84.80 a month for 9 months.
\$864.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$86.40 down, \$86.40 a month for 9 months.
\$880.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$88.00 down, \$88.00 a month for 9 months.
\$896.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$89.60 down, \$89.60 a month for 9 months.
\$912.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$91.20 down, \$91.20 a month for 9 months.
\$928.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$92.80 down, \$92.80 a month for 9 months.
\$944.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$94.40 down, \$94.40 a month for 9 months.
\$960.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$96.00 down, \$96.00 a month for 9 months.
\$976.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$97.60 down, \$97.60 a month for 9 months.
\$992.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$99.20 down, \$99.20 a month for 9 months.
\$1008.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$100.80 down, \$100.80 a month for 9 months.
\$1024.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$102.40 down, \$102.40 a month for 9 months.
\$1040.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$104.00 down, \$104.00 a month for 9 months.
\$1056.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$105.60 down, \$105.60 a month for 9 months.
\$1072.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$107.20 down, \$107.20 a month for 9 months.
\$1088.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$108.80 down, \$108.80 a month for 9 months.
\$1104.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$110.40 down, \$110.40 a month for 9 months.
\$1120.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$112.00 down, \$112.00 a month for 9 months.
\$1136.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$113.60 down, \$113.60 a month for 9 months.
\$1152.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$115.20 down, \$115.20 a month for 9 months.
\$1168.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$116.80 down, \$116.80 a month for 9 months.
\$1184.00 buys 200 shares of stock;	\$118.40 down, \$118.40 a month for 9 months.
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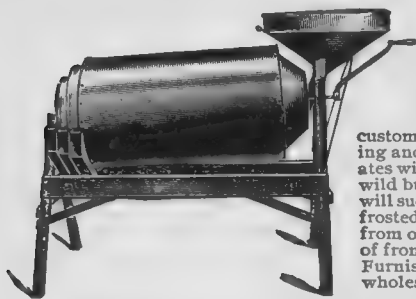
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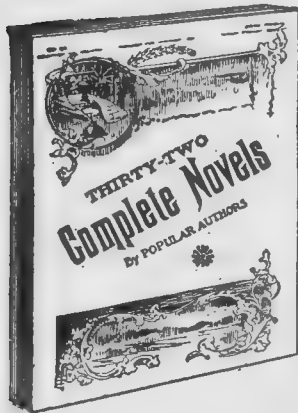
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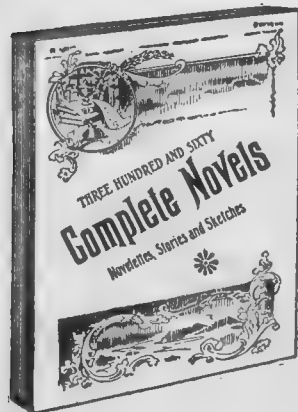
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pleasant. I live in one of the prettiest districts in Manitoba which has only one drawback and that is its scarcity of the fair sex. So, now, won't some fair maid take pity on me and tip me a line. Wishing you all a happy New Year. Plough Boy.

He Will Answer All Letters.

North Battleford, Sask., Nov. 25th, 1906. Editor.—The first copy of your paper has just arrived and I am very well pleased with it. The matrimonial columns interested me particularly and I would very much like to be allowed a small space in your paper to give my own views on that question.

I am a bachelor, thirty-eight years of age, five feet, eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds and have fair complexion. I would like some ladies to correspond with me and will gladly answer all letters.

Snuffles.

Youngster Not Wanted.

Brandon, Man., November 16th, 1906.

Editor.—I have read with great interest your correspondence columns and would like to find some nice young lady who would be willing to be my wife. I am a bachelor, 23 years of age, and have only one vice, and that is smoking.

I would like to find a girl who would take a cheerful view of everything and not object if things were a bit rough for a year or two. I would do all in my power to make such a girl happy if only I could find her.

I am fond of music and would prefer a wife who could play the piano. I would like to hear from young ladies of between 20 and 23 years of age. I am not really particular as to the exact age, but she must not be more than 24.

Hoping to hear from some young lady soon.

"Jolly Boy."

Has Six Horses, Cow and Farm.

Weyburn, Sask., November 14th, 1906.

Editor.—I am a reader of your magazine and follow with great interest the correspondence columns. I am a young bachelor, twenty years of age, and am sometimes very lonely, so I think I will ask you to do me a favor. I don't use either liquor or tobacco and have a comfortable home for some young lady who would be my wife. I live two miles from town and have six horses and a cow on my farm. I read a letter in the November issue of the Western Home Monthly from a young woman in Manitoba. She says she is 22 years of age and seems just the one to suit me. Kindly send me her address at once. She signs herself "Manitoba Girl."

"A Happy Boy."

Considered a Capable Young Woman.

Red Deer, Alta., November 17th, 1906.

Editor.—Being a constant reader of your magazine I thought I would send a letter to your correspondence page. Some of the letters are very good but the girls seem too hard on the poor bachelors. I liked the letter from "Spinster, aged 19," and the one in your November issue signed "A Happy Bachelor" was very sensible also. I am a farmer's daughter myself so I know something about a farm and understand both inside and outside work, being the eldest girl in a large family. I am nineteen years of age, tall, rather slight, with brown hair and blue eyes and am considered a capable young woman. I would like to correspond with some young bachelors in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

"Fancy Free."

Smokers and Drinkers Not Wanted.

Manitoba, November 17th, 1906.

Editor.—In looking over the correspondence columns of the Western Home Monthly, I find some very interesting and amusing reading matter. I have not been a constant reader of your valuable journal but have greatly enjoyed reading odd numbers which have come my way. I intend subscribing early in the New Year. I am a farmer's daughter and the sister of two extensive farmers therefore I know what farm life really is. I have travelled a great deal in Manitoba and have met many bachelors. In reading over some of the letters that have been published in your paper, I find in them true types of some of those whom I have met. For instance, those correspondents who sign themselves "All Alone," "Jack," "Home Lover" and "Dooly" don't deserve a wife at all, for judging by the sentiments expressed in their letters, they only want someone to help them in their work. "Oddfellow" well describes them when he says that the women these men would like would be like high speed, perpetual motion machines capable of handling anything from a fine needle to a crowbar or pitchfork; and it is surprising how many of these fellows get genuine good girls for wives only to crush the life out of them by treating them as described above. I greatly admire some of the other correspondents' ideas of a home, and what a wife ought to be to her husband, and in her home.

I have the pleasure of knowing personally several bachelors with similar ideas of home life and am desirous of becoming better acquainted with Oddfellow, Yankee Boy and Happy Farmer. I think men who do not drink or smoke are more desirable husbands than those who do. A man of good principles and no dirty habits, even though he is financially poor, is preferable to a wealthy man who drinks and smokes. I have a very

high idea of what constitutes a true, noble man or woman and I try to lead the life of the latter as far as my environments will permit me to. Diamond.

Says She is Rather Fat.

Miniota, Man., November 19th, 1906.

Editor.—I have been reading with great interest the letters in your valuable magazine on the marriage question. I am a farmer's daughter, aged 23 and have had a fairly good education both at school and on the farm. I am tall and fair, with blue eyes and auburn hair and am passably good-looking. I would like to know more about "Curly", for though he doesn't say much about himself, I think he means well. Some of your correspondents seem to think that weight is a necessary qualification for a wife. I am a very healthy girl and have had a great deal of outdoor life with the result that I am rather fat. I don't want correspondence with bachelors who simply want a wife to look after the cows and pigs, although I don't object to milking occasionally. Thanking you for your space.

"Romola."

Takes Pleasure in Our Correspondence.

Miniota, Man., November 17th, 1906.

Editor.—I have been reading the Western Home Monthly for some considerable time and count the days to the next issue. Your correspondence columns are really very interesting and there are many good letters from fine specimens of Canadian youths and maidens. For my own part, I don't profess to be anything out of the ordinary and would like to hear from some of those lonesome maidens. I am on a farm and have a fairly good home to offer to the right girl if she cares to come out and share it with me. I am a steady young fellow and although by no means rowdy, like to have a bit of fun now and again. There's one girl who would just suit me. She calls herself "Manitoba Girl" and I can promise that she would have no milking to do as I only keep one cow and no pigs at all. I can give her a good time, a comfortable home and a fair amount of pin-money if she desires it. I am 26 years of age, 5 feet, 9 inches in height and weigh 160 pounds. I am a moderate smoker and a total abstainer.

Trusting that one or two of your young lady correspondents may drop me a line.

"Herder."

Knows the Sort of Man She Wants.

Manitoba, November 29th, 1906.

Editor.—I have read the correspondence columns in your most interesting paper, The Western Home Monthly, for a long time and must say that I enjoy them very much, and as so many have aired their views on the matrimonial question, I am taking the liberty of doing so also.

I think that if a couple start up a correspondence through these columns the most fastidious regarding propriety could offer no objections, provided respectful and sensible letters were written. Mind, I do not suggest exchanging letters with a view to matrimony unless the correspondents know one another personally. Those who, after a little correspondence, rush into matrimony can certainly expect no happiness if they contract it in this business-like manner. I think there is a Jack awaiting every Gill in this world of ours and possibly some of these poor, lonely bachelors may find their future wives in the correspondence columns of this paper.

I certainly think you can judge character by the way a letter is worded—not by one letter alone; but certainly after being in correspondence for six months or so one should be able to get a very good idea of your correspondent's character.

It makes me smile when I read some of those mercenary, complacent or purely businesslike requests for a wife just as if any girl would leave her comfortable home to go and be the devoted slave of some of these selfish correspondents.

I was glad to read "Fruit-grower's" letter. He says he not only wants a wife but a companion. A wife is usually expected to sympathize and indulge her husband at every turn, have his meals always on time, his slippers ready to put on dear little tired feet and a hundred and one other pleasant little jobs.

I would like correspondents, especially those musically inclined. I am a farmer's daughter, dark and rather large and devoted to music.

Hoping I have not taken up too much of your space, I remain

"Black-Eyed Susan."

Has No Bad Habits.

Neepawa, Man., November 11th, 1906.

Editor.—I am very much interested in the correspondence columns of your valuable paper, and am anxious to open up correspondence with an English girl of about my own age, as writing and reading would help to pass away the time in this lonely country, and correspondence on different topics might be instructive. I am an Englishman, nineteen years of age and have no bad habits at all.

"Timothy Titus."

English Widow Wants Husband.

Red Deer, Alta., Dec. 1st, 1906.

Editor.—I am a reader of the Western Home Monthly and am greatly interested in the correspondence columns. Will you kindly give my ad-

dress to a steady, sober man as I should like to become acquainted with one—a widower not objected to. I only came over from England this year and do not know anyone. I am a widow, 35 years of age, strong, healthy and a Protestant. I am fond of country life and want a man who would treat me as a wife and not as a slave.

"English Widow."

Letters Appearing Are Genuine.

Brandon, Man., Dec. 17th, 1906.
Editor,—I have been reading the Western Home Monthly and hardly know whether to think your letters genuine or not. If they are genuine you might put in one from myself. I am a widow from the Old Country and though a good housekeeper and cook at home, I have not yet learned much about Canadian cookery, though I find that Canadians enjoy Yorkshire pudding, jam roly-poly, dumplings in a stew and that sort of thing just as much out here as they do in England. If I could meet a really suitable partner, I should not object to matrimony a second time.

"Polly Flinders."

Bachelor Chris Has His Say.

Bugley, Sask., Dec. 4th, 1906.
Editor,—I am intensely interested in your most interesting magazine and it affords me great pleasure to read it. In your July issue there appeared a letter signed "Youthful Manitoban". In the first place the writer calls the bachelors stingy and poky and also insinuates that nearly all of them drink or smoke. I do not drink, smoke, chew or tell whoppers and there are several other bachelors as good as I am. I would like to tell "Youthful Manitoban" that if I marry, my wife will not be expected to slave. Many a girl might do a thousand times worse than marry an industrious, cheerful, home-loving bachelor. I have no doubt that "Youthful Manitoban" has long since left the marriage market owing no doubt to circumstances rather than desire.

The bachelors in this district are all a sober, sociable, respectable class of men and though I know all bachelors are not like this, neither for that matter are all teachers—noble characters. I feel sorry for this "Manitoban" as she has visions of being wedded to a company and it is little wonder that she has visions of being wedded to a rich merchant or banker. The question of matrimony is indeed a very serious one. It is something that should not be used merely as a matter of convenience, but should be the result of true love. My advice to the girls of Manitoba and the North-West is, never marry, unless that never-failing tie, true love, exists. Do not be ashamed of your choice even if he is a bachelor. There is no danger in marrying beneath you, if the union results from a love such as I have tried to describe.

"Bachelor Chris."

Here's a Goody Goody?

Saskatoon, Sask., Nov. 11th, 1906.
Editor,—May another poor bachelor find admittance to your valuable columns? I have read the correspondence pages ever since they came into existence and have wiled away many a lonely hour by so doing. As I am anxious to secure a wife through the medium of your excellent paper, I suppose I must describe myself. I am exactly 6 feet in height, very fair and have never had a day's illness in my life of twenty-one years. My father farmed extensively in Ontario and desired me to do the same, but I did not care for that kind of life and turned my attention to real estate.

I belong to the Methodist Church and sing in the choir here and am president of the church society besides holding several public positions.

All the girls up here are senseless creatures without a single accomplishment. They think of nothing but dress and society and what I want is a clever, sensible girl, good looking, of religious tendencies and who is willing to love.

"Bob of Saskatoon."

Patrick, Not an Angel.

Domremy, Sask., Nov. 21st, 1906.
Editor,—I have often read the letters published in your matrimonial bureau and one or two published in the September issue caught my eye.

The letter from "Robert" is a daisy and I also think that "Brown Eyes" must be rather nice. I should very much like to correspond with her if she is willing. I am a bachelor, English by birth, but have lived many years in the States. I have a good farm, with horses, cattle and implements and a comfortable good-sized house. I am tall, homely looking, and not quite so near being an angel as some young men whose letters I have read—leastways I can't feel my wings growing yet.

I do not believe I am so very bad; at any rate I haven't a bad reputation.

If I ever get married, I want a companion. None of the slave business for me. I prefer a girl musically inclined, either a good pianist or singer. She must be well educated, not prudish and not too tall. I am a great "home-bird" if things are pleasant and I will always do all I can to make them so.

As I said before, I am no angel and I don't expect to marry one. We all have our faults, but lots of the troubles which crop up in life can be got over very nicely if a little tact is used.

Now, Mr. Editor, you can do what you like with this epistle but I would like to correspond with "Brown Eyes" all the same.

"Patrick."

Gives the Men a Jolt.

Clareholm, Alta., Nov. 1st, 1906.
Editor,—Seeing the various arguments on the marriage question in the correspondence columns of your valuable magazine, I thought I would have my little say. The whole trouble seems to be that both sides go too far and do not thoroughly understand each other. I take this opportunity of warning young ladies not to be too hasty in jumping at such young men as "Jabez". He is too nearly perfect by his own telling to be genuine. At any rate, it sounds better when some one else states a man's good qualities. I am a bachelor of 38 summers and have seen a little of "Life's other side" in more than one sense of the word. Have known more than one man who neither drank, smoked nor chewed and yet those same men were not true husbands. There is still another class of young men. This bunch I have no earthly use for. Those whining clodhoppers who say they can't get wives because they are farmers. If they can't, then they are much better the way they are. It's not the farm that's objectionable—it's the man. A whole lot of this mob are whining for slaves and I hope they will never get them, and others of this same class of men (or so called men) say that they can't afford to go where the ladies are. I think of how many luxuries these men could give a wife when they found a girl foolish enough to marry them.

Now, ladies, I'm not looking for a wife for I can't afford that luxury but would be glad to hear from any of you who would care to address.

"Sloppy Soby."

Woman's Duty To Make Home Attractive.

Mather, Man., November 29th, 1906.
Editor,—For some considerable time I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper and often been greatly amused by the wordy battles on your correspondence page. As far as living happily after marriage, I think that that as much depends on the wife as on the husband, and it is every woman's duty to make herself and her home as attractive as her means will allow. There is one great lesson to be learned sooner or later in married life and that is "bear and forbear". If you are constantly picking out one another's faults instead of trying to better them you will certainly never be happy.

I should like to have some correspondents.

"The Duchess."

A Well Natured Lass.

Manor, Sask., December 1st, 1906.
Editor,—I have read with great interest the various letters from the bachelors of the North-west and must say that they all seem to be a very jolly lot and if on closer acquaintance they prove to be as nice as their letters would seem to indicate, I don't think any girl would make a mistake by hitching up with one of them. I would like to write to one of them for fun. I am a farmer's daughter, born in Manitoba and know the conditions of life on a farm and I would certainly rather live there than anywhere else. I am a well natured lass if I do say it myself and now I will sign myself.

"Prairie Pansy."

Objects to Excessive Use of Tobacco.

Strathcona, Alta., Nov. 14th, 1906.
Editor,—I have read the Western Home Monthly for over three years and must admit that I take a great interest in the matrimonial column. If all the girls really keep to what they write in these letters, I think they would find it rather difficult to find a suitor. I quite agree, however, that for a husband it is essential to have a man who does not use intoxicants. As every one knows a farmer when in town will never refuse a drink if offered one. With regard to chewing tobacco I object to that for many reasons. It injures a man's health, makes his breath smell like a sewer and is harmful to his teeth. I certainly think a man is entitled to a smoke after a hard day's work, but I hate to see a man who is a regular slave to tobacco and always has a pipe stuck in his face. I am a girl of nineteen and am very anxious to correspond with some young man who would go under the headings I have just mentioned. Please give my address to any man whom you think is worthy of a woman companion in his home.

"One Fair Maiden of Alta."

Rancher's Daughter Writes.

Saskatchewan, Dec. 1st, 1906.
Editor,—I am a rancher's daughter, eighteen years of age and greatly interested in the correspondence page of the Western Home Monthly. I find it most interesting and amusing and have decided to write and try my fate as I am desirous of becoming acquainted with some young Western farmers. My home is in a new country, or at least we haven't any neighbors for fifty miles. I understand however, that there are lots of farmers coming up here later on. I am the only girl in this part of the country. Judging from what we hear, I believe the Western farmers are a fine class of young men. Those girls who say they are all drinkers are greatly mistaken. They should come out West and see for themselves. But I believe they say that because they are mostly all old maids or think they will be. I have travelled a great deal, have a good education, and hold a third class certificate, so can earn my own living if necessary. I shall be pleased to correspond with any young men who care to write to me.

"Blue Bell No. 2."



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For Sale.—A limited number of Rhode Island Red Cockerels.
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In the World of Music.

The question is asked if there is any capital in the world where so many concerts are given as in London. A writer in the Daily Telegraph has compiled the figures of the concerts for the current year and finds that there were 60 at the Royal Albert Hall, 277 at Aeolian, 269 at Bechstein and 237 at Steinway, no account being made of Queen's two halls, Salle Erard, Leighton House, Portland Rooms, Broadwood and Brinsmeade Rooms, or the eighty concerts by the Sunday League at various places, excepting in making up the total average by weeks. This amounts to the respectable figures of 27 concerts in every week in the year, about 1,400 yearly.

I remember once asking a well-known man of letters what he thought of a certain play which was then having a considerable success in London. His reply was: "Oh, I never go to the theatre."

Do you imagine that he made this confession with a certain diffidence, a hint of deprecation even, as one that might need some apology coming from a literary critic who had written a good deal on Ibsen and the musical classes?

On the contrary. He said it with that curl of the lip, that accent of intense superiority and conscious virtue with which our middle-class citizen tells you that he "never enters a public-house." I have been somewhat coy about referring to the theatre in literary circles since then, but if ever the subject has arisen—it seldom does—I have usually detected the same curl of the lip.

It was not, of course, on moral or religious grounds that my friend abstained from theatre-going. It was solely because he had come to believe that the plays given in London theatres were intended solely for brainless people, and were, therefore, unworthy of the consideration of a serious student of literature.

The popular error of regarding the conductor as merely one of the units composing the orchestra should be quickly dispelled by a perusal of Felix Weingartner's interesting work "On Conducting."

He speaks as one having authority, his equals in the art of conducting are few. The little book abounds in quotations of the opinions, and methods of some of the great masters, notably of those who have interpreted their own works. The conductor, says Herr Weingartner, is, at rehearsals, practically no more than a workman; he drills his men thoroughly until each one knows exactly what is his place and what he has to do there; the conductor first becomes an artist when the moment comes for the production of the work. The conductor must, before all things, be sincere towards the work he is to produce, towards himself, and towards the public. He must not think when he takes a score in hand, "What can I make out of this work?" but "What has the composer wanted to say in it?" He must know it so thoroughly that during the performance the score is merely a support for his memory, not a fetter on his thought. If his study of a work has given him a conception of his own of it, he must reproduce this conception in its homogeneity, not cut up into pieces. He must always bear in mind that the conductor is the most important, most responsible personality in the musical world. By good, stylish performances he can educate the public and promote a general purification of artistic perception; by bad performances that merely indulge his own vanity, he can only create an atmosphere unfavorable to genuine art.

I was about five years old when I began to study music, or, rather, when I began to teach myself the piano, for I did not have any lessons till I was

seven. It is rather curious, I think, though it is quite true, that at first I did not make very great progress with the piano. However, I practiced hard, and, as I am very fond of piano-playing, the day came at last when I seemed to have mastered the instrument all of a sudden. I remember how surprised my mother was that day. She had sent me to practice my pieces, and after a time she heard someone playing whom she took to be a stranger, but it wasn't. After this I had no further difficulty as far as the piano was concerned. Of course, to play two instruments means a good deal of hard work, but, though I practice on the violin for about three hours every day, and on the piano for two hours, it never seems like work to me. Indeed, it is more of a pleasure, and I would practice even harder if I had not so many other things to do, such as lessons with my tutor, and, of course, my outdoor recreations. Speaking of recreations reminds me that I am very fond of outdoor sports. Though I am not very good at cricket—I have not had very many opportunities of playing—I am very keen on tennis, and I enjoy nothing better than a few sets after finishing my music practice for the day. In spite of studies and outdoor amusements, I manage to do a good deal of reading. In fact, I am so fond of reading that very often I have to be almost driven away from my books. I have read most of Scott's works, nearly the whole of Dickens, and almost all of Shakespeare's plays.

Miss Edna Elliott presided on Jan. 14th at the women's musicale, when a most enjoyable programme of Etudes and Grieg songs was rendered. Unfortunately Miss Landers who was to have sung, and Miss Leslie who was to have taken part in a piano duo, were both unable to appear on account of illness. Miss Macdowell kindly took Miss Leslie's place. Miss Edith Galt has a sweet voice, and her two selections were much enjoyed. Mrs. J. Elliott, who also sang, has become quite a favorite at the club, as also has Miss Simpson, who played a delightful Kreutzer Etude. Mr. Roy Peters, the visitor of the day, won golden opinions, but could not be persuaded to give the encore, which was eagerly demanded. The programme was as follows:

Piano Etudes 5 and 12....Chopin
Mrs. Landry.

Songs
(a) Margarethens Wiegenlied. Grieg
(b) Zwei braune Augen.....Grieg
Miss Edith Galt.

Piano Duo
Etudes Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 9 and 10

.....Cramer
Arranged for 2 pianos by Henselt.
Miss Ina Polson and Miss Leslie.

Violin....March, Etude 23..Kreutzer
Miss Simpson.

Songs
(a) A SwanGrieg
(b) I Love TheeGrieg
Mrs. J. Elliott.

Piano
Octave Etude op. 48, No. 5 Kullack
Mr. Roy Peters.

Among those present were: Mrs. Mathers, Mrs. W. S. Grant, Mrs. W. Harvey, Mrs. James Patterson, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Verhoeven, Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. J. H. Bradburn, Mrs. Affleck, Mrs. J. H. Agnew, the Misses Sprink, Miss Denholm, Mrs. Nares, Mrs. F. H. Osborn, Miss Denholm, Mrs. E. S. Miller, Mrs. C. V. Alloway, Mrs. Seaton Ewart, Miss Kathleen Ewart, Mrs. Devine, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Main, Miss Fortune, Miss Champion, Mrs. George Galt, Mrs. H. H. Smith, Miss Spriggs, Miss McIntyre, Mrs. Hough, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Baldwin Hutton, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Sanford Evans, Miss Perdue, Miss Fisher, Miss Drummond, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Redfern, Miss Kilbourne, Mrs. McBride, Miss McBride, Mrs. Stovel, Mrs. Wallace, Miss Slidst, Mrs. W. Bawlf, Mrs. R. Mackenzie, Mrs. Weiss, Mrs. Meek, Mrs. Guthrie and many others.

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WOMEN

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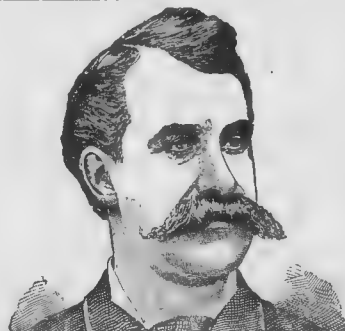


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Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."



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The Month's Bright Sayings.

Miss E. Terriss: Personality is of greater value than beauty, either of face or figure, to a woman; and better than a handsome face and physique to a man.

Secretary Haldane: Every man has in him a latent spark which can be kindled, and which can send through him that idealism which raises him to a different level of personality.

John Oliver Hobbes: The choice of a career, and the choice of a wife—the most important steps in a man's life—are accidents always. You may pride yourself on thinking both questions out, but your thinking will be gratuitous.

Dr. Adam Clarke: I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage, "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all going.

James Douglas: The truth is, that we live in an age which is deaf to anything less strepitous than thunder. It must be loud thunder. It must split the ears. The modest man is a fool. Dignity is death. Literature must compete with trade. She must stoop to conquer. Genius alone cannot make itself heard. It must speak through a megaphone.

W. W. Jacobs: I have a faint idea that the humor of to-day is more delicate and subtle than that which sufficed to amuse our ancestors. I do not subscribe to the dictum that all humor is essentially cruel, but when I have given instances to the contrary I have been met by the fatal objection that they were not humorous. So perhaps I am wrong.

Winnipeg Telegram: The Minister leaped on the engine, and as the man at the throttle gave her full steam ahead, the drifts parted and bore the indomitable Minister to his destination. Meanwhile the word had been flashed ahead that the Minister of Public Works was on board a light engine, careening through the teeth of the worst gale of the season and hurdling six-foot snow banks at a forty mile an hour clip in an endeavor to reach the place of meeting.

Dr. Frank Crane: The institution of marriage, as it exists to-day, unregulated save by the caprice of passion, as much the experiment of fools and the folly of the unfit as it is the sacrament of the sober, is the despair of the optimist. It is the stumbling-block of racial progress. It is the death-ditch of every reform. It is the anachronism of civilization. It is the buffoon that rules the world while it mocks at science.

Sir Chas. Russell: It is high time that the rubbish sent out about his convalescence was ignored. It is supplied by the chief votaries of tariff reform, and is simply so much dust thrown in the eyes of that large section of the public not in the know. Mr. Chamberlain may live twenty years. All hope he will, but as far as any political work is concerned he is already as dead as though he were buried. Whether tariff reform can survive him is doubtful.

Hon. C. J. Mickie: Now allied to the question of agriculture is immigration. I have yet to see literature in the immigration department which points out the advantages of this province as over the provinces to the west; advantages which, I think, should be voted to our benefit, without speaking disparagingly of those to the west. Last year we paid over \$25,000 for immigration, and I contend that we are entitled to see better results.

Secretary Root: What I said at the convention upon foreign trade was not with reference to any particular country, but with reference to the general operation of our tariff law. I did not undertake to deal with the details of the tariff; it is not in my province, but in the province of congress. One great trouble about our present tariff is that it is impossible without some change of law to treat nations that treat us well in their tariff any better than the countries which treat us badly.

Mayor of Hartford: Every community, big or little, suffers from profanity. No town is immune. Some men swear as they breathe. There is no maliciousness in it. It is merely a habit which perhaps they have inherited or acquired through association. It may be the man means no wrong, but that does not release him from certain obligations he is under to society. He has no business to allow himself to indulge in language which may be offensive to those who come within earshot.

Col. Steele (ex-N. W. P.): John Bull gets his eyes open when he goes abroad, and when he fights he fights properly. And that is as true of the British navy as of the army. I am the son of a captain of the Royal Navy, who, strange to say, fought under Nelson. My father was one of the last men landed in a hostile manner on the coast of France from the Arethusa. It seems strange, but it won't seem so strange if I say that I have a brother 87 years old to-day.

Sir Oliver Lodge: The term "evil" is relative. Dirt is only matter out of place. There are no weeds in botany, though there are weeds in the garden. Ugliness is non-existent except to creatures with a sense of beauty. A miracle of law and order, I should suppose, and of beauty, too, must every atom be, however repulsive to us may be some aggregations of atoms. Every advance seems to entail a corresponding penalty. In a world of unconscious beings there could be no sin. A mechanical universe might be perfectly good.

The Rapid: People are really guided, both in matters of belief and action, by temperament far more than by conviction; and I do not honestly think that convictions shape character nearly so much as character shapes convictions. The man whose tendency it is to labor for others, to deny himself, to work for a cause would, I believe, act on very much the same lines whether he was Christian, Buddhist, or Mohammedan.

President Kenyon L. Butterfield: The country has rightly been called the seed-bed of civilization, which needs constant cultivation. The city is its flower and fruit. A great current of young life comes from the hill and farming sections. Great expense is taken to build reservoirs to keep an uncontaminated water supply. Is it right for us to be less concerned about the reservoirs of human life that are to make the republic in later years.

Jerome K. Jerome: The humor of our ancestors, in their unavoidable absence, it seems unfair to discuss. Perhaps an incident of which I was the hero while travelling in America last year may help to a solution of the argument. I had lectured the night before in Salt Lake City, and, seated in a dark corner of the car, was compelled to listen to a heated symposium on the subject of myself. Finally, one gentleman, having cleared his throat for action, summed up in stentorian tones what appeared to be the feeling of the meeting. "You've got to remember that he's not an American. But he's darned funny—for an Englishman. My own ancestors, from what I hear of them, must have been amusing, possibly even pungent and salient—for ancestors."

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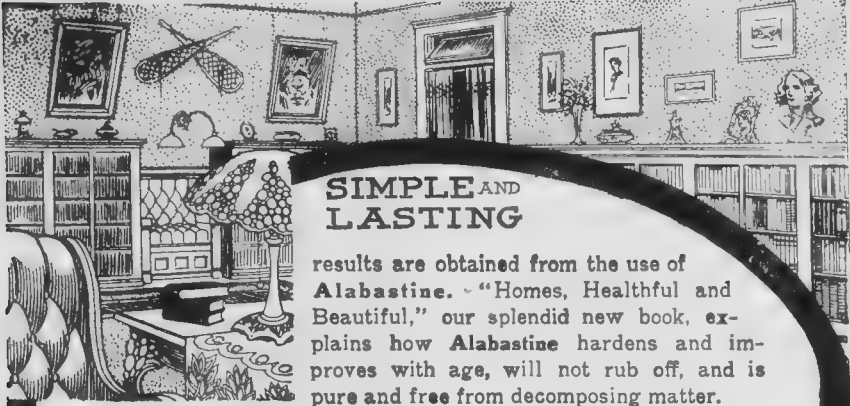
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He Who Practiced as He Spoke.

By Sir Samuel Wilks, Bart., M.D., F.R.S.

When a Christian statesman, conspicuous for his civic virtues, as well as for the integrity of his private life, addresses the public in behalf of some political, philanthropic, or economic measure, his words are listened to with marked attention and respect, independently of the intrinsic merit of his arguments and of the eloquence with which he enforces them. But let a demagogue or a time server advocate the same cause, we will hear him with impatience or a smile of incredulity, because his public utterances are totally at variance with his private character.

This line of reasoning acquires over-whelming force when it is applied to our Savior. We admire, indeed, the beauty of his moral maxims, but their intrinsic excellence is enhanced by the splendor of his spotless life and matchless virtues, which shed a halo on his words.

Jesus never inculcates a moral duty which he does not practice in an eminent degree. He taught by example before he taught by precept. "Jesus," says the gospel, "began to do and to teach." We are drawn to him more by the charm of his public and private life than by the sublimity of his doctrines and the eloquence of his words. The sermons of our Savior inspire us indeed with an esteem for virtue, but his conduct stimulates us to the practice of it. Never did any man speak as Jesus spoke. As far as we have any record of his utterances, the most admired discourse he ever delivered was the Sermon on the Mount. But even the Sermon on the Mount yields in force and pales before the sermon on the cross. There we find eloquence in action.

Let us consider our Savior in three striking incidents of his life, which are most instructive to us and which serve as an example to us when we are placed in similar circumstances.

Witness the conduct of our Lord in the hour of his passion. What firmness and constancy he displays under the most severe trials! What dignity and composure, what self-possession under the most provoking insults! What sublime silence under the most blasphemous calumnies! What a lesson to us to preserve our temper when hard words are said against us and to keep down the spirit of resentment that would rise in our breast!

Witness our Savior when he sees his Father's house profaned, when he sees the temple of God changed into a market place. Observe the indignation in his looks and the fire of holy wrath that flashes in his eyes when, single handed, he seizes a scourge and drives the buyers and sellers out of the temple, saying to them, "My house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." Learn from his example that no

matter what you may endure, you must be always zealous for God's rights, true justice and conscience. Learn never to compound with sin, but set your face against corruption, whether it lurks at home or stalks abroad in social or political life.

Now, contemplate our Savior at the tomb of Lazarus. See how the lion in the temple is transformed into a lamb at the tomb; how the lion among the money changers becomes a lamb among the mourners. The eye that flashed with indignation in the temple melts into tears at the grave of a friend.

The gospels tell us that when he stood at the tomb of Lazarus he wept. I never read in the gospels that Jesus laughed, but I read more than once that he wept. And yet the tears of Jesus have brought more joy and consolation to the human heart than all the mirth provoking books that were ever written. Jesus wept to teach us that he had a human heart as well as divine personality.

This incident suggests to us an important truth—viz.: that the most delicate sensibility is not incompatible with the most sturdy manhood; nay, it teaches us more: that tender sympathy and emotion are essential to true manhood. The courage of the man is not the courage of the brute. The man who has gone down into the human heart and sounded the depths of its sorrow and sympathized with its sufferings in others, as Christ has done, is best fitted to bear his own cross when the hand of adversity presses heavily upon him.

If you would, then, be perfect, study and imitate the life of Christ as it is presented to you in the pages of the gospel. "Look and do according to the pattern that was shown you on the mount," that, contemplating your Savior, you may admire Him; admiring, you may love Him, loving Him you may embrace Him, embracing Him you may imitate Him and thus you will become more conformable to that heavenly model who is "the splendor of God's glory and the figure of his substance."

Make yourselves familiar with the words and deeds of your Master by the frequent perusal of the gospels. The gospels contain the best narrative of Christ, because they are inspired, and are not diluted by human speculation. Christ will be your light in darkness, he will be your companion in solitude, your rest in weariness of spirit. He will be your teacher in doubt, your physician in sickness of heart, your strength in weakness, your joy and consolation in sorrow and affliction. He will be your life in death. "Follow me," he says; "I am the way, the truth, and the life. He that followeth me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life."



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Sale Price .55

18-8109. Waist made of good quality **English Lawn** in white only; front trimmed with four rows of lace insertion, and clusters of small tucks from shoulder to bust line; back has two clusters of four small tucks each; full sleeve with long tucked cuff; soft finished tucked collar, buttoned in front.

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18-8127. Waist made of fine quality **English Lawn** in white only; front trimmed with four rows of lace insertion and wide panel of Swiss embroidery; has wide pleat on either side of panel and clusters of small tucks extending from shoulder to bust line; full sleeve with tucked cuff trimmed with lace insertion; back has three clusters of fine tucks; buttoned in front. No better value ever offered.

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Special.....\$6.00
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- No. 7**—Extra Large, 21 keys, 4 bass, 4 sets reeds. Regular Price \$15.00. Special \$12.00

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Just as the sun was sinking down in the West and just as poor shivering mortals here hurrying towards their destination—home—to rest, and to comfort, and warmth, after completing a hard day's toil. Just as a few stray carriages passed by, returning from fashionable "At homes" with their wealthy occupants clad in costly robes of fur; and just as the last successful business man had closed the door of his mansion, shutting out the bitter cold, and entered his elegantly furnished room, where his happy family sat awaiting him and where the logs blazed cheerfully on the hearth; and just as another successful day for Winnipeg was drawing to a close, I sat and pondered over the interesting subject "What shall I say to my readers today?" and as I thought—a scene came before my eyes that I had witnessed during Christmas-time of poor little children that had been brought half starving with hunger and with cold, neglected and deserted to the Children's Aid Shelter, 101 Mayfair Avenue, Winnipeg, receiving their Christmas presents from the heavily laden Christmas tree.

Such was the transformation of these children from a few weeks previous—happy little faces where before had been pinched, ill-fed faces, which spoke of such abject misery, that the happy thought occurred to me of giving my readers a few interesting details of how this noble work is carried on by the kindly superintendent and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Billiardi. I therefore obtained an interview with Mr. Billiardi, who was good enough to supply me with the information I sought. I had no difficulty either in obtaining from the superintendent a cut of the Shelter.

Mr. Billiardi then said, The Children's Aid Society was formed in 1898 by a score of the leading citizens of Winnipeg. The Society is maintained partly by a grant from the Provincial government and the city of Winnipeg. Below is a statement showing nationality of children cared for by this Society:—Irish, 22; Canadian, 121; Fr. Half-breed, 16; English, 73; Galician, 55; United States, 6; Polish, 3; Swedish, 4; Austrian, 1; French, 1; German, 18; Icelandic, 3; Welsh, 6; Negro, 1; Russian, 3; Scotch, 4. Note.—The above statement gives the nationality of some of the children cared for by the Society. We have been unable to ascertain the nationality of many of the children coming into our hands. Total number of children cared for by the Society since its inception in 1898: Total number of children cared for, 600; total number of children placed in foster homes, 253; total number of children at present under the Society's care, 138. These figures do not include children at present in the Society's Shelter or cases under supervision, but only those in foster homes at the present time.

The Shelter will accommodate 20 children at a time; and about 100 children pass through the Shelter in a year.

The superintendent and matron are paid by the Society.

Mr. Billiardi continued: It is not only children who are reformed and saved from becoming criminals, but by the aid of the Society parents themselves, who have taken to drink and are cruel to their offspring, are often under supervision, and are threatened unless they reform, their children will be taken away from them. In many cases this treatment has been very effectual and the Society has been the means of drawing together families that were being hopelessly parted. Mr. Billiardi said that he was most proud of this work. In regard to the children who drifted into the Shelter, Mr. Billiardi wished it to be understood that these children are practically no different to other children but are simply the victims of circumstances. About 100 cases every year pass through the Shelter, but this

by no means represents the number that come under the Society's aid, as there are about 150 outside the Shelter that are under supervision.

SOME TYPICAL CASES.

A wire is received at the Shelter calling for immediate help for some children in a small village in the Province, the Superintendent goes down on the next train; on his arrival he finds a family of four children, the eldest a girl of 15, deserted by a drunken father. They are found round the stove in their little one-roomed shack, the youngest a mere baby, crying piteously, its frail frame shaken by a racking cough; a glance suffices to show that medical care must be had at once if the little life is to be saved. The next train for Winnipeg will pass in twenty minutes. Hurriedly the little ones are clad in the warmest of their rags, the baby is wrapped up in an old blanket, and the race through the snow to catch the train; a telegram is despatched to the general hospital requesting the ambulance to meet the train. They pull out of the little station and the race between time and death for baby's life begins. On their arrival in Winnipeg baby is at once sent to the hospital and the other children are taken to the Shelter. They are all found to be in need of medical treatment.

A few weeks elapse, the little ones are looking very, very different, the pale cheeks are getting rosy, the sad tired eyes are now bright with the laughter of childhood in them. Kindness, good food and cleanliness have done their work.

And baby, what of baby? Well,



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baby is in a better land, gone to join her mother.

The telephone rings. Hello! Is that the Children's Aid Society? This is the police station. Can you do anything for two little boys whose parents are down with fever? Yes. We'll take them. Send them along. They are sent barefooted, ragged, dirty and hungry looking. It is found that their parents are poor. They are newcomers and have been working hard to make a little home, when both are stricken down with typhoid. The little ones are cared for till the parents recover.

A complaint reaches the Society that a man is drinking and neglecting to provide for his wife and children. The man is spoken to and his duty pointed out to him; he is warned that unless he acts on the Society's advice, legal proceedings will be taken against him. The matter is kept under supervision till such time as the Society is satisfied of the man's intentions.

A complaint is made that a woman beats her little boy in a merciless manner. The matter is investigated and the woman told that if she persists in acting towards her child in such an inhuman way the Society will prosecute her. The case is watched and unless the warning is acted upon legal proceedings are at once instituted.

What am I to do with my boy? He will not obey me, will not go to school, stays out late at night on the streets, swears, smokes, lies. What do you advise? Day after day parents come to the Shelter with the above complaint. Sometimes it's a son, sometimes it's a daughter, whose conduct gives cause for grave anxiety and sometimes the Society are able to suggest a way out of the difficulty, the wayward ones are spoken to, advised and warned.

Such is the work now being carried on at the Children's Aid Shelter. It is noble work, and many of these children—nay, most of them—are proving their gratitude by going out into the world as honest men and women, earning their living in a respectable manner; and scores of letters reach the superintendent from those far away who used at one time to be inmates at the Shelter and who now are proud of their good situations, of their efforts, and of themselves.

An Excellent Tribute to Canada's Premier Piano.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 17th, 1906.
Morris Piano Co., Winnipeg, Man.
Gentlemen:—I wish to express my sincere satisfaction of the Morris Piano which I am using at the Royal Alexandra Hotel. I have never found a piano, either in this country or Europe, superior to this one. In all my concerts in Canada I have used the Morris Piano, not for money but from choice and must certainly congratulate you on the evenness of scale of all your instruments. I would have no hesitation in taking any piano from your stock and using it for the most difficult renditions.

I am pleased to allow you to use my name with intending purchasers and will gladly express my feelings personally to them. Sincerely yours,
(Sg'd.) Dir. Stephen Albrecht,
Prof. of Music.

The above speaks volumes from a musician of the standing of Herr Albrecht. He is a pupil of Profs. Karl Reinecke, Jadasson, Dr. Paul, Dr. Fritz Pelliger and the famous Reubenstein, and was also a student with Wagner, Verdi and Liszt. His first engagement was at the Royal Conservatorium, Leipzig, being afterwards engaged as director at the theatres of Leipzig, Riga and St. Petersburg, as well as on extensive tours through Italy, Holland, Belgium, France, Austria, Switzerland, Spain and England.

Herr Albrecht has played for Queen Victoria, King Albert of Saxony, Czar Alexander III of Russia, and other crowned heads. Since coming to Canada he has had the honor to play three concerts for Earl Grey, from whom he received a fine letter of congratulation. Mr. Barrowclough, western manager for the Morris Piano Co., feels justly proud of such a tribute to the house he represents.

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Regular Price \$700

Sale Price \$550

THE accompanying cuts represent two of our finest style Vocalion Organs suitable for churches seating from 500 to 1500 people.

They represent the finest product of the Aeolian Co., New York, and are specially adapted to the climatic changes of Western Canada.

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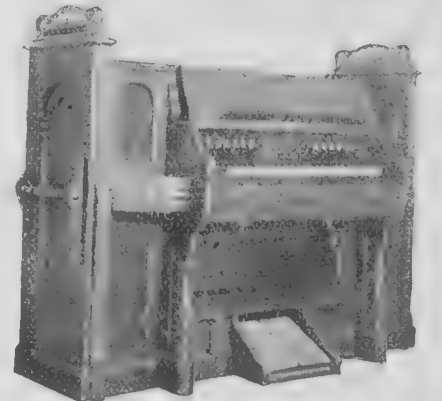
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GIRLS!
We trust you with 10 large beautiful colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver Bracelet. Remember, you get both the Ring and Bracelet for selling only 10 packages. Everybody buys our Seeds. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Spies, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a post card today and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Examination Seed Co., Dept 77, Toronto

OLD MEN AND WOMEN

You need it, every one of you. There is nothing in existence that will do you the good it will. Thousands of elderly people say so. Read about it on page 21.

At The Top Of Them All Stands THE MORRIS PIANO

Beyond the shadow of a doubt the Morris is the greatest Piano for the home—its reputation has been earned, not bought. A lady of social prominence, and a musician of fine taste, said to us the other day:

"I don't know how it has been brought about, but it seems to me that the makers of the Morris Piano have secured a tone in their instrument that is brighter, fuller and better than the tone of any other Piano I have ever listened to—and I am familiar with all good makes."

The tone of the Morris is full of power and sweetness, and the case designs are as chaste as they are elegant. We might go on talking of its merits all day, fill column after column in singing its praises, and all in all you wouldn't know as much about it as you would learn from a personal investigation of five minutes in our warerooms. Payments may be arranged to meet your requirements. Write for illustrated booklet.

ADDRESS DEPT. W. H. M.

THE MORRIS PIANO CO.

S. L. BARROWCLOUGH, Western Manager.

228 PORTAGE AVENUE.

A Very Good Thing for the Girl.

By LEONARD MERRICK.

Bagot told us this tale in the Stage Door Club one night. We were sitting around the fire, talking of perfect love, and somebody asked him if he had ever thought of marrying.

"Once," said the comedian, cheerfully.

"Couldn't you afford it?" His talent and the remains of his good looks were worth fifty pounds a week to him then, but there had been days—well, listen to Bagot!

"It wasn't that I couldn't afford it," he said, with a laugh; "actors never wait till they can afford it. I escaped in a curious way. What saved me was being such an artist. Fact! I was really smitten. If I hadn't been an artist in spite of myself I should be shivering in the last train home to the suburbs now, instead of talking to you dear boys in an armchair, with a glass at my side. What? Oh, I'll tell you about it with pleasure.

"Of course you know I made my name as the Rev. Simon Tibbits, in poor Pulteney's 'Touch and Go.' Some things a man doesn't forget, and

and I was always a bit of a diplomatist.

"He asked me to sit down, and we talked. He was smoking a cigarette, and I thought for a moment he was going to offer me one. I suppose it occurred to him that it wouldn't be the right thing to ask an actor to smoke in the manager's room, for he threw his own cigarette away. He was a gentleman, poor Pulteney, though he was a deuced bad dramatist.

"The manager came hustling back soon, and began to hum and haw, but Pulteney put in a word that made it all right. I was told it was a capital part, and a big chance for me, and I skipped downstairs, and out into the street, feeling as puffed up as if I owned the Strand. As a matter of fact, the salary wasn't much—I had had better money in the provinces—but the thought of making a hit in the West End so excited me that I was nearly popping with pride.

"Great Cumberland Place! wasn't I sold when the part came. You've no idea how duffing it really was. I don't

wasn't thinking about anything in particular; and all of a sudden I heard a voice. A voice? I heard the voice. I heard the voice I needed for the part!

I jumped. My heart was in my throat. There, smiling up at a six-foot constable, was a little parson asking the way to Baker Street. He looked like an elderly cherub, with his pink cheeks, and his innocent, inquiring eyes. I held my breath in the hope he would go on talking, but the policeman had answered him, and he tripped along with merely a "Thank you." He tripped along with the oddest walk I have ever seen, and I dodged after him, never taking my gaze off his legs, and studying them all the way to Charing Cross.

"As I expected, he was going by bus. There was one just moving. Up went his umbrella, and the next moment I was on the step, too, intending to lure him into conversation as soon as I could, and master his voice as nicely as I was mastering his legs.

"Full inside," said the conductor, putting his dirty hand before my face. I was so annoyed I could have punched his head.

"Well, there was nothing for it but to go on top, and wait for someone

Not only I couldn't talk to him—I couldn't even see him. Every time we drew into a station I prayed the compartment would thin a bit; I sat tense, watching the faces. Not a sign on them! You've heard of the American who got so exasperated standing up in a crowded car, that at last he shouted; 'Say! ain't none o' you people got homes?' That was how I felt.

Bagot's imitation of the American was very good, and we signified our appreciation in the usual way. When the laugh was over, some one told the waiter we were thirsty, and the storyteller filled his pipe.

"Well," he resumed, puffing, "to cut a long journey short, we reached Rickmansworth without my having had a glimpse of my gentleman. I was about desperate now. He hadn't taken a dozen steps when I overtook him, and asked if he would be kind enough to inform me whether any decent apartments were to be had in the village. It didn't seem worth while to have had all this bother just to hear him speak again for ten seconds, and I was wishing myself back in my apartments in Kennington; I said the first thing that came into my head.

"It turned out to be the best question I could have put.

"I am a visitor myself," he said, beaming at me, 'but I believe there are rooms to be had in Cornstalk Terrace. Yes, I am almost positive I noticed a card in a window as I passed through this morning.'

"I stood simply lapping his voice up.

"Is it difficult for a stranger to find?" I asked.

"No, indeed," he said, 'it is quite near. But I am going there if you care to accompany me—'

"Oh, you're too good!" I exclaimed, and upon my word I could have hugged him.

"The road was a great deal nearer than I wanted it to be, for he was chirruping to me beautifully, and I hated to part from him. When we arrived I effervesced with gratitude, and he hoped I'd find comfortable quarters; and then I went straight back to the station—and heard I had about three hours to wait for a train! Pleasant? Rickmansworth isn't the sprightliest place I've ever spent three hours in, either. I had some nourishment in the bar of the hotel across the way, and I examined the High Street. It wasn't extensive. The barmaid had told me there was a park, so I started to discover it. I wasn't keen on the park, you understand, but I thought it would be a nice quiet spot to rehearse in and see if I had caught the little cleric's voice. As I was going along, past a row of villas, blest if I didn't come across him again, standing at his gate.

"He supposed I had been hunting for lodgings all the time, so, of course, I had to keep the game up. He was a friendly old chap, and, honor bright, I felt sorry to think I was going to turn him into ridicule on the stage. Still, he would never know, and actors can't be choosers. He went inside to ask his landlady if she could recommend any diggings to me, and a minute afterward he fluttered out to say he had quite forgotten there would be a couple of rooms vacant in that very house next day. Scot! I had no more idea of taking rooms than I had of taking the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, but it was too gigantic a chance to miss. I fixed the matter with the old woman there and then, and the next morning my model and I were living under the same roof! . . . Pass the matches, one of you fellows; my pipe is out. . .

"At the back of the house there were some lettuces and a clothes-prop that were called a 'garden.' My parlor was at the back, too; and after dinner I saw the rector airing himself. By now I had learned he was a rector. I lost no time in joining him, you may be sure—I wasn't paying two rents to go to sleep on the sofa—and we discussed politics and public libraries. It was a bit heavy for me, but I didn't worry much what he talked about, so long as I could hear his dulcet tones. I ought to have said there was a bench against the clothes-prop; so far as her means permitted, the old woman did things handsomely.

"There was a bench, and we sat down on it; and while we were sitting there the door opened—and out into the sun-



Strassburg School—where a few months ago was bare prairie

I remember how I felt when I settled for the part better than I remember yesterday. You see it was my first London engagement, and I had been trying to get one in London for sixteen years. Sixteen years I had been 'on the road,' and seen the amateurs with money sauntering on to the West End stage from their 'Varsity club!

"My agent had told me to try my luck at the office over the theatre one morning in July, and when I went in there was nobody there but a young man who I guessed must be Pulteney. He was sitting at the table with a pencil in his hand, fiddling with a cardboard model of one of the scenes, and looking as worried as if he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Pulteney?" said I. In those days I imagined authors were important persons.

"He flushed, and smiled—rather on the wrong side of his mouth, I thought; 'That's my name.'

"I was sent round to see about the part of the clergyman in your farcical comedy, Mr. Pulteney," I said. I had really been sent to see the stage-manager, but soft soap is never wasted,

mind saying that a good many fine comedians would never have got a laugh in it. When I read the jokes I could have cried. It wasn't funny as the author wrote it, dear boys, believe me. I don't want to brag of what I've done—I'm not a man who 'gases' about himself—but it was the 'character' I put into it that made that part!

"Well, the rehearsals weren't beginning for three weeks, and I kept hoping I'd see how to do something with it before the first 'call.' I spoke the lines one way, and I spoke the lines another way, and the more I studied, the glummer I felt. I had my dinner at Exeter Hall several times, and listened to the people giving their orders; it was cheap, and I thought I might hear the sort of tone I was trying to get hold of. But I didn't. On the Sunday I went to three churches, and sat through three sermons. Honest Injun! And that was no use. Talk about an R. A.'s difficulty in finding the right model! I spent eight dusty days scouring London for a model for the Rev. Simon Tibbits!

"Then one afternoon I had come out of 'Prosser's Avenue.' As it happened, I wasn't thinking 'shop': I

to get out. Hang it, nobody did get out, and I saw no more of my little model till we reached Baker Street. I meant to let him walk a few yards, and then ask him to direct me to Lord's, but there was a surprise for me: he tripped across the road into the station. 'Oho!' I said to myself, 'training it. So much the better. We're going to have a comfortable chat together, after all, you and I!'

"I kept as close to him when he took his ticket as if I'd had designs on his watch and I heard him say: 'Third-class to Rickmansworth if you please.' This was rather awkward—I didn't want to pay a long fare, and I didn't know the line well; I had to book as far as Rickmansworth, too. When we got around to the platform and the train was there, he hovered up and down for five minutes or more, looking for a seat to suit him. I began to think we'd both be left behind. Then, just as they were slamming the doors, he made up his mind. In he went, and I after him, and—what do you think? We were both on the same side of the compartment, with a fat woman and a soldier between us!

"Two passengers between us, I give you my word, and no room opposite.

HOW CAN YOU LOSE?

HOW CAN YOU BE OUT A PENNY, in using it, in giving it a chance?

How can you make a blunder in trying it, in testing it for 30 days, in letting the experience of thousands guide you, when you don't pay a penny until it is proven, until you can say with gladness and gratitude "It is all right. It is the best thing I ever struck. It is an honest remedy." What risk do you run when we take positively and absolutely all the risk? How can you refuse when everything is in your favor, when it is all one-sided (your side), when we must show you before we can see a penny of your money, must deliver it at your door, right in your hands, must let you try it for 30 days, must let you judge for yourself, must be entirely satisfied with your decision, whether it be Yes or No? When it does the work you will gladly pay for it. If it fails, we lose. You don't! You cannot lose one way or another because you have not one single, solitary penny at stake. But you stand to win a great deal that you want, a great deal that you are fighting for—health, strength, vigor and comfort—Yes, even Life.

No one can lose a single penny by trying it for thirty full days, but thousands gain freedom from disease, from Stomach torture, from Kidney tyranny, from Bowel enslavement, from Heart fear, from Rheumatic bonds. No one can throw away a cent in testing it, but thousands throw away the shackles of disease and become healthy, natural and normal men and women. Health is here, where you can get it without risking a penny. How can you refuse? Health is worth trying for! It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope and writing us as follows:

"I am sick. I need Vitæ-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if it helps me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today" or "My back aches" or "That rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, ready and waiting for you to turn and get it, is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking. Read our thirty day trial offer.

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing. We ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

What Vitæ-Ore Is

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative healing value, many gallons of powerful mineral water, drunk fresh at the springs.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

A Wonderful Restoration

HAMBURG, IOWA—I feel that I cannot praise V.-O. enough, as it has restored me after having been a helpless and hopeless invalid for three long years. I had Rheumatism and Paralysis, and my Kidneys and Liver had been very much deranged for years. There seemed no limit to my nervousness. I was reduced from 165 to 75 pounds, in fact was called a total wreck. I could not move myself, could not rest and much of the time I could not speak. We tried many physicians and patent medicines and also sanitariums. My last doctor said he had never seen anything to compare with my case and that he had exhausted his medical skill upon me. I have now been using Vitæ-Ore for six months and can say that I enjoy life and my work. My weight has been increased to 144 pounds. I can do all of my own work and go when and where I please. The doctor now tells me to recommend it.



Mrs. W. G. VANDERPOOL.

HELP A FRIEND

If you have a friend or neighbor who is sick or ailing, show him this offer and tell him to write to this Company for a 30-day trial treatment. It is a little thing for you to do, but it may mean big things for him and he may bless you for it.

ELDERLY PEOPLE SHOULD USE IT.

As old age approaches the necessity for such a tonic as Vitæ-Ore becomes each year more and more manifest and when taken regularly by middle-aged and elderly people it displays its usefulness in various ways. There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young may need a tonic, but the old must use one. Old age, like youth, makes demands upon the blood for nourishment of the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion deprive the blood of the nutriment which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but unfortunately the elderly man and woman who can sleep soundly throughout the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional functional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory.

Vitæ-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutriment. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age and by its general upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

Makes Strong, Healthy Women.

Woman may be called the most perfect piece of mechanism in all God's creation, but from the nature of her organization, she is the most delicate. It is due to the ease with which irregularities may creep in that not half of the women of today are entirely free from some of the many and varied ailments peculiar to their sex. Many object to are financially unable to "begin doctoring" and so struggle along and suffer in silence, bearing a crushing weight of distress, torture and disease. Vitæ-Ore is a true "Balm of Gilead" to such sufferers and is markedly successful in promptly alleviating and permanently remedying many diseased conditions which keep women from the full enjoyment of active life. Every woman should use it.

Builds Robust, Vigorous Men.

The proudest glory of man lies in his health and strength. To be entirely successful he must possess strong nerves, a clear brain, and a sound body full of energy, vitality and manly vigor. Without health of body man cannot be at his best mentally. Health builds up that strength and character of mind which goes so far to insure true and complete happiness as well as success. If disease or debility take the place of the health, activity and energy of youth and early manhood, the mental forces become impaired along with the physical. When this time comes, Vitæ-Ore proves a regenerator which fills the blood with renewed energy, correcting irregularities, curing disease and restoring the force and vitality so necessary to success and happiness.

A WINNIPEG MAN'S WONDERFUL CURE

Read This Letter. It Shows Why Vitæ-Ore's Reputation Has Grown Over The Entire Length and Breadth of Canada—Because It Cures.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

I suffered for nine years from Systemic Catarrh, a bad case of Piles and incipient Rheumatism. I am employed in the mail service and my troubles finally made it almost impossible for me to continue with my duties. I had lost flesh, could not sleep, had no appetite and was so incapacitated for work, that I had to get well or resign from the service. I took every kind of medicine having the least recommendation for it, and spent lots of money on high priced doctors, some of the best in Winnipeg, but all to no avail. Sometimes I got a little better for a while, but it was only temporary and I was about to give up in despair, when I accidentally saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement. I sent for it, and what was my joy to find that one package of Vitæ-Ore entirely cured my Piles, so that I could at once resume my carrier duties. After using two additional packages my Catarrh and Rheumatism also were cured. Within a week's time after beginning its use I had regained my lost appetite and slept the sleep of the well and healthy man. I have now regained my lost flesh so that my old friends are filled with wonder at my improvement and returned health. Vitæ-Ore not only relieved me of pain and saved my health, but it saved my position in His Majesty's Service as well. It was all accomplished so easily, quickly and at so small a cost, that I cannot refrain from constantly recommending Vitæ-Ore to all my friends who are suffering ill-health as I was. It has also done wonders for my father, C. H. Cooke who suffered untold agonies for years from protruding bleeding piles, unfitting him for business. Dr. Crawford assured him that his only hope was a surgical operation, after which he must lie about 3 weeks in bed in the hospital. I induced him to try Vitæ-Ore, which he rather reluctantly did. In three days' time he could go about and began attending to business and in three weeks was completely cured. Ever since he has been as firm a believer in Vitæ-Ore as I am. We would not be without it.



WILLIAM H. COOKE.

Feels Like A New Being.

Rev. J. H. Maice, The Blind Evangelist, Tells of His Complete Cure.

Rev. J. H. Maice, Author and Preacher, familiarly known all over central Pennsylvania as "The Blind Evangelist," a term by which he is held in sweet reverence by the thousands who have come under the magic of his eloquent voice and the charm of his gentle personality, knows the powers of Vitæ-Ore, having been restored by it to health and a life of usefulness and activity.

On the 4th. of July, America's natal day, in the year 1893, he saw his wife and children, the fields and the sky, for the last time in the clear shapes in which God had made them, and gradually the light was blotted out until a total darkness hung over his life. That was not all, as a Rheumatic sickness came to add to his trial, and for many days he suffered all the tortures which the human frame is capable of enduring. At last Vitæ-Ore came to his aid, and drove out the humors which had so long distressed him. Read what he says:

CARLISLE, PENN.—For many long years I had been suffering from Sciatica and Muscular Rheumatism; at times I thought that it must kill me. No one can imagine what I endured from this dread disease. I had spent a great deal of money for doctors and all sorts of remedies, but found nothing to cure me. I was also troubled with Piles, a palpating and weak Heart, my Kidneys were disordered, my Liver in bad shape, and altogether I had a goodly share of the trials which fall to the lot of man.

On the 24th day of November, 1903, I began to use Vitæ-Ore. The results were astonishing. I had not finished the third package before my Piles had entirely disappeared and my Rheumatism, which had so long remained unvanquished, was much improved. I continued using it until I had taken in all eight packages. I can safely say that I am entirely cured of all my diseases, aches and pains, and feel like a new being.

I also know many others who have been cured of many different diseases through the use of Vitæ-Ore. A prominent minister at this place was suffering from Vertigo and Stomach Trouble and began using it upon my recommendation. One package cured him, soundly and perfectly. I can only say to all, try it and see for yourself that its merit has not been exaggerated. I believe in it, because I know. (Rev.) J. H. MAICE.

Address, THEO. NOEL CO., Limited H. M. DEPT. 522 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG, MAN.

FORT ROUGE, WINNIPEG

ONLY 59 LOTS LEFT

\$80 per Lot

All high and dry—inside City limits. Every lot 25ft. x 107ft. deep, with 20ft. lane and facing on 66ft. street—situated south-west of Crescent Wood, and close to the junction of the four great railway lines from the West (C.P.R., C.N.R., G.T.P. and G.N.R.) the only place inside Winnipeg city limits where the four railways meet from the West. Think what this means in a year or two's time, and what great railway developments are bound to take place at this junction on account of the tremendous and ever-increasing freight and passenger traffic of Western Canada that has to pass through it. We say again, only 59 lots left. All the others have been sold—mostly to Winnipeg railway men who know the situation and see what a sound investment it is. You will never have such a chance again to buy inside city limits lots at so low a price, and we make this special offer to readers of the Western Home Monthly on condition that they mention this paper when making application. Your only possible opportunity is to send in your application at once to secure some. Price is **\$80 per lot**—\$10 cash and \$4 month—no interest. Applications (enclosing money or express orders) will be taken strictly in rotation, and necessary agreement papers and plans sent per return.

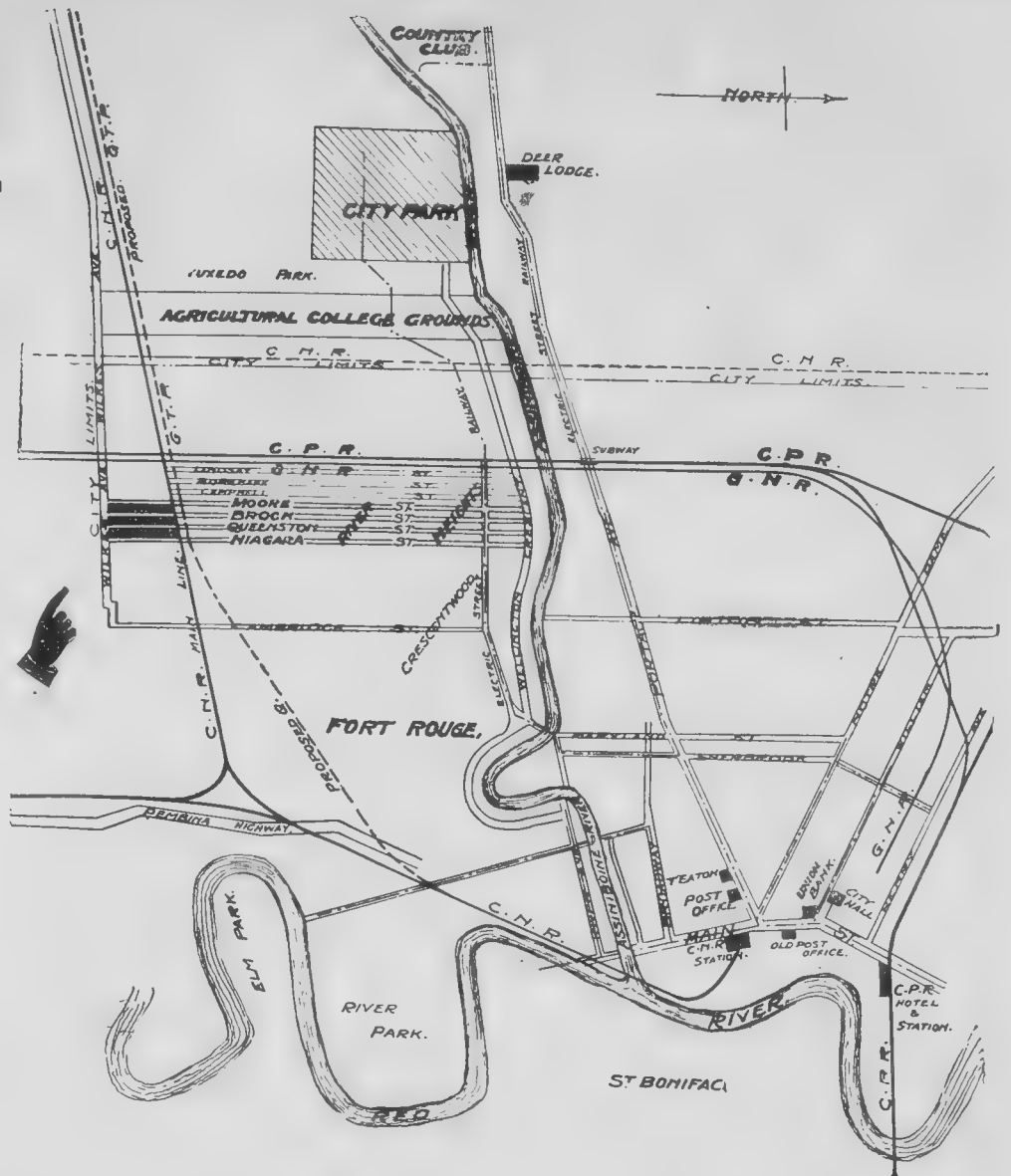
THOMAS WRIGHT & CO.

ESTATE AGENTS

354 MAIN STREET (NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL) WINNIPEG.

PHONE 2949

Please mention this paper when writing.



shine there came a young and beautiful girl. She wore a white cotton frock, and here was no paint or powder on that made you want to say your prayers and be good. I'm not going to gush—I'm holding myself in—but, on my honour, she was just the saintliest picture of English maidenhood ever seen in a poet's dream.

"My daughter," said my model.

"I was so staggered that I bowed like a super at a bob a night.

"Yes, the old woman did things handsomely—there was room for three on the bench. She sat by me, turning a back yard into paradise—I mean the girl, not the old woman—and I forgot to study her father for half an hour. I heard where his living was, and why they were taking a holiday, and I stammered that I was an actor, and was afraid they'd be shocked. I was stupid to own it, though it was all right, and they didn't mind; but there was something in that girl's eye that forced the truth from you in spite of yourself. I had been going to say I was in the city, but the lie stuck.

"There's some fine country around Rickmansworth—'Ricky,' the natives call it—and we used to explore, the three of us. We'd go to Chorley Wood, and to Chenies—what a good 'back cloth' Chenies would make! By the end of the week we were together nearly all the day. They invited me into their room to supper, and after supper Marion would sing at a decrepit piano. The meals were quite plain, you know—sometimes we'd pick the green stuff in the garden ourselves—but, boys, the peace of that little village room in the lamplight! The minister and his child—the simple, God-fearing man, and that girl with her deep, grave eyes and earnest voice. Their devotion to each other, the homeliness of it all! To me, a touring player, it was sweet, it was wonderful, to be welcomed in an atmosphere of home.

"If the comedy had been put into rehearsal on the date arranged, it would have been better for me. But it wasn't—the rehearsals were postponed—and

soon I was thinking much more of Marion than of my part. I used to talk to her of—well, of things I had never talked of to any one except my mother when I was a kid. Somehow I didn't feel ashamed to talk of them to that girl. She took me out of myself. She raised me up. The footlights were forgotten.

"Oh, I had no right to think of her in the way I did, of course! What could I hope for? There was a world between us, and I saw it. I told myself I had done all I came to do, and that I ought to go back to town at once; I told myself I was mad to stay here. But I knew I loved her. I loved her as I have never loved a woman since—and there were moments when I thought that she was fond of me."

Bagot, it was rapidly becoming evident to us, had forgotten that he prefaced the story by congratulating himself on not having married the girl.

His voice trembled. We saw that, carried away by his own intensity as a narrator, he was beginning to believe he was a blighted being. But we looked sympathetic, and let him "work it up."

"One day she owned she cared for me," he continued, with a far-away air. "It was the day before they were going home, and we were talking of our 'friendship.' Somehow, I—I lost my head, and she was crying in my arms.

"I asked her to marry me. I swore she would never repent it. She sat listening to me with her hands limp in her lap, and a look on her face that I shall see till I die. She was afraid—not of me, but that her father wouldn't consent. They had no violent prejudice against the theatre, but she had never been to one in her life; for her to marry an actor seemed an impossible thing.

"I went to him right off. I told him I worshipped her; I implored him to

trust her to me. It was an awful shock to him; I don't believe he had a suspicion of the state of affairs—he reproached himself for letting it come about. But he was very gentle. He said he had hoped for a far different future for her, still that all he wanted was for his child to be happy; he said he couldn't stand in her way if he knew she was really sure of herself. In the end he promised she should marry me if she wanted to in three years' time.

"When I parted from her we considered we were engaged; and in the evening, after they left, I went to town.

"I went to town, and there was a 'call' for the first rehearsal of 'Touch and Go.' I had forgotten business, I had forgotten everything but Marion. That 'call' paralyzed me. I saw what I had done—I realized the situation. The girl I was to marry revered her father, and I meant to burlesque him on the stage!

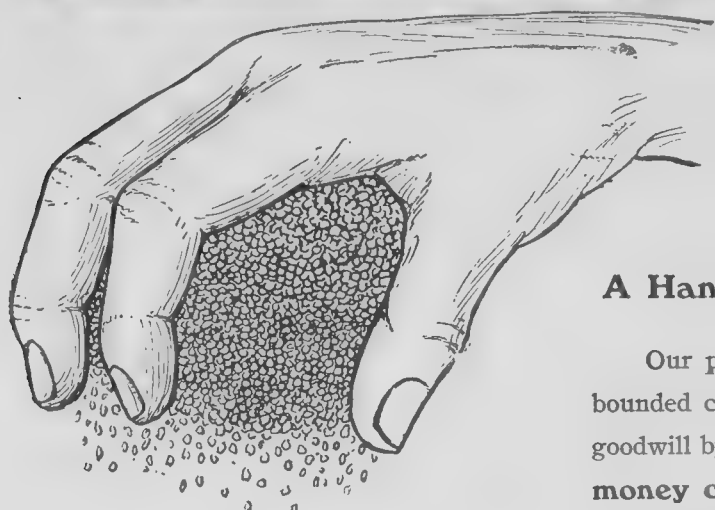
"I couldn't do it, I wouldn't! How could I think of it now? It wasn't that I feared their finding it out—as I tell you, they weren't playgoers, and their home was a good way off besides—it was the heartlessness of the thing that frightened me. To 'make myself up' as her father? To speak the bland, hypocritical lines of the part in her father's voice, to imitate and turn him into ridicule to amuse a crowd. I say, how could I do it?

"All the same it was precious difficult to avoid, for I had studied him so long. But I went to the show the first day and rehearsed as I had expected to rehearse before I met him. Perhaps not so well, it was a strain not to be like him after all my study, and it made me tame and stiff. I rehearsed so the first day, and for three or four days, and presently I began to notice that the management was a bit unhappy, and that Pulteney nearly twisted his moustache out during my scenes. If an author has written a bad part, trust him to blame the actor! He button-holed me at last, and begged me 'to put a little more "character" into it.' And I tried to; but I knew it was a



Threshing Scene on Farm of W. H. ELLIS, Ellisboro, Sa

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BRANDON, MAN.



failure, for I could only see one 'character' all the time—and that one I wouldn't touch.

"When I was in the stalls once, he and the manager sat down and put their heads together. It was dark in front, and they hadn't seen me as they came around. I heard them say something about 'A pity they hadn't a West End actor for the part.' I knew they were talking of my part, and it got my dander up; I knew I could act any of that hoity-toity West End company off the stage; I knew I had only to 'let myself go.'

"When I went 'on' again I determined I'd show 'em what I could do; I determined I'd show 'em they have a better comedian than any forty-pound-a-weeker. I sent them into fits. 'Hallo!' they said. The women in the wings stopped talking about their dresses to watch me. The highly-connected amateurs from Oxford and Cambridge began to give at the knees, and I could hear the leading man's heart drop on to the boards; the actor from the provinces was wiping them out! That rehearsal was the sweetest triumph of my life.

"She'd never know—she'd never know! I kept telling myself she couldn't hear of it. By the time the wig that I ordered was tried on I felt as sure of success as I was of my lines. I was soaked in the part. I wasn't acting the little rector—by George, I was the little rector, trip fact, and chirrup. And the first night came, and I was to play in London at last.

They told me the house was crammed. All the swell critics were there, all the fashionable first-nighters. I was so nervous that the wig-paste shook in my hands when I 'made up,' but I was ready much too soon.

"I went downstairs and waited. The doorkeeper gave me a note. Of all the—! It was from Marion. A friend had brought her up to see me, and she was in the theatre. I was stunned; I thought I was going to fall. You know—every man in this room knows—that for an actor to re-model his performance at the last minute would be a miracle. I couldn't do it,

it wasn't in my power, but even then I thought I'd try! I said I *must* try, though it would ruin me! And I heard my cue.

"My first lines 'went' for nothing. I floundered. The audience were ice. I saw the people on the stage looking at me aghast. Then suddenly I got a laugh—a gesture, an intonation, something I had been trying to hold back, had escaped me. The laugh went to my head—I made them laugh again! I said I'd explain to Marion—that she'd understand, that she'd forgive me—and even while I said it, my other self, the 'self' that wasn't acting, knew it was a lie, and I was losing her.

"I couldn't help it—the laughter made me drunk. I did it all! I knew the disgust she must be feeling, but the audience were roaring at me now. I felt the shame that she was suffering with my own heart, but the artist in me swept me on. The manager panted at me in the wings: 'You're great—you're immense. Gad! you're making the hit of the piece! The stalls were in

convulsions, and the gallery had got my name. 'Bagot!' they were shouting after each act, 'Bagot!' Pulteney rushed to me with blessings at the end. The house thundered for me. It was London! I knew that I was 'made'; but across the flare of grinning faces I seemed to see the angel I had lost, and the horror in her eyes."

Bagot bowed his head; his pipe had fallen, tears dripped down his cheeks. By this time he was quite sure he had been mourning for her ever since beside a lonely hearth.

"She wrote to me next day, breaking it off," he groaned. "She wouldn't listen to reason; she said it might be 'art,' but it wasn't love."

"Did you ever see her afterward?" we asked.

"Once," he said, "years later. She married some county chap, with an estate and all that. I saw her driving with her little boy. She looked very happy, I thought. Women soon forget." After a pause he added, bitterly: "If one of you fellows"—he glanced at

me—"cares to write the true tragedy of a man's life, there it is. You might call it 'The Price of Success.'"

But we all thought a more appropriate title would be the one that I have used.

Thought Rootlets.

Every temptation is a test of character.

Work enobles when it is done thoroughly and conscientiously.

True and mighty conquerors are those who have truly conquered self.

A life can never be wholly shipwrecked that contains a true love or a true friendship.

The lesson of true sympathy can be learned only in the school of sorrow.

There is one true standard of daily living in the light of the full belief that "Thou God seest me."

Beware the critical habit. Criticism is the foe of kindness, courtesy, harmony, and hence of happiness.

Don't give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of house-keeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

Though oftentimes weary of the daily monotonous round of home life, and of the necessity of practicing small economies, there are few housewives who would exchange it for the treadmill of business, a much more monotonous eight or nine hour daily grind.

The old saying, "Never look a gift-horse in the mouth," appears to be losing its popularity. And the rich are being taught a lesson—that a man may use such methods of money-getting, even under the laws of his country, that he cannot give his surplus away when he would. There are none so poor as to do him—and his millions—reverence.



CHURCH BRIDGE CREAMERY, CHURCH BRIDGE, SASK.

Established by Dominion Government, 1893, one of the largest creameries in the North West. Last season 128,000 pounds of choice butter was made in it, under the management of Mr. L. A. Gibson, an expert in the pay of the Dominion Government.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

TUESDAY, 8TH JANUARY, 1907.

The fortieth annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the banking-house on Tuesday, 8th January, 1907, at 12 o'clock.

The President, Hon. George A. Cox, having taken the chair, Mr. F. G. Jemmett was appointed to act as Secretary, and Messrs. Aemilius Jarvis and W. M. Alexander were appointed scrutineers.

The President called upon the Secretary to read the annual report of the Directors, as follows:

Report.

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the fortieth annual report, covering the year ending 30th November, 1906, together with the usual statement of assets and liabilities.

The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account brought forward from last year was 58,71 76
Net profits for the year ending 30th November, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to \$1,741,125 40
\$1,799,997 16

Which has been appropriated as follows:

Dividends Nos. 78 and 79, at seven per cent. per annum \$ 700,000 00
Bonus of one per cent. 100,000 00
Written off Bank Premises 341,434 73
Transferred to Pension Fund (annual contribution) 30,000 00
Subscription to San Francisco Relief Fund 25,000 00
Transferred to Rest Account 500,000 00
Balance carried forward 103,562 43
\$1,799,997 16

The entire assets of the bank have as usual been carefully revalued, and ample provision has been made for all bad and doubtful debts.

Last year we were able to show earnings which were the largest in the history of the bank. This year we have again made satisfactory progress, our net earnings amounting to \$1,741,125.40, or about \$370,000 more than last year. In view of these handsome profits, your Directors decided that the time had come to increase the annual distribution to the shareholders, and, in addition to the usual dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, they have declared a bonus of one per cent., making a total distribution of eight per cent. for the past year. After providing for this increased distribution and for the annual contribution to the Pension Fund, we have been able to write \$341,343.73 off Bank Premises, and to add \$500,000 to the Rest, which now stands at \$5,000,000, or 50 per cent. of the Paid-up Capital.

In April last a terrible calamity overtook the city of San Francisco, where we have a large and important business. Having regard to our long connection with San Francisco through the Bank of British Columbia, your Directors thought it only fitting that we should express in a tangible manner our sympathy with the sufferers, and they accordingly voted \$25,000 as a contribution to the Relief Fund.

In accordance with an agreement made in the early part of the year, this Bank took over, as on the 1st of June last, the business of the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, which gave us new branches at Charlottetown, Summerside, Alberton, Montague and Souris, all in Prince Edward Island. The branch which that Bank had at Sydney was amalgamated with our own branch there. The six months' experience which we have had with our new business gives us every reason to be satisfied with the purchase.

In addition to the offices thus acquired the bank has opened during the year new branches at the following points: in Alberta, at Bawlf, Crossfield, Gleichen, Leavings, Stavely, Stony Plain, Strathcona and Wetaskiwin; in Saskatchewan, at Canora, Humboldt, Kamsack, Langham, Lashburn, Radisson, Vonda, Wadena, Watson and Weyburn; in Manitoba, at Norwood, and at Alexander avenue, at Blake street, and at Fort Rouge, Winnipeg; in Ontario, at Fort William, Kingston, Latchford, Lindsay, Ottawa (Bank street), Parry Sound and Wingham, and at Parkdale, and at 197 Yonge street, in the city of Toronto; in Quebec, at West End, Montreal, and in the city of Quebec; in the United States, at the corner of Van Ness and Eddy streets, San Francisco. The branches at Sackville, N. B., and Canning and Lunenburg, N. S., have been closed. Since the close of the bank's year branches have been opened at De Lorimier, Que., and Innisfree, Alta.

It is with deep regret that your directors record the death of their late colleague, Mr. W. B. Hamilton, who for nearly twenty-two years had been a director of the bank. Until his health began to fail Mr. Hamilton was rarely absent from the meetings of the board, where his long experience in business made him at all times a wise and prudent counsellor. To fill the vacancy the directors elected the Hon. W. C. Edwards, of Rockland.

An amendment to the by-laws will be submitted for your approval, increasing the number of directors from twelve to fourteen.

In accordance with our long-established practice, the branches and agencies in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, and the various departments of the head office of the bank have been inspected during the year.

The directors have again pleasure in recording their appreciation of the efficiency and zeal with which the officers of the bank have performed their respective duties.

GEORGE A. COX, President.

Toronto, 8th January, 1907.

GENERAL STATEMENT. 30TH NOVEMBER, 1906.

Liabilities.

Notes of the Bank in circulation \$ 9,199,204.63
Deposits not bearing interest \$22,626,899.72
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date 64,525,637.10
87,152,536.82
Balances due to other Banks in Canada 177,623.57
Balances due to Agents in Great Britain 398,781.58
Balances due to other Banks in foreign countries 1,063,750.89
Dividends unpaid 500.94
Dividend No. 79, payable 1st December 350,000.00
Bonus of One per cent. payable 1st December 100,000.00
Capital paid up \$10,000,000.00
Rest 5,000,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward 103,562.43
15,103,562.43
\$113,545,960.91

Assets.

Coin and Bullion \$ 4,041,456.76
Dominion Notes 5,935,008.25
\$ 9,976,465.01
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note circulation 427,450.00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks 4,361,228.07
Balances due by other Banks in Canada 38,986.50
Balances due by Agents of the Bank and other Banks in foreign countries 2,460,680.49
Government Bonds, Municipal and other Securities 6,201,456.95
Call and Short Loans 9,001,395.08
\$ 32,467,662.10
Other Current Loans and Discounts 79,303,228.33
Overdue Debts (loss fully provided for) 125,812.19
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises) 89,472.14
Mortgages 37,336.63
Bank Premises 1,300,000.00
Other Assets 222,449.52
\$113,545,960.91

B. E. WALKER,
General Manager.

The motion for the adoption of the report was then put and carried.

An amendment to the by-laws, increasing the number of directors from twelve to fourteen, was then passed, and the usual resolutions expressing the thanks of the shareholders to the President, Vice-President and Directors, and also to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager and other officers of the bank were unanimously carried. Upon motion the meeting proceeded to elect directors for the coming year.

The meeting then adjourned.

The scrutineers subsequently reported the following gentlemen to be elected as Directors for the ensuing year:

HON. GEO. A. COX,
M. LEGAT,
JOHN HOSKIN, K.C., L.D.,
A. KINGMAN,
FREDERIC NICHOLS,
B. E. WALKER,
Z. A. LASH, K.C.,

ROBERT KILGOUR,
JAS. CRATHERN,
J. W. FLAVELLE,
HON. L. MELVIN JONES,
H. D. WARREN,
HON. W. C. EDWARDS,
E. R. WOOD.

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors held subsequently Mr. B. E. Walker was elected President and Mr. Robert Kilgour Vice-President.

Pride.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.
The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie,
The infant the mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.
The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.
The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.
The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the wicked and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.
The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the mind of the living erased.
So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed.
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.
For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,
We run the same course that our fathers have run.
The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.
They died—aye they died, we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies o'er their brow,

And make in their dwellings a transient abode
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.
Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain.
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.
'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Identity.

So slight the jeweled girdle of the soul!
Thoughts strain and dreams wear thin
Its substance. Jar of passion, shock of sin,
The delicate brush of a joy's swift wing—
And lo! 'tis snapt! The scattered jewels ring
Against the pavements of the stars or cling
In tendrils of the dawn, and the soul sweeps
Far out into unfathomable deeps.
Yet haply some stray part
Nests in a comrade's heart.
So slight the jeweled girdle of the soul!

Mince Pie.

I love to sit and think a while
And smile!
I love to sit and think a while,
Awhile the waiter, up the aisle
Between the rows of tables neat,
Brings me the jumbled gob of sweet,
Mince pie!
Oh, my!
I love to grab the sprinkler in
My fin—
I love to grab the sprinkler in
My shaking hand, and then begin
To gently lift the pie's hot edge,
And pulverized in rapture wedge
In my
Mince pie!
And then I love to take my ease
And freeze—
And then I love to take my ease
And freeze to it, and rub my knees
With t'other hand, in sweet content—
All raptures of the joy gods blent
In me!
Oh, gee!
I love to taste the toothsome dish
And wish
That I might taste the toothsome dish
Till elephants all turn to fish
And maidens never long to wed!
No other bliss may serve instead
Of my
Mince pie!
And then, when everything is done,
And none—
And then, when everything is done,
And none is left where I'd begun,
I love to feel my proud soul soar
As eagerly I order more,
Mince pie—
Oh, fie!
Baltimore News.

The Young Man and His Problem

MARIE CORELLI ON MAN.

Marie Corelli has been writing some things against man's treatment of women. Miss Corelli is nothing if not original, and certainly in this article her strength of style has not suffered. She says in the *Rapid*: "The war began long, long ago—far away back in the dim regions of myth and mystery. As soon as Adam found himself in a little bit of trouble he flung down the gauntlet to his partner, and appealed against her to the Almighty—'The Woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat!' Poor Woman, taken by surprise to be thus suddenly accused, threw the blame on a serpent rather than on her husband's weakness of mind and gluttony. The story is a legend, no doubt; the whole Bible is a fable, according to certain 'advanced' clergy, who, while accepting salaries for composing sermons on its teachings, yet do their best to destroy its sacred character by their puny criticism;—nevertheless every legend has story there is such a prophetic foretelling of some sub-stratum of truth. In this particular the careers of Man and Woman, separately considered, through all the various periods of civilisation, from the beginning until now, that we may be forgiven for viewing it as a sort of leading 'motif' to the general scope of the Eternal Drama. The eating of the Apple in the Garden of Eden led to a knowledge of Good and Evil which was not judged advisable for either of the parties concerned, but one may safely presume that Adam was far more irritated by the fact that his wife knew as much as he did, than he would have been had the prohibited instruction been imparted to himself alone. His private idea would have been to get the Apple on the sly, learn all that he was forbidden to know, and keep his wife in complete ignorance. If he could have so managed it that he should know Everything while his wife knew Nothing, the scheme of Creation would in his mind have been perfect."

SIZE UP YOUR WORK!

One of the most advisable, one of the most beneficial habits a man with wide interests can acquire is to take fifteen minutes to an hour each day and devote it to sizing up things—to planning the day's work, to threshing the wheat from the chaff. This sizing up can be well done only in solitude. The benefits to be derived from this sizing up things in solitude are so great that it is a wonder more has not been written on the benefits of solitude. Plants grow in darkness, yet the common understanding is that plants grow in sunshine. As a matter of fact, the sunshine absolutely is necessary to the growing of the plant, but the real growing is done in the quiet darkness. A man's brain develops in solitude, yet the bustle and activity of business life are as necessary to a man as the sun is to the plant; but the real benefit the man gets and the real time his brain grows is in solitude. Before retiring at night, or even during the day, says W. R. Hunter in the *Chicago Tribune*, every man should take a few moments to himself and carefully analyze the doings of the day. He should weigh the positive and the negative acts—the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish moves, the good and the bad impulses, and after having done this he should strike a balance, and if he sees that the bad and deterrent things outweigh the good and progressive things he should resolve to get a move on.

TOOT YOUR OWN HORN.

The Canadian Manufacturer has a good idea on advertising oneself. Here it is: The age of reserve is past. If you really have anything that is worth attention, if you really deserve success, you must tell people so. The idea that professional folk should not advertise is exploded, says Charles E. Watt. Even M.D.'s have receded so far from that position that while they do not put "display ads. in the newspapers, yet they use every possible means of publicity, and they know that in the great cities, at least, notoriety helps a great deal in securing the highest paid work. When a physician lately allowed it to become public news that he had collected an enormous fee from the estate of a rich man who had died under his care, he did so knowing full well that this round-about way of letting it be known that he was employed in that particular family was the way to insure that he would be employed in other

families of great wealth. The immense prestige of Paderewski and Kubelik is built upon newspaper notoriety quite as much as upon intrinsic worth, though the latter is great in both cases. Do every legitimate thing to build up your reputation, stopping short only of the idea that vulgar notoriety is as good as legitimate repute, for, Barnum and some others to the contrary notwithstanding, it remains true that real worth always must stand back of what people say of you and the getting people to say "something anyway" always must be subservient to the thought that what they say must be both good and true.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE VOICE.

The secret of the mesmerism of the voice really lies in the perfect management of the breath. In the East a child is taught to breathe correctly as a matter of course. The voice carries to humanity messages that mean so much in life—words of joy, dreams of unsullied days, soft, tender heart-throbs of pity, quick flashes of wit, great solemn truths of life, the simple and the tragic things which comprehend existence. A really beautiful voice adds a thousandfold to a man's or a woman's personality. To be able to win and radiate love, and to prove acceptable to one's fellow-creatures, one must, in the using of this chief organ, possess a technique so perfect that it is lost in absolute simplicity. One must take on the graces of ease and charm before one can hope to win advantages from one of the greatest sources of power that a human being is possessed of.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON LIFE.

To me the chief need seems more leisure—more time for study, for thought, for recreation and development of all kinds—more time, in fact, for life. That is what we are here for—though that is just what the people of the earth barely realize—we are here to live. They seem to realize it in the East more than in the West. With all their faults, Eastern nations, and some Celtic people, do find time for brooding and meditation, for thinking about the universe, and for prayer. In the West—in the extreme West—looked at from a distance, at any rate—they can hardly be said properly to live, they hustle; and they glory in the hustling. We are constantly told that if the workers had more leisure they would abuse it; and this idea is often expressed concerning schoolboys in public schools. The tradition is to get them up very early in the morning, to work them before breakfast, to keep them going hard all day, to tire them with games and more work, and send them to bed dog-tired; in the hope that thereby they will have no time for mischief. Well, the plan fails to keep them out of mischief, but it seems to be effective in inducing a disinclination for brain work of any kind; it induces a most ineffective mode of learning. It is a shocking preparation for real life.

HOW TO ATTAIN PERFECT HEALTH.

Interesting games and large body movements make for the right condition, and sound laws of eating must be rigorously observed. "Not one man in a thousand has time to keep himself in the best possible physical condition." So writes Dr. Luther Gulick, the director of physical training in the public schools of New York; and he explains, in *World's Work*, some of the secrets of attaining health without becoming a faddist. The kind of exercise, he says, that hits the mark, is the kind a man likes: The good a man gets out of a brisk ride in the park is something more than what comes simply from the activity of his muscular system or from the effect of the constant jolting upon the digestive organs. There is the stimulus to the whole system which comes from his filling his lungs with fresh, out-of-door air. There is the exhilaration of sunshine and blue sky and of the wind on the skin. There is the excitement of controlling a restive animal. All this makes the phenomenon a complex one—something much larger than the mere term exercise would imply. A man could sit on a mechanical horse in a gymnasium and be jolted all day without getting any of these larger effects. Nearly all diseases and most pains come from bad nutrition; hence the chief law of health is to eat the right food

in the right quantities, and to masticate it thoroughly. How and when to eat: If you are in a hurry, eat lightly. There is no virtue in gulping down a large meal just because it is meal-time. While the mind is actively engaged in the details and responsibilities of business, the digestive apparatus is in no condition to undertake heavy work. The blood supply is drained off elsewhere, giving all the contribution it can to the brain; and if a quantity of food be taken in, it simply remains undigested in the stomach.

Be in earnest. This world **EARNESTNESS.** has a profound respect for an earnest man. You may joke and be popular. But you must be in earnest in order to be successful. It was said of John Fiske that he studied as if he should live forever. The only way to live is to live as though you were to live forever. Everlasting life is wrapped up in the everlasting "now." When Lizio, the Italian, was told of the death of his dissipated son, he replied, "It is no news to me; he was never alive." Sad comment on a sad life. "Live while you live" was John Wesley's motto. Live each day as though it were the whole of life.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

Madame Success carries a bundle of keys, and the name of one of them is "Sympathy." The successful salesman is the man who knows how to sympathize with the man at the other end of the bargain. The best advertisement in the world is a well pleased customer. To be able to enter into the feelings of the customer—to know his desires and satisfy them—this calls for insight and sympathy. Dr. Lyman Beecher once told the Andover students that he had very little hope for a theological student who needed a mustard plaster on him in order to make him feel. Practice sympathy. Enter into the feelings of your neighbors. It will help you.

A LINCOLN ILLUSTRATION.

Riding through a wood in Virginia, Abraham Lincoln observed a vine which had wrapped itself about a tree. Its form was beautiful and its growth luxuriant. The tree itself was almost hid by the glory and splendor of the vine. "Ah," said Lincoln, "that is very beautiful, but that vine is like certain habits of men: it decorates and ruins at the same time."

PREACHERS' SONS TURN OUT WELL.

We once heard an Irish preacher of more than usual eloquence remark: "You can never reason out of a man's mind what reason never put into it," by which he intended that his hearers should infer that of all the enemies which stand in the way of intellectual progress prejudice is the most persistent. There is a general impression concerning the sons of preachers that they must inevitably go wrong. That they may achieve greatness and bring honor to their homes and haunts is not the thought of the popular mind. How refreshing then to read in a leading theological journal the following list of notable names—every one of them the son of a preacher:—Agassiz, Hallam, Jonathan Edwards, Whateley, the Wesleys, Beechers, and Spurgeons, R. S. Storrs, A. H. Bradford, Cowper. Coleridge, Tenneyson, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson, Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, Macaulay (a grandson), Thackeray, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Swift, Sterne, Hazlitt, Presidents Cleveland and Arthur, Peter Stuyvesant, Morse (the inventor), Lord Curzon (Viceroy of India), Sir Evelyn Wood.

PREPARATION.

That man has a decided advantage over his neighbors who is prepared for opportunities when they arrive. Men are very much alike in talents and in gifts. But in knowledge, experience, and skilful preparation, men differ somewhat. The man who is ready at the exact moment when the door of opportunity opens is the man who enters in. James A. Garfield prepared many a speech in manuscript form. These were laid away in the pigeon-hole awaiting the hour of emergency. At the right moment Garfield was there with his speech. Men wondered how he could prepare so rapidly. The truth was, he was preparing all the time. When the Lords of the Admiralty, in a case of pressing need, asked Sir Charles Napier, in London, when he would be ready to start for India, he replied: "In half an hour, gentlemen, if necessary." Preparation is nine-tenths of the law of success. Be ready for your opportunity when it comes.

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What the World is Saying

Secretary Elihu Root at Ottawa.

"There have been in the past, and in the nature of things, there will be continued arising in the future, matters of difference between the two nations. How could it be otherwise, with adjacent sea coasts and more than three thousand miles of boundary upon which we march? How could it be otherwise in the nature of the races at work? Savage nature is never subdued to the uses of man. Empires are never built save by men of vigor and power, men intense in the pursuit of their objects, strong in their confidence in their own opinions, engrossed in the pursuit of their ends sometimes, and even to the exclusion of thoughtfulness for the interests and feelings of others. But let us school ourselves and teach our children to believe that whatever differences arise, different understandings as to the facts exist on different sides of the boundary line. The effect of different environment, different points of view rather than intentional or conscious unfairness are at the basis of the difference. After all, as we look back over the records of history, after all in the far view of the future all the differences of each day and generation are not but trifling compared with the great fact that two nations are pursuing the same ideals of liberty and justice, are doing their work side by side for the peace and righteousness of the world in peace with each other.

Life in a Flat.

We are driving the poor into the street and young married couples into flats, while the rich go to hotels. The difficulties in the way of home life are constantly increasing. Slowly but surely the day of the servant girl is passing. It is impossible in the majority of cases for a young couple to own their own home. To rent a house is often likewise prohibitive, because of high rents. The family then turns to the less expensive apartments or flat.—Archbishop Glennon.

Dodging the Reaper.

Man never is, but always to be—cured. Comes one from unknown parts, proclaiming that the apple is the truly blessed fruit of health and happiness, and that whosoever will eat one ripe, round, fresh, red one every day may achieve hitherto unrealized heights of merit and vigor. This, in the face of the latest bulletin from the Garden of Eden. Up in Connecticut a woman's club is advocating the "silence cure." By holding the tongue firmly between the teeth for a specified period of self-communion daily, they expect to immunize themselves from all ills, lock-jaw possibly excepted. Not many years since, various worthy souls were wont to rise at sun-up and hustle through the dewy grass in emulation of the vigorous angle worm and with very little more garmenture. The efficaciousness of this method is proven by the fact that such of them as didn't die of pneumonia, lived to die of other things. There is a cult in California that lives in a canyon and pursues a pallid but devotional existence upon a diet of seven prunes and fifteen pecans per devotee, per diem; and another in Pennsylvania that buries itself to the neck in earth, and then digs itself up for a bath, and a quart of hot water. With such saving devices as these on every hand, it is surprising that people should be dying every day. Yet they do. On the whole we pin our faith to the system of the old lady in New Jersey who recently celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday. She had never been on a trolley nor a railroad train. In these days of frenzied railroading, that is one lesson in the art of reaching a ripe old age.

Exit the "Old Maid."

In a few years' time the typical old maid of our youth will rarely be seen, and a hundred years hence she will probably be dead altogether. One sometimes comes across an ideal old maid. A woman who as a girl has helped

her mother with the younger members of the family, the helpful, kind aunt, and cherished friend, whose advent in the home is a comfort and blessing to all; the peacemaker in time of quarrel; the sympathiser and helpmate in time of sickness and death. That is the ideal old maid; but she is rare. The idle old maid, with cats and dogs and parrots to lavish and waste her love upon, is dying fast, and one and all of these women will in time be sufficiently educated to read with pleasure, to travel with appreciation, and to work for their own good and the good of mankind, feeling themselves of some consequence in the world, instead of a hopeless hindrance to their family.—Mrs. Alec Tweedie in *The Queen*.

The Solid Satisfaction of Life.

I have had a chance to watch a long stream of youth growing up into men and passing on to be old men, and I have had a chance to see what the durable satisfactions of their lives turned out to be. My contemporaries are old men now, and I have seen their sons and their grandsons coming on in this ever-flowing stream. For educated men what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life? That is what I hope all are aiming at—the solid, durable satisfactions of life, not primarily the gratifications of this moment or to-morrow, but the satisfactions that are going to last and grow. So far as I have seen there is one indispensable foundation for the satisfactions of life—health. A young man ought to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. We have to build everything in this world of domestic joy and professional success, everything of a useful, honorable career, on bodily wholesomeness and vitality.—President Elliott, Harvard University.

Theodore the Meddler.

Mr. Roosevelt is a meddler. It is in his blood. He has been a meddler since boyhood. He has meddled with the predatory elements of life, four-legged and two-legged; the crack of his rifle in the West has been no more destructive than the whisk of his official pen in the East; he has nailed his game as faithfully in Wall Street as in the mountains of Colorado or the Dakota Bad Lands; nor has he failed to bring down the big beasts of politics. It is not so many weeks since Edward Henry Harriman, president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company and overlord of countless American corporate combinations representing, literally, a billion of dollars, said privately that President Roosevelt must be got rid of politically at any cost. Mr. Harriman is a Republican and has secretly exercised great power in his party. Harriman and Rockefeller and Rogers and Hill, and all the great masters of financial intrigue whose methods have stirred up political madness in the nation and made it possible for mere demagogues to move the mob spirit into a red-blazing whirl of revolution, in which the calm, wise counsels of constructive statesmanship are in peril—these men huddled together and whispered the President's ideals, rolled their eyes, threw their hands up and denounced Mr. Roosevelt as a mad meddler.—James Creelman.

Should Children be Taken to Church?

The regular Sunday services of the Church of England were not composed or intended for children. The spiritual level is high, the knowledge and experience expected is considerable, the language rich and beautiful, but not simple. In addition to that, the morning service is unquestionably long. Morning prayer itself is composed of at least two old offices; besides that you have Litany, and, at any rate, part of Holy Communion; in all four separate services rolled into one, with many repetitions. The whole result is, I think, that it is unsuitable for children, except for those who have a real wish to go, and who enjoy the music and solemnity, the mystery, the quiet, and the sense of devotion to the great unseen Power of which they have already become aware.—Archdeacon Sinclair.

The Coming of the Flying Machine.

We shall not have any balloons in the future. We shall have flying machines. A few years ago the automobile was looked upon as a sort of monstrosity. Now it is practically a necessity, and I really think that in ten years at the outside we will be navigating the air as easily and as surely as we now are navigating the sea or the roads. For a balloon to lift, it must have a specific gravity less than the air. To attain this it must be exceedingly fragile. Therefore it is useless for all practical purposes. Again, it has to be of comparatively enormous dimensions. Thus you see in a balloon you have a combination of size and fragility which must tell against its usefulness, but with the advent of the true flying machine these drawbacks will disappear. So I have no hesitation whatever in saying that before many more years pass we shall do away completely with the balloon.—Sir Hiram Maxim.

The Automobile Heart.

Automobilists with hearts that have the slightest tendency to weakness should be cautious. The excitement of rapid travelling out in the open causes an overstrain on the heart, and if this organ is weak the condition of the automobilist is a most dangerous one. Something slightly out of the ordinary, like a narrow escape from a collision, or the running down of a man, might give the finishing touch, and death might follow. To say that speeding has the general effect among automobilists of bringing on a special heart trouble common to all automobilists is, of course, far from the truth. If this were true, we would find a practically similar condition among locomotive engineers. Instead of the engineers being as a body of men subject to heart disease, they are generally very healthy. They approach their work by degrees, however, and become hardened to it before they are put upon fast runs.—James Bosley.

The Annual Swear-Off.

On New Year's night as the dying year passes countless thousands will swear off. The boozier will raise his trembling hand, "Boys, my last drink; watch it go." The worshipper of My Lady Nicotine will fill his pipe for a last smoke. The dancer will swear off dancing, and shake his last loose leg on the stroke of twelve. The swearer will do his last bit of picturesque word-painting at 11.59. The theatre-goer will watch the curtain drop. "My last," he says, as he grabs for his hat. In a week half the pledges will be broken. The world will be filled with a lot of sore heads, who will wonder why they are not boss. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Roman Emperor, who lived about 1,800 years ago, had a bit of advice for people who swore off and didn't make it the first time. The old philosopher said: "Accustom yourself to master that which ye seem to despair of, for if you will observe, the left hand, though for want of practice it is insignificant in other business, yet it holds the bridle better than the right, because it is used to it." Another chap who swore off regularly, wrote:—

"Noble souls through dust and heat, rise from disaster and defeat, the stronger,
"And conscious of the divine within them, lie on earth supine no longer."

So long as human nature is human nature, the great annual swear-off will end in the great annual farce.—C. R. Raymond.

England Careless of Her Colonies.

England is embracing the French, placating the Germans, cringing to the Americans, and reaching out to shake hands with the Russians. Meantime she has given much away that belonged to her colonies. Canada has a serious feud with the United States over Alaskan boundaries and seal-fishing rights. England ignored her colony and gave the Americans what they demanded. There are other matters in dispute at this very moment, and England is deliberately seeking to settle them with the United States regardless of Canadian interests and feelings. Newfoundland has valuable fisheries which she has not only to protect against her own colonies, but against France and America in particular. A few days ago England actually agreed to permit the Americans to fish in Newfoundland waters under conditions which the Newfoundland fishermen themselves did not possess. The Americans were so amazed that they could not help blurting out their pleasure at having received concessions which they had not the least hope of gaining, while the Newfoundland Government was so disgusted that it almost actually declared itself to be in revolt. It has resolved that the Newfoundland warships shall prevent United States fishing vessels getting behind the Newfoundland laws, English treaty or no English treaty.—Medical and Home Journal (Adelaide).

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THE PHILOSOPHER

Interest is centering at present about the English Embassy to Washington. The ambassadorial choice is a popular one. Mr. Bryce has the qualities which have been conspicuously lacking in other representatives to the American capital. "He is eminent as an author, distinguished as an orator, formidable as a debater, admirable as an executive," says the Brooklyn Eagle, "and head and shoulders above any of his English contemporaries as a student of American political and social conditions." All of which makes it "difficult to imagine how any man could be better equipped than he to discharge the duties of the embassy at Washington." In this unqualified indorsement the press of all shades of thought apparently agree. The New York World asserts that "no other man in England, with the possible exception of John Morley, is so highly respected in this country for his talents and achievements at the bar, in literature and in politics, and no man better understands American politics and affairs than Mr. Bryce." But best of all, the conviction is becoming rooted that Mr. Bryce is to have on his staff a Canadian. There has been a crying need for such a representative. The two countries have much in common, and will have much more. The trade relations are such that an intelligent Canadian attache is an imperative necessity as a medium between the two countries.

It has become the universal fashion in these fuel-shortage days to lay the blame of the distressing situation at the door of the railway companies. With a zeal commendable, but not always intelligent, the press and people have lacerated the backs of the unfortunate companies until they wince again. The railways are great sinners, hoary and hardened, but the entire blame in this case is not to be laid upon them. In saying this we hold no brief for railway companies. To a very large extent the coal dealer is at fault. There is a period of the year when thousands of empty cars are sent from the East to move the Western crop. Why could not these empties be loaded with coal for the West? Why should not the dealers procure a larger supply than they usually do at a time of the year when traffic is not impeded by snow or storm? These and many other questions arise at a time like this. It would seem that we are left to the tender mercies of winter to give us fuel. If the winter is severe and prolific of storms we have no fuel. The coal and wood line appears to be a profitable business. Many of the Winnipeg dealers give all the evidences of a fat bank account. Why do they not erect buildings large enough to carry a winter's supply, and procure that supply in the late summer and fall? Coal merchants of the West need some education—they need to be taught, for instance, that we are bigger than we were in the days they started business; that Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina and Moose Jaw are no longer hamlets, but cities, and must be treated as such by those who undertake to supply fuel. The hand-to-mouth policy which has characterized the fuel problem must cease. Coal merchants should build sheds large enough to carry a season's supply, as is done in Montreal, Toronto and other eastern cities.

THE COAL DEALER TO BLAME FOR FUEL SHORTAGE.

We are informed by the public press that the Canadian Pacific Railway is to build and operate more steamships of the Empress of Ireland class. This is announced with the usual flourish of trumpets. We strenuously object. The crying need of Canada is not more steamships. We learn from reliable authority that the ships that already ply between Canada and England are too many for the traffic obtainable, and here comes Sir Thos. Shaughnessy with a few more. The immediate need of the West is a double track between Fort William and Moose Jaw, the large area we call the grain belt. It has been demonstrated times without number that the present accommodation provided by the company is altogether inadequate to the growing

A DOUBLE TRACK WANTED.

country. Car shortage is in reality track-shortage. Again, the number of accidents occurring during the past year has assumed alarming proportions. Many and most of them could have been avoided if a double track had been in operation. The C. P. R. has done much for the West, but the West has done more for the C.P.R. Yet every year we meet the same deplorable conditions, the same pathetic cries—car shortage, fuel shortage—both of which could in a large measure be obviated by a double track system.

In the general hue and cry for more railroads, we are forgetting that the companies are not properly equipping those that are now in existence. It has ever been the policy of great contractors such as MacKenzie & Mann, to advocate road-bed extension rather than rolling stock. The reason is obvious. The company gets the land grant when the road-bed is laid. This, in some cases, has been enormous. The quality of the road is of less interest to railway companies than its extension. The result is that we have thousands of miles of rails, with inadequate rolling stock and motive power. "Car-shortage" is a familiar word to Westerners. The governments should see that railroads are properly ballasted and generally perfected, instead of issuing land grants to companies who care little for the care and convenience of patrons.

MORE ROLLING STOCK NEEDED.

The city of Moose Jaw is among the most progressive of our Western cities. Her citizens are alive and alert to everything that would not only boom, but permanently benefit their town. With commendable zeal they are boring for natural gas. Their public works system is the envy of smaller and less enterprising towns. But these features, progressive as they are, will be supplemented by the formation of a new land district with headquarters at Moose Jaw. A large amount of first-class land will at once be thrown upon the market for homesteading. It is situated about forty miles south-west of the city, and the quality is of the best. A large number of squatters have wintered there waiting for the land to be placed on the market. A railroad from Moose Jaw to Willow Bunch, or Wood Mountain, is not an impossibility; in fact, the settlers are looking forward to such a railway being constructed, as a charter has been applied for. A keen interest is being taken in the opening up of this new district. Enquiries are daily being made, and the prospect is that a settlement will soon be created.

MOOSE JAW'S NEW ENTERPRISE.

Such is the headline of a letter recently published in the Free Press from "Fair Australia." I wonder if Englishmen are disliked in Canada? I think the dislike is not as widespread as Englishmen imagine. But if it exists at all, the following letter gives the reasons: "Having been in charge of large bodies of men for the past fifteen years, both in Canada and other parts of the world, I can speak with some authority. First and foremost take the Englishman seeking employment. The employer asks him what he can do; he tells him anything and everything. He certainly knows it all. You put him to work and tell him distinctly how you want it done. What does he tell you? 'Why, that's not the way we do it in the old country.' You tell him he is not in the old country now and to kindly do it the way you tell him. You leave him to the allotted job and despite your instructions he does it the way they do it in the old country. What is the result? Material wasted and time lost. Anybody employing men in Canada will bear me out in the above statement. I have repeatedly heard Englishmen say to Canadians, 'We have come to teach you, not to be taught.' I have heard similar remarks from Englishmen in the Australian colonies. Go where you will you constantly hear Englishmen criticizing the Canadians, their ways and customs, and holding England up as a paragon. Canadians are well aware of the wonders of England. Those who have not seen it can read about it. We do not want it pushed

WHY ENGLISHMEN ARE DISLIKED BY CANADIANS.

down our throats morning, noon and night. We are aware that England is a wonderful country, and in all probability when Canada has been in existence as long as Great Britain she will perhaps be able to give her a few pointers. If Englishmen wish to cultivate a good feeling among the Canadians they must certainly bide by the old maxim, "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

We understand that Saskatchewan is to have an inspector of post offices, with headquarters at Moose Jaw. This is a step in the right direction, and bespeaks for the people of Saskatchewan a better mail service. There are many difficulties in connection with giving a good service to outlying districts, but the government have been very prompt in recognizing the needs of the country in this respect. We can easily understand the difficulty of getting proper accommodation for a post office in a private house, and mistakes will occur through inexperience of postmasters or their assistants. The winter service, too, is more or less interfered with through bad roads and inclement weather, but there is no excuse whatever for the manner in which some of the offices in the towns or cities are managed. We have noticed many complaints in the press regarding the post office at Moose Jaw (the largest city in Saskatchewan) and we assume they are not without foundation. For a city of 6,500 inhabitants the government should be willing to pay the postmaster a salary that would permit him to devote the whole of his time to the public service, and to engage live, energetic clerks to serve the public. Mr. W. E. Knowles, the member for Saskatchewan, is to be congratulated on the improvements already instituted, and we have no doubt will carry this to a successful issue.

A POPULAR APPOINTMENT FOR SASKATCHEWAN.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the eminent British specialist, has recently declared, according to the Missionary Review, that, as the alarming statistics of insanity show, if the present rate of increase continues, before many years the majority of the human race will be of unsound mind! In view of these facts, he solemnly appeals to his countrymen to turn attention from political squabbles over party spoils and from narrow issues like the education bill, and give earnest heed to the problem of growing insanity. The most eminent nerve specialist in America has given expression to very much the same opinion. He warns the people against the mad haste of the day. He says, for example, that automobilism is generally a distinct type of insanity, due to the cultivation of recklessness in speed, that the necessity of habituating one's self to driving at such a rate over roads where there is no fixed track, running risks of punctured tires, collisions, breakdowns, etc., tends to mental unbalance. This haste is everywhere manifest. On all work that passes from hand to hand in the same factory, the one word—rush. These eminent men, who stand in the forefront of their profession, have declared against it, but will they be heeded. It is difficult indeed to reverse the conditions of modern business methods. Where the remedy is to come from, no one can yet say.

IS THE WORLD GOING MAD?

Many have been the rumours concerning the policy of the new Liberal Government towards the army. Conscription was strongly hinted at as the only method by which England could recruit her regiments. All doubts have been stillled by the pronouncement of War Secretary Haldane. Speaking for the Government, he said they were dead against conscription, and intended to organize the army on a purely voluntary basis. The nation's great want, said Mr. Haldane, was an efficient reserve force, which might not only defend these shores, but, if need be, come to the assistance of the regular army, extending and supporting it in time of war. If that second force was to be a real one, it was clear that there must be some standard that it must conform to, and that standard was nothing short of this, that the men who fought and the officers who led must, after a time, after an outbreak of war, be as fit to fight and as fit to lead as the men and officers of the professional army. They must be trained in the same spirit, must look upon themselves not as auxiliary forces to be judged by some separate standard to the regular army, but as the second half of the national army. This will suit the temper of the British subject. There is something repugnant in the thought of conscription to free-born peoples. It rather dims acts of heroism, and carries with it none of those voluntary acts of sacrifice which is the glory of patriotism. A conscript is a slave while he serves.

ENGLAND AND CONSCRIPTION.



An Encouraging Message



I have a message of hope and good cheer, of encouragement and inspiration to every suffering woman. I have endured the torture due to female troubles and the consequent despondency and mental agony almost to the point of despair, and I have been restored from this condition to a state of vigorous health, and to the happy, exhilarating frame of mind which accompanies physical well being. This change has been brought about wholly by the use of ORANGE LILY.

In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give ORANGE LILY a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgements of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1904.
Dear Mrs. Currah,—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.
For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week. Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of ORANGE LILY, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Receiving as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of ORANGE LILY. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable, almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific, remedy, and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

Free Trial Offer.

I want every reader of this, who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhoea, inflammation or congestion of the organs, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will forward at once, without charge, 10 days' treatment. If your case is not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and in any event it will do you much good. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing 3-cent stamps, MRS. FRANCES Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

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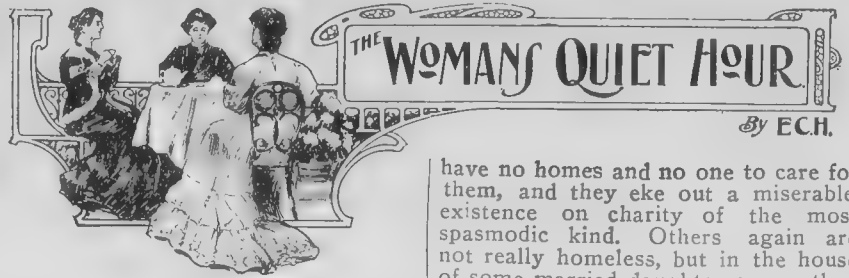
"When I placed my first application I expected to share in the great advantages that your Company would have in the investment of the funds of its policyholders, and now, after having shared in two profit distributions, I feel that I could not express my entire satisfaction in a more practical manner than by giving you my personal application for a further \$20,000."

This is but one of many incidents showing that the better acquainted one becomes with the terms of the Great-West Policies, the greater their value is seen to be.

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THE COLD WEATHER. Many a time and oft during the month I have wondered how it is with the women on the prairies. Not so much the women in comfortable homes on well-to-do farms; they have plenty of interests and occupation, even for the coldest and most stormy weather; but the new-comers, spending their first winter in poorly built frame houses, and often, I fear, with insufficient fuel and clothing. A Western winter, always, a trying experience for the new-comers, has been doubly so this year, owing to the early coming of cold weather and its exceptional severity. I trust when spring comes it will not bring to light any tragedies of the cold and storm.

Old settlers, I know, are most kind to new beginners, and give them help and counsel of the most practical kind, but it is not always possible to persuade the new arrivals of the absolute necessity of making adequate provision against the cold and the storms.

Many readers of the column will have spent anxious hours caring for and in every way helping new neighbors get through this long, cold winter.

Many times in this country I have been struck with the deep sense of responsibility that the women have, who have resided in the West for some years, in connection with new arrivals. It seems a bond that never breaks or lessens. Time and again have I heard a woman say to her husband, "John, have you heard, or seen, anything of the Smiths in the last few days, while it has been so cold? Do you know if they had plenty of firing before the storm came?" And if John has not seen the Smiths and is ignorant of the condition of their woodpile, the good wife has either insisted on going herself or has seen that her husband went to see that the new neighbors were all right.

It was an Irish friend of mine, who, during that terrible blizzard in March six years ago, kept her house lighted up all night and the doors unlocked, so that if anyone chanced that way in the storm they might see the light and come in without let or hindrance, and without having to arouse the household, knowing full well that people have actually perished on doorsteps having not strength sufficient to rouse the sleeping household. This one act of thoughtfulness impressed upon me the manner in which the women of the West feel their responsibility to the new-comer.

HOME FOR THE AGED. This work is at last being taken up in Winnipeg, and by an organization that has so far made a success of everything it has undertaken—The Christian Women's Union.

In the early eighties this society pioneered the Children's Home and a home for unfortunate women. The latter they carried on until last November, when it was found that the need for it was being met in another way, and the building owned and operated by them was turned over to the Women's Hospital Aid for a convalescent home. The union is now turning its attention to a home for the aged, and there is no doubt that in time this work will be successfully carried out.

For a long time the West was so entirely a country of young people, the need for such a home was not apparent. The rapidly rising tide of immigration has changed all this, and now, not only in the cities and towns, but even in the villages, there are old people, both men and women, who

have no homes and no one to care for them, and they eke out a miserable existence on charity of the most spasmodic kind. Others again are not really homeless, but in the house of some married daughter or son they are far from comfortable. Yet there is nowhere else for them to go. The idea of this home, so far as I understand it, will be a place where, on payment of certain nominal life fees, such old people will be comfortably housed and fed for the remainder of their lives. The fees would do away with any idea of the inmates being paupers, as if too poor to pay it all themselves, it could be raised by friends or furnished by the municipality in which they have paid taxes, though I think the cases in which the last measure would be necessary would be few and far between. Where they have children who are able to contribute to their support, there would have to be some means of collecting the fees from them. These are details that will require careful thinking out. Homes on this general plan are successful in other places, and there is no reason why they should not be so here in Winnipeg.

Many of the people going into such a home would be capable of doing very considerable work in the way of light gardening, care of chickens, and the like, which would be pleasant occupation for them and would lessen the cost of the home.

If Winnipeg starts this home, it should be provincial in character, and that is why I have ventured to give it so much space in these columns. It is something that every woman can talk up in her own district.

THE WINTER FAIR. Before another issue is called for, the Provincial Winter Fair at Brandon will have come and gone. I was glad to see among the many special prizes two very sensible departures from the usual run of loving cups and tankards, that are of no use to anyone, and often take precious time to keep clean.

The first of these trophies is the handsome silver pitcher offered by the Manitoba Free Press for the best bacon hog, and the other is a fine clock offered by the Farmer's Advocate for the best Clydesdale stallion. The silver pitcher has to be won three times before it is the property of the winner, but it is handsome enough to prove an incentive. The wife of the lucky winner will have a graceful and useful addition to her silver, and I noted that it is finished in the new varnished style, which, like lacquered brass, never requires to be polished, no matter how long it is used.

A good clock is also a handsome addition to any drawing room or dining room, and the little silver plate saying for what it was won certainly enhances its value. For trophies that are to be competed for year after year, the loving cups and tankards are all right, but when the prize is really to become the property of the winner, something that can be used and enjoyed is a much more satisfactory form of prize.

I hope a number of women who read the column will be able to get to this Winter Fair. The display of poultry promises to be exceptionally fine, and there will be many other things of general interest to men and women.

THE SILVER MAPLE. Anyone, who is from old Ontario, will do well to read this pretty tale by Marion Keith. It is simple, homely, and absolutely true to life. It is quite one of the best pictures of life in a back township that I have ever read (and as all novels should) it has a very happy ending. It is a Highland Scotch set-

tlement, with a sprinkling of Irish, and it is not hard for the reader to supplement the story in the book with certain well remembered feuds between just such warm-blooded folk, in their own particular corner of old Ontario. The plot is not new, but it is well handled, and the long and faithful courtship of the district weaver is both laughable and pathetic, while Kirsly's devotion to the bedridden mother is an exquisite portrayal of self-sacrifice that knows no stint. The little bedridden mother is perhaps the best character in the book. Her uncomplaining patience under her affliction, and her absolute trust in the Divine goodness, bring hot tears to the eyelids. Altogether the book is an addition to Canadian literature, and Marion Keith is to be congratulated on having so well preserved a phase of Canadian life that is fast passing away, but which has played no small part in the moulding of national character.

ODDS AND ENDS. On the file kept for odds and ends, I find this month three scraps of verse, all gems in their way. "Opportunity," by Sinclair Ingalls, is not quoted half as often as it should be, and the "River of Rest," Joaquin Miller, will, I am sure, appeal to many a tired heart, while James Whitcomb Riley is always welcome. "Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
That's making the sun shine everywhere."
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Opportunity.
Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise
before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore:
I answer not and I return no more.
—John S. Ingalls.

The River of Rest.
A beautiful stream is the River of Rest;
The still, wide waters sweep clear
and cold,
A tall mast crosses a star in the west.
A white sail gleams in the west
world's gold;
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest—
The lily-lined shores of the River of Rest.
The boatman rises, he reaches a hand;
He knows you well, he will steer you true,
And far, so far from all ills upon land,
From hates, from fates that pursue
and pursue;
Far over the lily-lined River of Rest—
Dear mystical, magical River of Rest.
A storied, sweet stream is this River of Rest;
The souls of all time keep its
ultimate shore;
And journey you east, or journey you west.
Unwilling, or willing, sure-footed, or sore,
You surely will come to this River of Rest—
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.
—Joaquin Miller.

CORRESPONDENCE. Thanks, dear Alberta for your kindly letter. I trust you will have many successors and that I shall hear from you again.
Airdrie, Alta., Jan. 20, 1907.
Western Home Monthly.—
Dear E. C. H.—Was very much pleased with your trenchant summary up of the suffrage question in the January number of the Western Home Monthly; surely the time will soon come in Canada when all intelligent Canadian women will have as much right to vote as a naturalized Chinaman.

I do not, however, altogether agree with you in your criticism of Ralph Connor's works; though I must confess I am not very favorably impressed with what I have read of The Doctor (just the opening chapters), yet I think The Prospector is quite as good as Black Rock. What do other readers of this column think?
"Alta."

RECIPES. February is a popular month for the jolly old-fashioned parties and dances, and for supper, on these occasions, there is nothing that takes the place of sandwiches. No bread is so delicious for sandwiches as the home-made loaf, especially if half milk and half water has been used for the sponge. I have gathered up a number of sandwich fillings, some from our home recipe book, some from friends, and some exchanges, and though many are no doubt familiar to the majority of my readers, a few may be new to all. Though out on farms cream is nearly always obtainable, experience has shown me that it is often a scarce commodity in small towns, so for any who have not made trial of it, let me say that for the making of salad dressings, mixing of sandwich fillings, and for coffee, the St. Charles condensed cream, which is made at Ingersoll, Ont., is an entirely satisfactory substitute for fresh cream, and I know on the best official authority that all the surroundings of the factory, and the milk used in its preparation, are thoroughly sanitary and hygienic, so the most fastidious cook may use it with impunity. Now for the fillings:—

(1) Equal parts of peanuts and walnuts put through the food chopper, seasoned with red pepper, and made into a paste with cream. Salad dressing may also be used for mixing the nuts. This filling is good with either white or brown bread.

(2) Equal parts of English walnuts and seeded raisins moistened with grape juice or any good fruit syrup or sweet cider.

(3) Chop celery very fine, add an equal amount of cream cheese, and sufficient sweet cream to moisten to a paste.

(4) McLaren's potted cheese, spread thin on brown bread, well buttered and sprinkled with celery salt.

(5) Cold roast beef put through the chopper, moistened with cream and seasoned with cayenne pepper and celery salt.

(6) A variety of cold meats, beef, ham, veal and roast pork for example, put through the chopper together and moistened with mayonnaise or any salad dressing.

(7) Canned salmon, beaten fine and moistened with mayonnaise. This filling is best spread between the halves of biscuit. The biscuit dough should be rolled so thin that when baked it will not be more than half an inch thick. Split, buttered and filled with the salmon mixture, they are a delicious sandwich. Sardines treated in the same way are equally good.

(8) Olives stoned, pounded fine, and mixed with mayonnaise, are a very dainty sandwich for those who like olives, but I have not found them generally popular.

(9) Lean roast lamb or mutton put through the meat chopper, seasoned with curry powder and salt, and moistened with sweet cream.

(10) Stone and steam a half-cupful of dates and the same quantity of seeded raisins. When soft beat together to a paste.

(11) Boil six eggs for an hour, shell them and put through the food chopper. Make a thick sauce with one tablespoonful of butter, a half-teaspoonful of curry powder, one-third of a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, half the egg paste with more salt and cayenne to season well.

(12) Put one cupful of drained baked beans through the food chopper, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a few drops of celery extract, one teaspoonful of onion juice, and a very little made mustard.

Thoughts.

All children and most sweet-tempered grown-ups love pets, but there seems to be a peculiar affinity between a healthy boy and his dog, and it is a very good companionship to encourage. You may be sure that a trusty dog will never teach a boy to smoke nor to use unbecoming language, while he may impart to him lessons in fidelity and affection.

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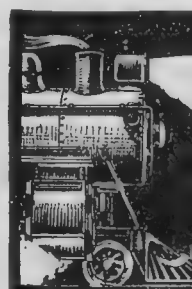
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OWING to the inability of the Railroads to deliver Pianos ordered for the Holiday Trade on time, we have still on hand some 65 Pianos which we do not wish to carry into next year. This stock consists of many of the finest makes and styles of Pianos ever offered in Winnipeg.

Pianos sold by us for \$475 will go at this sale for \$392, \$450 styles at \$365; \$425 Piano, a beautiful Piano, will sell at \$326.

There are still ten of those Fischer Pianos for sale, worth in the regular way \$400. We will sell the balance of these Pianos for \$298, which is absolutely wholesale price. The balance of the Columbus Boudoir upright will go at \$215. This is one of the best finished Pianos we have, and is an absolute snap.

Every Piano sold at this sale is fully guaranteed by us, and sold on easy terms if desired.

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THE LAND MAN,
415 KANSAS AVENUE.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.



Foreword. It is rather bad to begin the New Year with an apology, but the absence of the page last month must be accounted for. Just at the time the call came for copy to be handed in there was really nothing to talk about. Lingerie or white wear generally is the first thing to consider in the New Year, and the new lines are never shown until after January 1st. When you have nothing to say it is best to say nothing, and on that axiom I acted.

For the Brides. The brides-to-be next April and June are all busy over their white-wear, no doubt, and I have been at some pains to secure information that may be a help to them.

Many will buy either the whole or a part of their trousseau, but I hope there is no bride in the West who is not making part at least of her white-wear. It will perhaps be best to take up the different garments separately, as there are some little suggestions that may be useful for each, although, taken as a whole, there is comparatively little change in the general style of these garments.

Nightgowns. There have been many substitutes for white bleached cotton for nightgowns, but nothing is really so satisfactory as a fine light make of good bleached cotton, even the much vaunted nainsook turning yellow with many washings. I am speaking now of night-dresses for summer wear; no sensible girl in the country will have anything but flannelette for winter. It is easy to wash, warm, and can be made to look very pretty. White, pale pink or blue trimmed with embroidery make dainty gowns as can be wished for, and these gowns should always be made high in the neck and with long sleeves that fasten closely at the wrist and have pretty frills falling over the hand.

There are a number of pretty conceits in summer gowns. One of the prettiest is cut on Empire lines, with low round neck edged with val lace, the only other decoration is a simulated bolero of ten-inch deep fine embroidery set into each arm. The opening of the gown is under the left bolero. The sleeves are very full, reaching just below the elbow, and are finished with deep ruffles of lace to match the neck. The combining of val lace and fine embroidery is quite a feature of the decoration of whitewear this season.

Another pretty gown, on more conventional lines, is cut to fasten on the shoulder; the yoke is deeply pointed back and front, and is made of hand-tucked India mull. There is no standing collar, the yoke being cut just to fit the neck line, and finished with a frill of narrow cluny lace. A frill of the same lace four inches deep is set very full round the bottom of the yoke. Very full bishop sleeves cut three-quarter length are gathered into deep cuffs of cluny insertion. The bottom of this gown is finished with a two-inch frill of the material with an openwork hem.

Decorations. In machine made laces, val and cluny are predominant, but there is a very marked return to hand-made decorations and crocheted and knitted laces, and insertions of fine linen thread are much in vogue, especially any patterns that resemble baby Irish, and there are many of these. Some of the patterns that used to form the

recreation of Irish girls at dinner hour and recess time in the country schools of Ontario are the very patterns now eagerly sought by milady, and for which high prices are paid.

Quite a number of garments are trimmed with clusters of tiny hand run tucks, and muslin frills hem-stitched. These plainer garments are shown by the very best houses. This plain style has one advantage; it is much more easily ironed than either lace or embroidery.

Underskirts. More than any other garment, I think the petticoat repays home-making. In the ready-to-wear skirts there is always a tendency to sacrifice width to wealth of decoration, and there is hardly anything more uncomfortable than a skirt that is too narrow. There is practically nothing new in the cut of these skirts. A five-gored under-



skirt well fitted over the hips, with the over flounce from the knee, is the lead. The decoration of these flounces, however, differs materially. A favorite for elaborate skirts is a foundation flounce of muslin decorated with flounces of val lace put on in scallops, very full, the centre of each scallop decorated with a motif of Irish crochet. This is, of course, a very elaborate style, and only suited to state occasions when there is a steam laundry at hand. Another style, and one that can easily be done up at home, has a very full flounce of val lace made up of strips of the inch-wide lace sewed together. This has a very good effect and is not at all difficult to iron. Between these two there are a multitude of simpler decorations, but all following pretty much the same lines.

Drawers. The umbrella style is the only line shown, but a somewhat new effect is obtained by making the bottom of each leg in the form of a shallow scallop, and then adding elaborate frillings of lace and insertion or fine embroidery. Frequently an insertion through which a ribbon can be run is used, and the ribbon tied up in bows on the top of each scallop.

No Ribbons. Personally I greatly object to ribbons on underwear, except in the case of slip waists when they are to be worn un-

der very sheer lingerie blouses. Pure white and all white is my idea of underwear.

Speaking of slip waists reminds me that there is quite a fad for a number of girl friends of the bride to present her with yokes for slip waists done in crochet. These yokes are practically indestructible, and many of them are very handsome and particularly effective under sheer waists.

Negligees. Do not have too many dressing jackets in your wardrobe, and above all do not make a practice of wearing them at breakfast. A pretty jacket daintily made and perfectly clean is allowable on a Sunday morning, when the assumption is that you must dress for church directly after breakfast, but it is almost the only time it should be allowed to appear at table. A bride would not like her husband to make a habit of coming to the table without a collar, even on a Sunday morning, yet a collarless shirt is no more undress for a man than a negligee is for a woman. Do as you would be done by, or you will soon have a visit from "Madam done by as you did," to paraphrase the "Water Babies."



In making dressing jackets for summer wear, one thing should never be forgotten, and that is all wash goods should be made so as to launder easily, without pulling them out of shape. White or blues or pinks that will not fade are best.

In designs for these jackets, Empire and Kimona lines will be followed this season. If there is any tidiness to a dressing jacket, the Empire effects have it rather than the Kimonas. A dressing gown of eider flannel and a plain serviceable wrapper of flannelette or delaine should be part of the equipment of every bride-elect. If the sum to be spent is limited and every dollar has to be counted, better go without some coveted outside adornment and have these things that are not only necessary to comfort, but are an indication of careful training and strict observance of the amenities of life in your own home.

Lingerie Waists. The wash waists are still with us and likely to remain, and once more the white waist is in the lead. Linen, heavy or sheer, according to the purpose for which the waist is designed, is the popular material. The strictly shirt waists are very plain, and are trimmed mainly with tucks of varying widths, or small designs of Mount Mellick or Hardanger embroidery. The sleeves of these waists are full length and are finished with narrow cuffs stiffly laundered.

Dressy waists, on the other hand, are more elaborately decorated with

lace than ever before, and a feature is the combining of two and even three varieties of lace on the same waist. Val and baby Irish are a favorite combination, but Cluny is coming very much to the front and combines with either Val or baby Irish, and one or two of the waists I have seen are effectively decorated with all three. The baby Irish is usually in the form of medallion inserts. These waists have either elbow or three-quarter sleeves, and the cuffs are invariably finished with narrow ruffles of lace, Val for preference.

I am giving two designs of waists from one of the leading Toronto houses that are very smart without being too elaborate. Both of these designs are fastened in the back, as indeed are the majority of waists this season. Those fastened in front have the buttons concealed under a fold of lace or insertion.

Artificial Silk. The following little paragraph may explain the creasing of the new silk gown that is so maddening: "Here in England the dresses made from artificial (wood pulp) silk have been discarded because the creases made when the wearers sit down do not come out. It is scarcely possible to distinguish the real from the artificial silk, but this defect has proved fatal for use as dress pieces. I believe it is used in a certain percentage as an adulterant mixture with real silk or for umbrellas or linings in coats, etc., but not on its own merits could it be used as a dress piece."

Up To Date.

Parvenu (to his guests as servant brings in a basket of wood for the open fire)—I want you to understand, gentlemen, that that wood is hand-sawed.

Simple Enough.

Summer Boarder (just arrived)—Why, when I was here last year there were three windmills, and now I see only one.

Landlord—Well, you see, there was not wind enough to keep all three going so we took down two.

He Wanted Her to See It.

"I'll take that," said the man, indicating a silver-mounted hand-glass, "and I want you to engrave on it, 'From J. J. B. to Phyllis.'" "Very well," replied the salesman, "we'll put it on the back here—" "Oh, no; put it around the edge on the front. I want her to see it."

Full Up.

When the ladies were picking up the dishes after a Sunday-school picnic given to children of the poor quarter, several slices of cake were found which they did not wish to carry home.

One said to a small lad who was already asthmatic from gorging, "Here, boy, won't you have another slice of cake?"

"Well," he replied, taking it rather listlessly, "I guess I can still chaw, but I can't swallow."

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20 " " 4.00	20 " " 2.50 " 3.50
22 " " 5.00	22 " " 3.50
24 " " 6.00	24 " " 5.00
26 " " 7.00	26 " " 7.00
30 " " 10.00	30 " " 10.00

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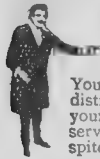
Think of it, a beautiful Ruff of Blue Fox, the most fashionable fur worn, given absolutely free. Such an offer was never made before. The only reason we can afford to do it is that we arranged for these handsome Furs during the dull season in the summer and got them nearly at cost. The Ruff is 41 inches long, nearly 4 inches wide, made of the handsomest Blue Fox Fur, very rich, soft and fluffy. It is warmly padded, lined with the same shaggy satin and ornamented with four long tails of Blue Fox also. Such a handsome Ruff has never before been given away, and you can get it so easy. Just send us your name and address, plainly, and we will mail 10 boxes of our famous Vegetable New Life Pills at 25c a box. A grand remedy and cure for all Impure and Weak Conditions of the Blood, Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Constipation, Weakness, Nervous Disorders, Rheumatism and Female Troubles. A grand Tonic and Life Builder. These are our regular 50c size; they are easy to sell as each customer who buys a box of Pills from you receives a prize ticket which entitles them to a fine piece of Silverware. Don't miss the chance of your life. Send us your order and we will send the 10 boxes and Prize Tickets by mail, post-paid. When sold you send us the money (\$2.50) and we will send you this handsome Blue Fox Ruff all charges paid. Write to-day. Address The New Life Remedy Co., Dept. 34 Toronto, Canada.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.



MADAM!

You may visit every shop in your district, you may pay 2/6 a pound for your coffee, you may employ a special servant to prepare it for you, but in spite of all your trouble you can't beat

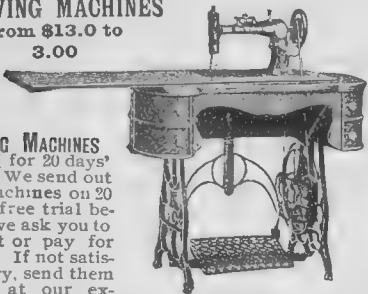
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Is Delighted with the Sweetheart Sewing Machine.

Brandon, Man., Jan. 8th, 1906.

Gentlemen,—All that I can say about the Sweetheart Sewing Machine is that Mrs. Anderson is delighted with it, and thinks that no sewing machine is its superior. I am showing it to my friends and they are surprised, and when they are able to buy one they will ask me to do it.—

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted.

Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



4049—A Small Empire Apron.

The small apron is becoming quite as much an article of adornment as of protection, so attractive are the styles in which it appears. Here is a quaint little garment such as might have appeared in the time of the Empress Josephine. It consists of a full waist and skirt joined by a narrow band in short waisted effect. The sleeves are in short puff after the latest fashion. If made of a sheer lawn or nainsook



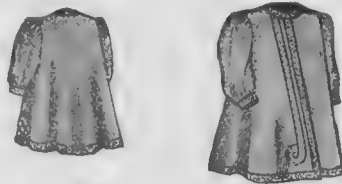
and edged with a narrow lace, it will be quite pretty enough to grace any gown. 1 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide are needed for the apron in the medium size.

4049—sizes, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4071—An Outfit for the Small Miss.

Tiny maids need new outfits quite as much as older ones and if mother can find time to fashion the little garments at home they will seem all the more attractive. Here are coat, cap and dress all of the latest style and not



elaborate. The dress has a round yoke and small bishop sleeves being suited to development in the wide embroidery or any white washing stuff. The coat would be pretty if made of white cashmere or broadcloth while red and blue are serviceable. A silk or washable braid may be used to trim it and the lining should be silk or a soft durable material. The cap is very pretty if made of a soft silk, the crown and headband being embroidered in white. For the medium size 2 1/4 yards

of 27-inch material are needed for the dress, 2 1/2 for the coat and 1/4 for the cap.

4071—sizes, 1/2, 1, 2, 3 years. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4074—A Pretty Russian Blouse.

The Russian blouse is a great favorite with girls and their mothers because of its excellent style and practicability. A frock of this kind retains its good style so long as it lasts and is sure to prove becoming. The model sketched is unusually attractive because of its well-shaped collar and shield of contrasting fabric while the soft silk scarf tied in a sailor's knot is pleasing and matches the leather belt in color. The blouse is the



regulation Russian style, closing at one side of the front and extending down over the skirt in double-skirt effect. A frock of this kind is suitable to wear on all except dressy occasions and may be made of either a worsted or washing fabric. The medium size calls for 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch goods.

4074—sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4082-4083—A Charming Street Suit for a Maid.

The loose box coat if well cut is exceedingly smart and nowhere appears to quite so good advantage as upon the slender Miss. The suit sketched is in a novelty serge with collar and cuffs of velvet. The sleeves are shown short but a general wear suit should have long ones and they are given in the



4082



4083



4083



4083



4083



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4083



4083

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At that time my husband was drinking very hard, and I was in despair. The effect of your treatment was immediate, and now our home is entirely free from the Drink Curse. I gave my husband the tablets in his tea, and he never knew. As the taste for liquor left him, his general health improved and is now splendid—many, many thanks. I will be glad if you will tell others of my experience.

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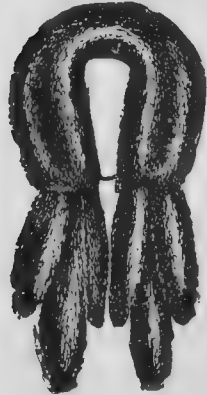
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Just send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 20 packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are the largest and most beautiful packages ever sold for 10c. Everybody buys them. You can sell the whole 20 in less than half an hour. Send us the money you get for them and we will send you by return mail a magnificent Fur Scarf, Lady's or Girl's size, made in the latest style of warm, full soft fluffy fur, from specially selected skins, with six immense full furled tails and a silvered chain fastener at the throat. It's equal in appearance to any \$10.00 Fur Scarf, and we give it free for selling only 20 packages of Seeds at 10c. each, also an opportunity to get a beautiful little Lady's Watch, free, as an extra prize if you write to-day. The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 64, Toronto

pattern. The skirt is of new design, being a three-piece circular one and of unusual grace. It is excellent for thin silks and veilings as well as suitings and a deep gathered flounce for trimming such is provided. The suit skirt may be stitched or trimmed with flat bands in folds of the material. For the medium size 3½ yards of 44-inch goods are needed for the skirt and 2 yards of 54-inch for the coat.

Two patterns: 4082—sizes, 10 to 16 years. 4083—sizes, 15 to 17 years.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6720—A Maid's Apron Cap.

There is no sight more pleasing to the chance caller than to be met by a dainty maid and no garb more attractive than the snowy apron and cap most used among polite society. The apron has a bib and bretelles on the shoulder which are always becoming. The cap is a small diamond of



material trimmed with tucks and lace. Nainsook or a fine lawn may serve as material. For the medium size 3½ yards of 36-inch goods are needed for the apron and 1¼ yards of 18-inch for the cap.

6720—One size. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—These patterns together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6738-6739—An Attractive Gown in Cashmere.

Cashmere is quite as much in favor as it was a year ago and some very smart gowns are being made of it. The one sketched will appeal to the woman who makes her own gowns or has them made at home because the lines are simple and yet there is an air of



quality and dash about it that causes one to admire it. The tucks upon the shoulder back and front provide extra fullness where it is needed and broaden the shoulder line. The tucker may be omitted if one prefers a gown of simpler design. The sleeves are decidedly different from the usual ones having the straight extensions on the inside and the shorter full puff with its fancy touches on the outside and back of the arm. The cuffs may be omitted for elbow length. The skirt is a new four-piece circular one with pleats at each seam stitched in slot-seam effect. In the centre of each gore there is a box pleat which provides extra fullness and grace for the skirt. These may be stitched to any desired depth. Any of the new seasonable fabrics may be used, the medium size demanding 7 yards of 44-inch material.

Two patterns: 6738—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6739—sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6732—A Graceful Lounging Robe.

There is no garment which is so expressive of so much langorous ease as the kimono and none which is so restful for the afternoon nap. The long shoulders and loose flowing sleeves impart an Oriental grace to the wearer while the simplicity of its closing means much for its popularity. The Japanese materials are best suited to carrying out the garment but plain



bands may trim the edges. The Empire girdle gives the real Geisha-girl effect but it may be omitted if desired. For the medium size 8 yards of 27-inch material are needed to develop the pattern.

6732—sizes, small, medium and large. Price 15 cents.

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Put castors on the legs of the kitchen table so that it may be easily moved to the most convenient place, near the pantry or the stove, as the housekeeper is baking or getting meals.

A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile—all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at the face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

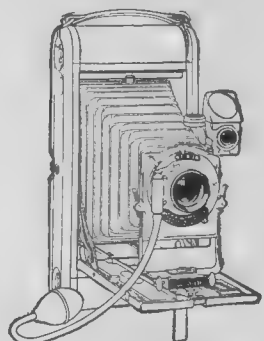
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Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not, in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

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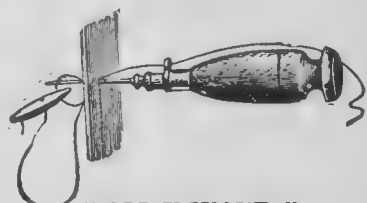
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Work the Panacea for Pessimism.

By JEAN FINOT.

How are we to counteract the depressing influences which lie in wait for us every moment of our lives? Consider the evil and the good, and what do we find? It is often quite enough for some one to tell us something nice and pleasant to produce a condition of peace and serenity in our minds. More important still, often in the grip of analytical melancholy or of unlimited despair we sit down to think over our case. After a careful examination we find it by no means so exasperating. If we continue our thinking the calmer aspects of the event stand out with assuring clearness. They even smile at us good naturedly, and we may confidently abandon ourselves to their tender mercies. Thus unhappy impressions fade away, injurious or depressing sentiments become less acute, and just as the surface of a lake which has been disturbed by the invasion of somebody outside regains its habitual stillness, so our conscious mind regains its equilibrium.

For in nature there is nothing either absolutely good or absolutely bad. In the saddest things there is an element of sweetness, if not of gayety. It is our business to seek it, and, having found it, to make good use of it. A wise man will do still more. Instead of having recourse on special occasions to this beneficent fancy, he will wish to keep her always close to him. Looking into her smiling face he will acquire renewed strength for each misfortune. He will let life's furrows be smoothed away by her musical laughter. Cross grained philosophers and psychologists will no doubt say that this is optimism unworthy of superior men. What does that matter? We may say what evil we like of optimism, but we must admit all the same that it is closely bound up with the fortunes of human beings.

It is all very well to try and substitute the philosophy of ill temper—in other words, gnawing pessimism—as the natural system of humanity. We have only to examine a man a little nearer and to observe with what joy he entertains the smiles of the good fairy and turns from the grimaces of pessimism to see which way nature draws him.

If we cast a look around us we notice how instinctively a man lets himself be drawn along on his own optimistic tendencies.

The many games of chance, with their risks bordering on the unlikely; the thronging of the liberal professions where success is rare; the faith in political panaceas, and the spectacle of so many other of the games of life where impregnable belief in a happy issue constantly dominates the fear of misfortune, all go to prove it. Humanity left to itself, as Dr. Max Nordau asserts, gives way by preference and by instinct to happy influences. Consequently these have more chance to possess us. All we need is to utilize them for our own happiness. I cannot psychotherapeutics, the new international literature without emotion.

What is required is autosuggestion for each given case, instead of falling back on some general doctrine. Does not psychotherapeutic, the new departure in medicine, teach us that certain illnesses disappear as if by enchantment as the result of constantly repeated suggestions? Dr. F. Regnault relates that in treating a hypochondriac he advised him to write on the wall every evening the words, "I am happy," and to go off to sleep in full view of them. After a few weeks happiness began to steal into his spirit. Which of us in speaking of God does not instinctively turn towards the sky?

What endless resource is provided in this way against the invading years! Let us accept them with confidence and look on them with the softness which befits men of wisdom. Let us ever keep before our eyes comforting examples of serene old age and probable longevity. Little by little our optimistic visions will become a guard of honor. They will be on the watch that poisonous fears do not take possession of our consciousness.

Those who are not sensitive to this surrounding atmosphere of reasoned thought may, on the other hand, have recourse to direct and repeated suggestion. Let us, then, repeat every day and at every moment when the fears of helpless old age come back to memory, first of all that it is a long way off, and, secondly, let us remind ourselves of its attractions. The direct action on the mind will have extraordinary results. As the hypochondriac comes to be always smiling by continually telling himself that he is happy, so people oppressed by the thought of old age and death may be restored to calm at their approach.

Our unreasoned fears, by demoralizing our minds, only accelerate their destructive advance. In facing them with the careful consideration of a well informed man, we remove our limits. Our apprehensions are put to sleep under the influence of thought, just as, according to the Indians, the evil desires are by malalis.

Let us especially put ourselves under the most powerful influence of all, that of work. Let us use our minds, rather than enfeeble our bodies for want of occupation. In a word, let us not give ourselves time to grow old!

The inevitable visitation which must at some time lead in the two sisters, old age and death, will not only take place later, but what is more essential, will become a thing almost to be desired. They will be awaited like guests who are to bring to us at some distant day attractive charm.

Latest Canadian Patents.

The following up-to-date list of Canadian patents is reported to us, by Egerton R. Case, Solicitor of Patents, and Expert in Patent Causes, Temple Building, Toronto.

Alfred A. M. Jorden, Vancouver, B. C., Orthotics; Edmond Montet, Montreal, Que., Soap Formers; Helen H. Cooke, Toronto, Ont., Radiators; Wm. J. Coulter, Toronto, Ont., Clothes Reels; Thos. L. Moffat, Jr., Weston, Ont., Stoves; Angus A. McIntosh, Alexandria, Ont., Car Moving Devices; Jos. Lea, Toronto, Ont., Stairs; Geo. P. Eastman, et al., Toronto, Ont., Driving means for rotatable disks; Andrew Murdock, Montreal, Que., Fish traps; Elmer E. Paris, Coleman, Alta., Traction engines.

ADVERTISING SIMPLIFIED.

The Woods Norris, Limited, Will Do the Work.

Advertising is more and more becoming the business of experts, to the great relief and benefit of all classes of advertisers. Many firms and individuals require to advertise, and are at a loss just how to reach in the best possible manner the people they desire to reach, and it often happens that much time and labor are lost and considerable money spent before advertisers learn where and how to get the best possible returns for their efforts. A firm which undertakes to arrange for all classes of advertising in all classes of publications, from the daily paper to the yearly volume, is, therefore, filling a place in the business life of Canada which cannot well be filled in any other way, and this is what the Woods-Norris, Limited, is doing.

The business, which was established several years ago by Mr. J. H. Woods, one of the most experienced newspapermen of the Dominion, has grown so rapidly that it was necessary to add to the firm, and Mr. Charles C. Norris, who was one of the best known and most popular advertising agents in Canada, joined the firm, was announced some months ago. Woods-Norris, Limited, Mail building, Bay street, Toronto, is now one of the best established firms of advertisers, and can arrange business for all desirous of advertising in any paper, magazine or other publication, not only in Canada, but in any part of the world. The well-trained and experienced staff of the firm is prepared to write out all classes of advertising matter, arrange for such illustrations as may be desired and to deal with every detail necessary to make an advertisement the success it invariably is when placed by a capable and experienced firm. A member of the staff will call on any firm desirous of talking over advertising business, and whether the advertiser desires to use space in one or in a thousand publications the exact cost can always be ascertained before entering on the business.

Why People Fall in Love an Enigma.

By HELEN OLDFIELD.

Tell me where is fancy bred?
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

The question was an ancient one in Shakespeare's day, as old as love itself; a story of the time before the flood, when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose;" of later on, when Rebekah, wearied of her life "because of the daughters of Heth," inasmuch that she sent her best beloved son into a far country, saying, "If Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, what good shall my life do me?"

Love is, and must always be, among the primal mysteries of life, even as it is among its fundamental principles. There are some things which, as Lord Dundreary says, "No fellow can find out." Why any one, man or woman, should fall in love with any other woman or man must forever be numbered with such. There are no rules with regard to falling in love—only exceptions. Neither, which is sometimes a pity, sometimes not, is this secret and soul swaying prompting always reciprocal. Gilbert and Sullivan's song, "The Magnet and the Silver Churn," holds to the full as much truth as poetry; is an allegory, rather than a fable, and one which is forever being enacted in real life, to the distress, and often to the undoing, of all concerned.

Moreover there are many wonderful mixtures in the world which are alike called love and which, although job-lotted together, are as different as chalk and cheese; as wholesome bread and disappointing stones. It is scarcely overstating the fact to declare that of all the multitudes of people who at the present moment are in love or imagine themselves to be so, the vast majority either are not in love, or, if they are, will sooner or later cease to love. Happy are they, especially the women, for whom the change of heart, the disillusionment, comes before marriage, while the bonds may be loosed, ere the knot is tied for weal or woe. "Better a simple fracture than a crushed bone"—the medical maxim applies figuratively as well as literally.

If all people who marry could but do so for the sake of genuine, permanent love the much vexed "marriage question" would straightway be at an end, since there would be no matrimonial ventures which could be accounted failures.

The chief trouble is that comparatively few people really marry for love—genuine, permanent love of the sort which can be warranted to last. They marry for the sake of a sudden passion, which dies out as quickly as it flares up; for liking, which is safe as far as it goes, but which seldom goes far enough to be satisfying; from caprice, which passes for inclination; "to better themselves" (the old English phrase is the only one which correctly expresses the idea) because other people get married, and it seems a good thing to do; from a spirit of adventure, a restless desire for change; they marry by accident, or what appears to be such, and so on indefinitely; who can tell why anybody else does anything?

Mortals are sadly handicapped in the race of life, and not the least of these handicaps is that there are so many plausible and fair seeming counterfeits of love, imitations which might deceive "even the very elect." As the trial by fire is the only absolute test of pure gold, so marriage, with its varied experiences, is the only infallible proof of true love. It has been said that the coming of a great misfortune either makes or mars a marriage, and undoubtedly such an event is a crucial test of affection. Let those who contemplate matrimony, with the prospect before them of comfort, not to say luxury, ask themselves in all seriousness the question: "What would happen to our love if tomorrow we were suddenly forced to face bitter want and hardship?" Such a contin-

gency would result in one of two things: Either it would strengthen or equalize their love for each other, or it would snap the thread of love which was well enough so long as it was not called upon to stand any great strain. Storms either drive a husband and wife closer together or farther apart. There was an old superstition that true diamonds stored up light during the day, giving it out at night, so that the possessor of a precious stone had a lamp for his feet in the darkness. Such should be the manner of the love which endureth unto the end.

There is more ideal love and marriage in the world than monogamists are willing to concede. Affinities are not so rare, but they are developed from germs, so to speak, not brought into being like Minerva, full grown, and armed cap-a-pie. The best authorities define affinity as essential conformity, natural agreement between people or substances, resulting in perfect harmony; which means that persons between whom there is such sympathy will think, and feel, and act in concert under any and all conditions. It is improbable that two people could meet and immediately discover such an intimate bond of sympathy. No two persons out of the same family have the same environment, the same training and education, the same conditions for the formation of character; and even among those of the same household there are differences of taste and temperament. The great thing is to find good material and mold it to one's liking; neither is this an easy task. The first and most important thing is to choose well. If one cannot discover thorough affinities, one can at least discover affinities in embryo, if one has the good sense to look for them. The patience to wait for them to grow is also necessary. What man or woman is so admirable in all things that he or she may justly claim to be entitled to perfection in a partner for life? Blessed are they who expect not over much, who take the best they can get, and then conscientiously make the best of that best.

Convention in March.

The seventh annual meeting of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Consumption and other forms of Tuberculosis will be held in Ottawa on the 13th and 14th of March next. A public meeting of the members of the association and of the citizens generally, at which His Excellency will preside, will be held in the Assembly Hall at the Normal School here on Wednesday evening, March 13th, at which Dr. Sheard, the chairman of the Ontario Provincial Board of Health, will deliver a lecture upon "Home Treatment of Consumption."

Taxidermy is Easy to Learn.

Every sportsman, huntsman, fisherman or naturalist ought to be able to mount his own birds, game heads or fish. Many and many a fine specimen of game or fish which would have been worth a great deal of money is left in the woods to be ruined because the hunter does not know how to tan the skin or stuff the head. Every person interested in nature should know the art of taxidermy. It is taught by mail by the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebr., and it is taught thoroughly. You can learn in your own home how to preserve every specimen you get. A taxidermist makes big money all the time and there is much more work than he can do. Besides taxidermy is a wonderfully fascinating amusement for yourself. Your office, den or home decorated with the trophies of your gun or rod become most pretty and interesting places.

If your face chaps in the wind wash at night with milk, by dabbling a bit of soft linen wet with milk all over the face.

If your eyes are weak bathe them in a weak solution of boracic acid, and sleep all you can. Retire early, to avoid artificial light. Rise at four, if necessary, the morning light is then good.

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Also Fancy Tins, 3 lbs., 5 lbs., and 10 lbs. sizes.

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ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED
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Work for Busy Fingers.

Description of Crochet Stitches.

Chain (ch.): A series of stitches (sts.) or loops, each drawn with the hook through loop preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl. st.): Drop the stitch on the hook; take up the one it is desired to join, and draw the dropped stitch through. This is used as a fastener, or joining stitch, where close work is wanted.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having a stitch on the needle, put hook through work, take up the thread and draw it through the work and the stitch on the needle at the same time. This is sometimes called "close-chain stitch."

Double treble crochet (do. t. c.): Like stitch on the needle (as will be understood in following definitions), put hook through the work, draw the thread through, take up stitch, and draw it through the two stitches on the needle.

Treble crochet (t. c.): Thread over needle as if to make a stitch, hook through work, thread over and draw through, making three stitches on the needle; thread over, draw through two, over draw through remaining two.

Double treble crochet (d. t. c.): Like treble, except that the thread is put over twice before insertion of hook in the work; draw thread through, making four stitches on the needle; take up thread, draw through two, again, and draw through remaining two. In the

over a pillow of colored satin with a puff at the sides. The work is done with No. 100 linen thread. In coarser thread one would have a handsome bed-spread and pillow-shams to match, by carrying out this pattern. Or, if preferred, the wheels may be joined to form a round centerpiece, or a smaller square one. Different ways of combining the pattern will occur to all who are interested in this class of work.

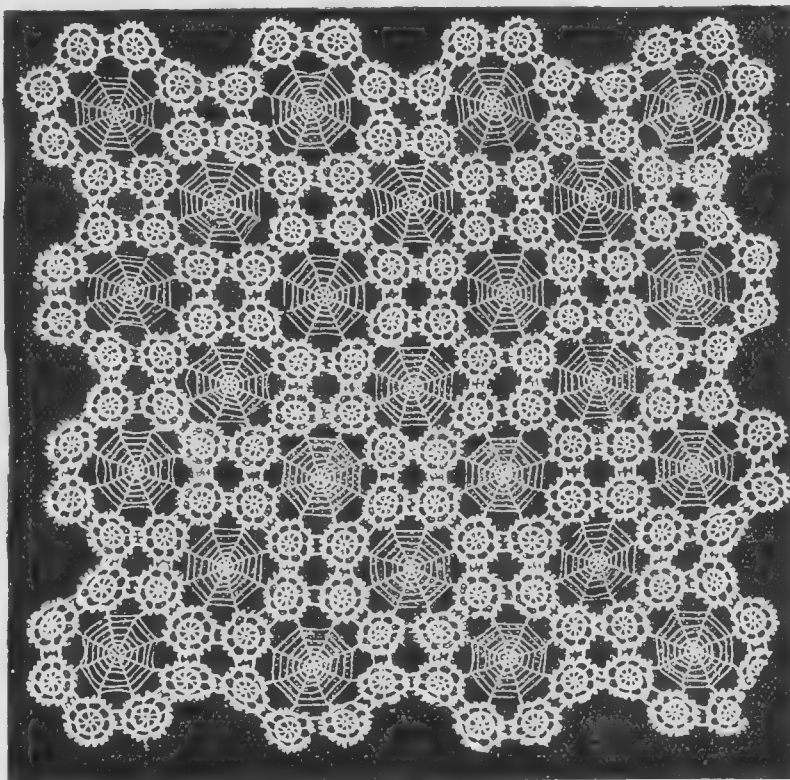
Wheel Lace.

Make a chain of nine stitches and form into a circle.

1st Row.—D. c. 24 over the circle.
2d Row.—Ch. 6 (used as a d. c., ch. 2), d. c. where ch. 6 commenced, ch. 2, d. c. between second and third d. c. of previous row, ch. 2, d. c. into the same place, ch. 2, d. c. between fourth and fifth stitches of the previous row; repeat all around.

3d Row.—Ch. 6, s. c. between the first d. c. 2 of the second row, ch. 6, s. c. into the same place. This forms a little leaf. Ch. 4, s. c. between the next two d. c.; then form another little leaf; repeat all around. This completes one wheel.

Fasten the second wheel to the first



Spiderweb Centerpiece.

extra long treble, which is seldom used, the thread is put over three times before insertion of hook in work, the stitches being worked off by twos as directed.

Short treble (s. t.): Like treble, except that after the thread is drawn through the work, making three stitches on the needle, it is taken up and drawn through all three at once, instead of two.

Spider Web Centerpiece.

Chain 6, join.
1. Chain 5, a treble in the ring, chain 3, repeat from * 6 times, and join to 3d of 6 chain. Turn, so as to reverse the work, each row.

2. Chain 8, * a treble in treble, chain 5, repeat from * 6 times, and join to 3d of 8 chain.

3, 4, 5, 6. Like 2d row, increasing 2 stitches of chain each row. Break thread and fasten securely. This completes the spiderweb.

For the small rosette, chain 6 and join.

1. Like 1st row of spiderweb.
2. Make 4 doubles under each 3 chain.
3. Chain 8, * a treble over treble in 1st row, chain 5, repeat from * 6 times, and join to 3d of 8 chain.

4. Under each 5 chain make 2 doubles, (1 picot, that is, chain 4, fasten in 1st stitch of 4 chain), (2 doubles, 1 picot) twice, 2 doubles. Join the middle picot in last space to a bar or treble of the spiderweb, thus: Chain 3, fasten in top of bar, chain 3, then 2 doubles in space, and so on. As the remaining rosettes are made, join each to a bar, and join to preceding rosette by 3d and 6th picots above the joining to center.

Completed, the wheel itself is a very dainty little tumbler dolly. For the piece illustrated 16 are required, with 9 extra spiderwebs to fill out the space between. The rosettes may be joined to make lovely yokes for corset-covers, dressing-jackets, etc. The design makes a lovely pillow-top, especially if placed

Child's Crocheted Hood.

Materials required are 4 spools silk-finished cotton (silk or linen may be used, if preferred), and a tapering hook for the roll-stitch.

Block-stitch is used in making the star for the crown.

Begin in center of crown with 6 chain, join.

1. Chain 3 for 1st treble, * 1 block-stitch, chain 3, repeat 4 times, and join to top of 3 chain.

2. Chain 3, (always, for 1st treble), * a block in 1st stitch, chain 2, miss 1, 1 block, chain 3, a treble under 3 chain, chain 3, and repeat from * around.

3. Beginning with 3 chain, * a block in 1st stitch, chain 2, a block between 2 blocks, chain 2, miss 1, 1 block, chain 3, a treble in treble, chain 3; repeat.

4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Like 3rd row, increasing a block in each point of star, in every round. There will be 9 blocks in each point.

9. A block between each 2 blocks of last row, missing 1st and last block of each point, and making 8 blocks, with always 2 chain between, chain 3, a treble over 9th block, chain 3, a treble in treble, chain 3, a treble over 1st block of next point; repeat.

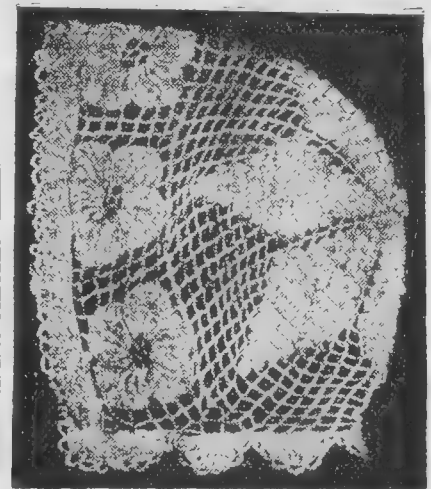
10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. Like 9th row, decreasing the blocks in each point by 1 each row, and increasing two spaces in the triangle between points.

16, 17, 18. Make a row of open spaces (chain 3, treble in treble) entirely around the bonnet.

For the rosettes, chain 6, join.
Chain 6, (a treble in ring, chain 3) 4 times, join to 3d of 6 chain.

2. Chain 5, a triple-treble (thread over 3 times) in 1st space, 3 roll-stitches (over 30 times) in same space, 2 triple-trebles in same, fill each space in same way, and join to top of 5 chain.

3. Chain 3, a treble in each of 2 triple-trebles, 3 trebles between triple-trebles and 1st roll-stitch, (3 double-



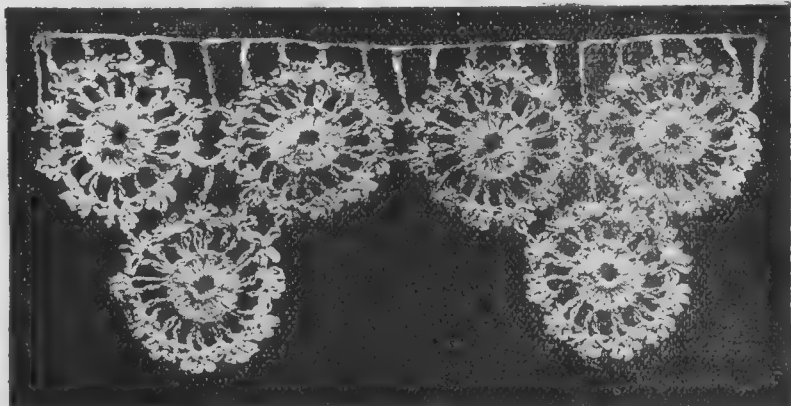
Child's Crocheted Hood.

trebles between next 2 roll-stitches) twice, 3 trebles between last roll-stitch and triple-trebles, a treble in each of 2 triple-trebles; repeat.

Make 6 of these rosettes, and join together in a strip by fastening thread in center of a petal, chain 6, miss 2, 1 treble, chain 3, miss 2, 1 treble, chain 3, a treble in 1st treble of next petal, (chain 3, miss 2, 1 treble twice, turn; chain 6, (a treble in treble, chain 3) 5 times, repeating the spaces of last row; chain 3, join to corresponding petal in another rosette, work over 2 stitches, chain 3, a treble in treble of last row and so on. After the rosettes are thus joined, make a row of open spaces on either side of strip, 45 spaces on the side to be joined to the cap, and 50 spaces around the face. The strip may be either crocheted or sewed to the cap, as preferred.

Finish with a ruching of fans (17 double-trebles in each, well drawn out) all around with 2 rows across front. Edge the fans with a row of chain loops (a double in a stitch, chain 5, miss 2, a double in next, and so on, fastening last loop in the double which caught down the fans), and add ties of ribbon or hemstitched mull.

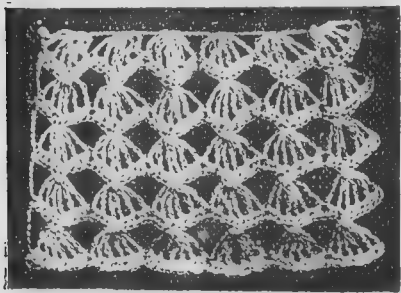
Directions are for a year-old size. The bonnet may be enlarged by adding a point to the star, and a rosette to the strip.



Wheel Lace.

Crochet Fan Lace.

1st.—Start with 40 chain. Turn. One double crochet into the tenth chain, 1 chain (repeat 5 times into tenth chain).



Crochet Fan Lace.

That completes the fan. Make 5 more fans along the chain.

2d.—Short stitch over all the fans. Repeat to length required.

A Scrap Portfolio.

It is well known that ordinary scrap-books have numerous objections. The paste is not always at hand with which to paste in the clippings. Properly paging and indexing the matter is almost impossible. The partly filled and confused pages are inartistic and often appear slovenly. To make a most useful and beautiful scrap portfolio, which has none of the objectionable features named, procure an ordinary scrap-book and a quantity of strong envelopes. Paste the envelopes the address side down, on to the many pages of the scrap-book. Two or more envelopes may be placed on a page, according to size and fancy. The envelopes are then to be lettered "A," "B," "C," etc., on the flap that opens. This should be done neatly and should be made very artistic. Below the envelopes may be written the words "Art," "Business," "Christianity," "Poetry," "Temperance," and many other subjects, according to the articles that are to be inserted.

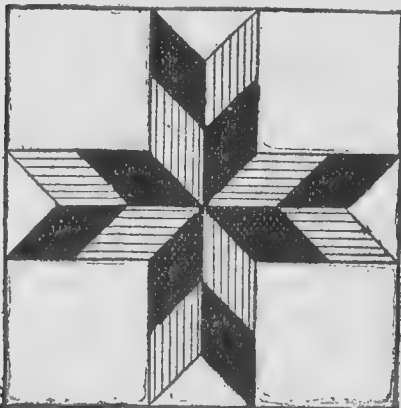
Between the envelopes any pretty decorations dictated by fancy may find room. Many ways for beautifying these open spaces will present themselves to everyone. Autumn leaves, pressed flowers, sketches, and even autographs may find place there.

The material of the envelopes may range everywhere from heavy paper to those covered with fancy silks.

The clippings as soon as found are to be neatly trimmed and folded and placed in the proper envelopes. When one is wanted, one turns to the new scrapbook with a light heart as "to my lady's chamber," knowing that everything has its own pretty place.

"Diamond Star" Quilt Block.

Use medium and dark scraps for the star, and white for the squares and



Diamond Star Quilt Block.

half-squares around the edge. The quilt may be all of pieced work or set with alternating plain blocks or strips.

Description of Stitches in Knitting.

Knit (k.) is to knit plain.
Over (o.): Put thread over needle to make an extra loop or stitch.
Narrow (n.): Knit two stitches together.

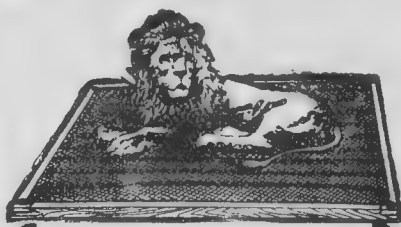
Purl (p.) or seam (s.): Knit with the thread in front of needle; this is the reverse of plain knitting.
Purl-narrow (pn.): Purl two stitches together.

Fagot (f.): Over twice, purl two together.

Slip, narrow and bind (sl. n. and b.): Skip one stitch, narrow, then draw the slipped stitch over the narrow one, letting it fall between the needle.

Slip and bind (sl. and b.): Slip a stitch, knit one, draw slipped stitch over knitted one. To bind or cast off repeat.

Stars (**) and parenthesis () indicate repetition; thus: * over, narrow, repeat from * twice, is the same as saying over, narrow, over, narrow; while (over, narrow) three times is the same.



Hercules Spring Beds

—Five Times Stronger

Prof. Wright, of the Toronto School of Practical Science, found that one pound of "Hercules" fabric was five times stronger than one pound of the fabric used in ordinary makes.

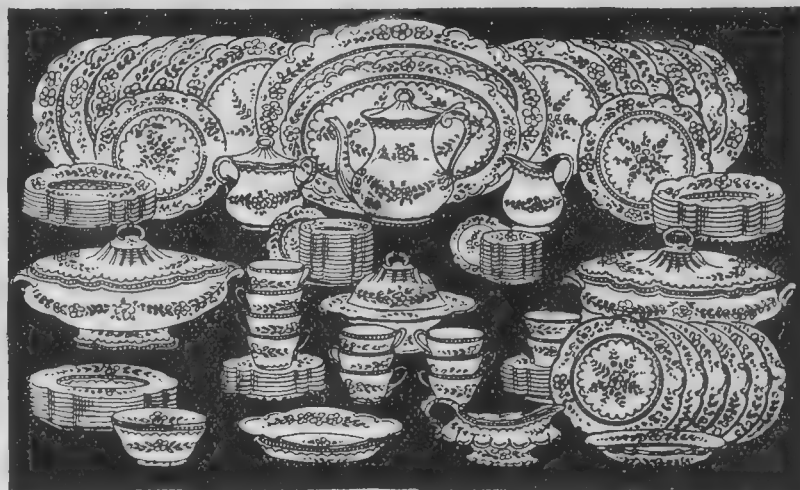
Test the "Hercules" in your own home—for 30 nights. If not all you wish, your dealer will give you your money back. Look for the name on the frame. And see the guarantee is also on the frame.

87

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE
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Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

FITS

I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail.
Dr. S. PELLEY, 4314 Park St., Chicago, Ill.



FREE HANDSOME 97-PIECE FREE DINNER AND TEA SET FREE

\$1,000 Reward paid to any person who can prove we do not mean what we say. This is a chance of a lifetime. An honest proposition. We will give away, free, 1,000 Dinner and Tea Sets, beautifully decorated in blue, brown, green or pink, each set 97 pieces, latest design, full size for family use, to quickly introduce Dr. Armour's Vegetable Pills, the famous Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Unhealthy Blood, Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and beautify the complexion. We will make you a present of a complete 97-piece set, exactly as we claim, or forfeit our money. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes Absolutely Free.

ALL WE ASK YOU TO SELL IS 10 BOXES AT 25c. A BOX

of Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills according to our plan. Every one who buys a box of Pills from you receives a present. We send 10 handsome pieces of Gold-finished Jewellery to give away with the medicine. You can sell the medicine quickly this way. Don't miss this Grand Opportunity. Write us to-day and agree to sell the 10 boxes and return the money, \$2.50, to us. We trust you with the Pills till sold.

We are bound to introduce Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills no matter what it costs us. When we say we will give away these handsome sets of dishes we will do it. We arrange to pay all charges on the dishes to your nearest station. Don't miss this great opportunity. Write to us at once.

Remember our dishes are beautifully decorated and are boxed, packed and shipped free of charge. Address The Dr. Armour Medicine Co., Dish Dept. 54 Toronto, Ont.

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are the Most Companionable Home Instruments

You have seen pianos that look like so much extra furniture in the home, never suggesting comfort or enjoyment, and the tone sounds cold and dispiriting. But the

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are a delight to the eye, attract you to the key-board, and the tone caresses your fingers into wandering over the keys which give forth music as mellifluous as a harp or as grand as an orchestra. The Gourlay is like a pleasant companion in the home, you want to sit beside it and let it tell you its innermost soul. It is the symbol and servant of comfort and perfect enjoyment.

If you see and hear the Gourlay you'll set your heart on owning one. We make that easy enough. If you can't pay cash in full, we arrange.

Special Payment Plans

to suit any purse. We ship on approval anywhere in Canada.

Gourlay, Winter Leeming

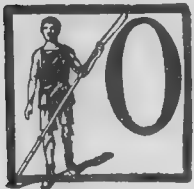
Mr. Alfred A. Codd, Winnipeg Manager,

invites all interested in Pianos or Organs, from a purchase or musical standpoint to inspect the Gourlay Piano at the Winnipeg Warerooms,

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182 YONGE ST., TORONTO



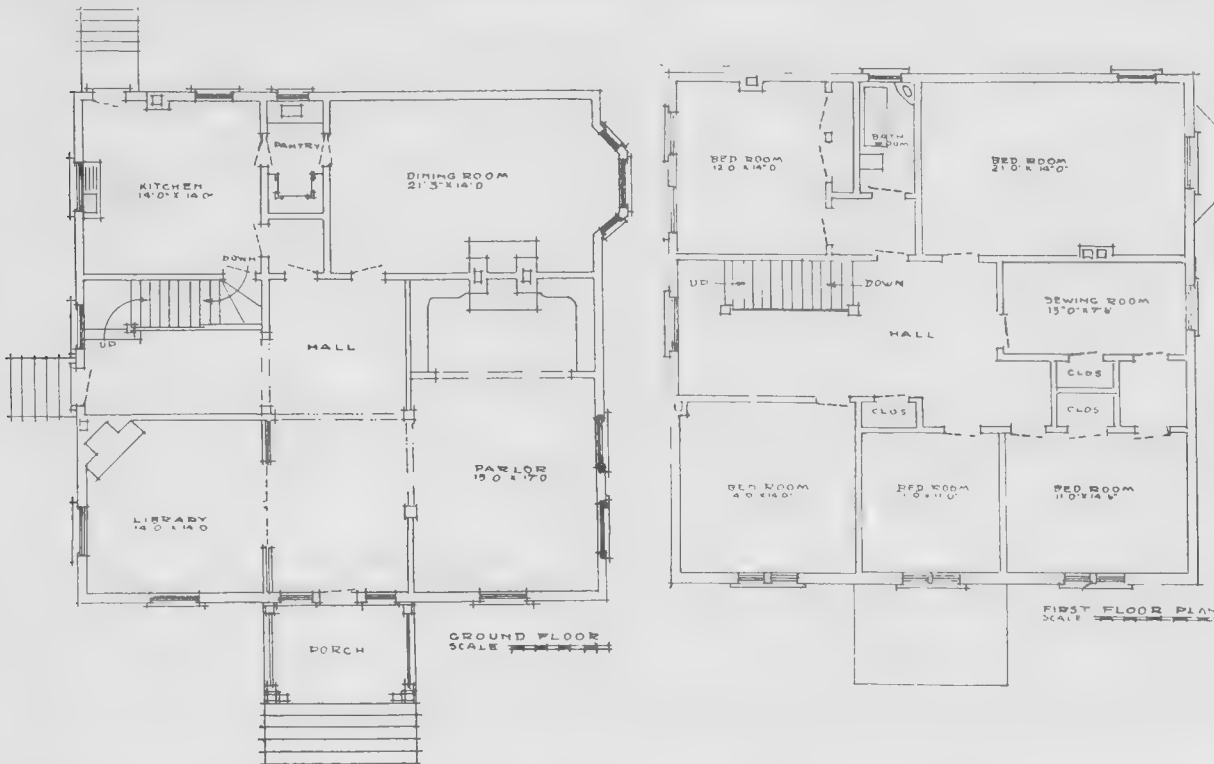
ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This design represents an old fashioned country house of combination brick and frame with stone trimmings. The portico with its pergola effect and trailing vines makes a unique and handsome entrance. The door is in the centre, with a colonial window on each side, giving a fine light reception hall. To the right is a living room, the farthest end of which forms an angle nook with huge fireplace. Note how comfortable is

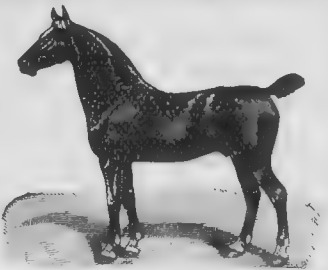
this arrangement with its lowered ceiling and cozy seats. There are three windows which give a cheerful appearance. Housekeepers may contradict me here as they think of faded draperies, but the tonic of the sun is best purchased at such a price. The dining-room is behind the living room and the pantry is at end of the hall, between dining room and kitchen. The back entrance is to kitchen. This is an admirable home for a physician, as

callers can obtain access to the library or office from the side entrance without disturbing any members of the family. Here also is a fireplace. The plan shows the library door opening off the reception hall, but another could be made into side entrance hall. To the left of hall is staircase. The bedrooms should be very cheerful. It ought to be remembered that they are not only sleeping rooms but rooms where a sick person may have to lie for weeks. The walls look best in quiet tones and finished with a frieze, rather than patterned wall papers. The basement is under entire house, has concrete floor and necessary fittings. Plumbing is first class as this is most economical in the end. Heating may be hot air or hot water. This style of house is easily heated, being so compact.



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Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock,
Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind
Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin,
Ringbone and other bony tumors.
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Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
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per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by ex-
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GOOD TAILORING

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PRICES are as follows:—

Frock Coat and Vest ..	\$16
Dress Suit (Silk-lined) ..	\$21
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A choice of Tweeds, Flannels, Cheviots and Serges
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In 8 sizes, churning from 1/2 to 30 gallons.

Improved Steel Frame Patent Foot and Lever Drive

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Easy to operate. Bolts throughout in place of wood screws. Superior in workmanship and finish. **No other just-as good. Accept no substitute.** If not sold by your dealer write direct to us.

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UNTIL YOU INVESTIGATE "THE MASTER WORKMAN," a two-cylinder gasoline, kerosene or alcohol engine, superior to any one-cylinder engine; revolutionizing power. Its weight and bulk are half that of single cylinder engines, with greater durability. Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run. Quickly, easily started. Vibration practically overcome. Cheaply mounted on any wagon. It is a combination portable, stationary or traction engine. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Mrs. Meagher and 15th Sts., Chicago. THIS IS OUR FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

\$3 a Day, Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 808, WILSON, CAN.

Look into this roofing question



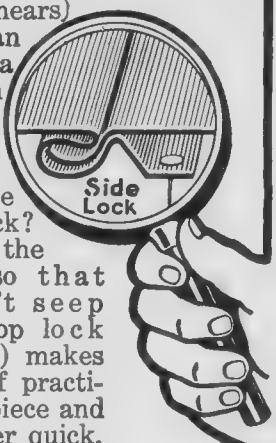
Get book on "Roofing Right" and see how little risk you take when you roof any building with

"OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES

Sold under a plain GUARANTEE that keeps your roof good for 25 years. With decent care, an Oshawa-Shingled roof will last a CENTURY.

Easy To Put On

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Fleming's

Fistula and Poll Evil Cure—even bad old cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in

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Write us for a free copy. Ninety-six pages, covering more than a hundred veterinary subjects. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated.
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58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

Poetry of the Hour.

The Nereid.

I saw one night a Nereid white
Arise from her coral caves.
Her sea-green curls were pale with pearls,
And her limbs were veiled with the waves.
Through the moonlit foam I saw her come
Up the billow-haunted shore,
And faint and sweet I heard her feet,
Foam-like, through the surf's long roar;
While ever the wind and the rolling waves
Kept time to her song of ocean caves,
That she sang to her harp of mist and moon,
Of moonbeam shell, this ocean tune—

"Come follow, come follow, to caverns hollow,
That sound with the sighing sea!
Come follow me o'er the waters hoar!—
Come away, come away with me!
Come follow, O, follow, to grottoes hollow,
And caves that are ocean-whist,
Where the sea-weeds twine and the star-fish shine,
And the rosy corals twist.

"Come follow me home on the wandering foam,
That rolls my world above!
My bosom shall bear thee safely where
The sea-nymphs dream of love.
They will lie at thy feet, and thy heart shall beat
To the music of their sighs;
They will lean to thy face, and, like stars, thou shalt trace
Their radiant, love-lit eyes.

"Come away, come away! where, under the spray,
The halibut glows,
The nautilus gleams and the sponge-grove dreams,
And the crimson dulse like sunset streams,
And the coral-forest grows.
Come away to my caves, my emerald caves,
From the moon and the sun deep hid!
Forget the world, down under the waves—
The world of the man that sighs and slaves—
Forget the world, there under the waves,
In the arms of a Nereid!"

By Madison Cawein, in the Smart Set.

Nobody to Blame But Yourself.

You married a maiden you thought to be rich,
And found that she hadn't a dime,
And, yoked to a flighty, extravagant shrew,
You bewail your sad lot all the time;
You dream of a girl who was pure as a pearl,
And roguish and shy as an elf,
And think of the bliss that you managed to miss—
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

You went into Wall Street, that maelstrom of trade,
To tilt with its captains of fame;
You dipped into wheat without waiting awhile
Till you mastered the points of the game.
And you woke up one morning to find to your woe
You had neatly been shorn of your pelf,
Like all of the lambkins that nibble at shares,
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

You try to get into society's whirl,
And so live in excess of your means,
And keep in your stable a carriage and pair,
And exist on a diet of beans,
Afraid to remember the half of your debts,
And with nothing put by on the shelf,
With the worry each day you are fast turning gray—
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

You started in life on the road to success,
A youth well equipped for the ride;
But the sparkle and froth of the bottle and glass
Too often enticed you aside.
And now with your prospects all blighted and dead
You find yourself laid on the shelf
With the broken and useless old junk of the world—
But nobody's to blame but yourself.

At last when your gilded and giddy career
Has come to an end, and, behold!
A trembling and suppliant spirit you stand
And knock at the portals of gold,
Looking out of a heaven as brilliantly blue
As your grandmother's dishes of delf.
St. Peter will answer—"You cannot come in,
But nobody's to blame but yourself."

—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

The Moods.

The Moods have laid their hands across my hair;
The Moods have drawn their fingers through my heart.
My hair shall nevermore lie smooth and bright,
But stir like tide-worn seaweed, and my heart
Shall nevermore be glad of small, sweet things.—
A wild rose, or a crescent moon,—a book
Of little verses, or a dancing child.
My heart turns crying from the rose and book,
My heart turns crying from the thin bright moon,
And weeps with useless sorrow for the child.
—The Moods have loosed a wind to vex my hair,
And made my heart too wise, that was a child.

Now I shall blow like smitten candle-flame;
I shall desire all things that may not be;
The years, the stars, the souls of ancient men,
All tears that must, and smiles that may not be.—
Yes, glimmering lights across a windy ford,
Yes, vagrant voices on a darkened plain,
And holy things, and outcast things, and things
Far too remote, frail-bodied, to be plain.

—My pity and my joy are grown alike;
I cannot sweep the strangeness from my heart.
The Moods have laid swift hands across my hair;
The Moods have drawn swift fingers through my heart.
—Fanny S. Davis, in The Atlantic.

I Want To Go Home.

I want to go home.
I want to go home.
To the nest in the woods.
I want the old things;
The traps in the brush,
The open savannas,
The pines and the brush;
I want the old friends—
The ten-year-old friends—
George, John, Bill and Joe.
I want to laugh and cry,
Be hungry and tired,
Be coddled and scolded,
In the same old way.
I want the old sights,
I want the old sounds,
I want the old nights
And the broad cheery hearth;
And I want the old folks,
By the broad clay hearth.
O, I want it all—
The old home; the old life.
—Harold Child, in Lippincott's.

Love's Rhetoric.

"Your lips are roses," said the youth,
And he was fairly near the truth.
Then she whose lips his praise had won
In the rose-guarded bower of bliss
Yielded the guerdon of a kiss.
And—half in earnest, half in fun—
Whispered between her finger-tips:
"I'm glad the roses are not lips!"
"Your eyes are stars," he said to her,
And, truth to tell, they almost were.
Then she whose eyes his praise had blest
In the star-scattered summer night
Gave him their tokens of delight.
And—half in earnest, half in jest—
Lisped to him softly, lover-wise:
"Dearest, I'm glad stars are not eyes!"
"No lips to tell, no eyes to see,
Save Love's own lips and eyes," said she.
Then he who praised her from above
Looked tenderly at star and rose,
And said: "Why, everybody knows
Mine were but metaphors of love;
Dumb is the rose, and blind the star";
Whereat she gasped, "How mean you are!"

Felix Carmen in Munsey.

The following lines were written by Mr. J. K. Fraser, editor of The Canadian Scotsman, on reading the account of the death of Leonard Lucas, the Crimean veteran, who was saved from burial in a pauper's grave by the intervention of The Canadian Club, Winnipeg:—

What shall they say in Britain
Should he sink to a pauper's grave,
Who dared war's fiercest terrors.
That the flag might o'er us wave?
What shall they say in Britain
Should he pass from mortal ken,
With no saluting volley,
Nor the measured tramp of men?
What shall they say in Britain
Should a British hero die,
Unwept, unsung, unhonored,
And under a British sky?
What shall they say in Britain
Should a veteran's sacred dust,
Pass to the grave unnoticed
As only a pauper must?

Dr. Slocum's Great Tonic and Disease Destroyer

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

Used in Thousands of Homes in Canada

THOSE WHO don't know what Psychine is and what it does are asking about it. THOSE WHO do know what Psychine is and what it does are using it. They regard it as their best physician and friend.

THOSE WHO use it are being quickly and permanently cured of all forms of throat, chest, lung and stomach troubles. It is a scientific preparation, destroying all disease germs in the blood and system. It is a wonderful tonic and system building remedy, and is a certain cure for

COUGHS,
LA GRIPPE,
Colds,
Pneumonia,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Weak Voice,
Sleeplessness,
Nervousness,
Malaria,
Anaemia,

Bronchial Coughs,
Chills and Fever,
Difficult Breathing,
General Weakness,
Female Troubles,
Fickle Appetite,
Hemorrhages,
Night Sweats,
Consumption,
Catarrh of the
Stomach.

All these diseases are serious in themselves, and if not promptly cured in the early stages are the certain forerunners of Consumption in its most terrible forms. Psychine conquers and cures Consumption, but it is much easier and safer to prevent its development by using Psychine. Here is a sample of thousands of voluntary and unsolicited statements from all over Canada:

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited:
Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to advise you of the remarkable cure effected by your Psychine and Oxomulsion, which have come under my personal observation. Three men, well known to me, Albert Townsend, Hazel Hipson and John McKay, all of Shelburne County, were pronounced by the best medical men to have consumption, and to be incurable and beyond the reach of medical aid. They used Psychine and Oxomulsion and they are now in good health. I feel it a duty I owe to suffering humanity to state these facts for the benefit of other sufferers from this terrible disease.

Yours very truly,
LEANDER MCKENZIE, J.P.,
Green Harbor, N.S.

Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is for sale at all up-to-date dealers. If your druggist or general store cannot supply you, write Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN

NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Thousands of Common Cases of Catarrh Result in Consumption and Death Every Year.

Gauss Combined Treatment Quickly Cures Catarrh—You Can Try It. Free And Prove It.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw



Catarrh, Bad Breath, K' Hawking and Spitting Quickly Cured With Gauss Combined Treatment.

throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 8240 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

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Marshall, Mich.

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where with practically no capital he can soon be a very prosperous man.

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DEPT. R.

Round the Evening Lamp.

Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, &c.

No. 1.—PROBLEM.

If a certain book contained five more pages with ten more lines on a page, the number of lines would be increased 450; but if it contained ten pages less with five lines less on a page, the whole number of lines would be diminished 450. How many pages and lines on a page does the book contain?

No. 2.—WORD SQUARE.

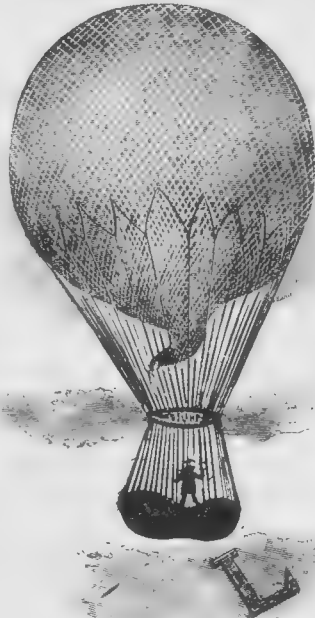
A word square consists of a certain number of words of the same length placed one beneath another in such manner that they will read the same across and downwards.

- | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|
| * | * | * | * | * | 1. A servant. |
| * | * | * | * | * | 2. Ablaze. |
| * | * | * | * | * | 3. Captives. |
| * | * | * | * | * | 4. Smells (verb). |
| * | * | * | * | * | 5. To punish with a fine. |
| * | * | * | * | * | 6. Inferior. |

No. 3.—Alphabetical Puzzle.

1. Which letter is the most inquisitive?
2. Which letter has wings?
3. Which letters do lazy folks like?
4. Which letter do oxen know?
5. Which letter grows in the garden?
6. Which letter is often drunk?
7. Which letter is out of fashion?

No. 4.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



The above picture illustrates a flight of fancy.

No. 5.—RIDDLE.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old.
I'm often in tatters and oft decked with gold.
Tho' I never could read, yet lettered I'm found.
Tho' blind I'm enlightened; tho' loose I am bound.
I'm always in black and I'm always in white.
I'm gray and I'm gay and I'm heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ: I'm thick and I'm thin.
I've no flesh, I've no bones; yet I'm covered with skin.
I've more points than the compass; more stops than the flute.
I sing without voice; without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch.
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much.
I often die soon, tho' I sometimes live ages—
And no monarch alive has so many pages.
No. 6.—Old Style Conundrum.
By what process can you turn a teatable into food?

No. 7.—BEHEADED RIVERS.

1. Behead a river and get a preposition.
2. Another, and get a girl's name.

3. Another, and get a boy's nickname.
4. Another, and get a fine whetstone.
5. Another, and get a very wise man.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the March number of the Western Home Monthly.

Answers to January Puzzles—

No. 1. Word Puzzle.—The word of five letters is "Spear": sap, are, pea, asp, sea, par, ape, ear, pear, pare, reap, sear, spare, rase, parse, era, rasp, raps.

No. 2. Problem.—20 miles.

No. 3. Pyramid.—C

A L E
T R A I L
C H A R I S I
H Y D R A N G E A

No. 4. Pictorial Enigma.—"Evil communications corrupt good manners." Curs, ruin, devotion, map, grain, common, closet.

No. 5.—Transpositions.—1. Crane. 2. Tumbler. 3. Flounder. 4. March. 5. Rifle. 6. Scruple. 7. Slide. 8. Ring. 9. Mine. 10. Bay.

No. 6. Pictorial Transposition.—Co-exists (six cotes).

No. 7. Riddle.—Glass.

No. 8. Puzzle Story.—The six young ladies were Hannah, Ada, Eve, Anna, Bab and Nan. The three lads were Bob, Otto and Asa. Noon, Madam, bub, sis, nun, tenet, deed, minim, aha, eye, tat, civic, gig, tut-tut, level.

Modern Fables.

There was once a steer that was a wonder from the time of his childhood. When he was a yearling he out-weighted any 2-year-old in his township, and before he was 3 he could make a steer that weighed a ton look like 30 cents. Then a man bought him and took him round to a country fair and exhibited him to the people at 10 cents per look. And still the steer continued to get bigger and bigger until it was necessary to knock out the side or a barn to let him in. And the steer grew proud and haughty on account of all this public notice and concluded as he chewed his cud that he was about the best thing that ever came down the pike. Finally his owner concluded to go out of the show business and decided that he would sell the steer at auction. There was a rattling big crowd at the sale, for everybody in the state had heard of the steer. The crowd, in fact, was so big that it blocked the street so that it was necessary to call the police to clear the road for the street cars. As the fat steer looked around on that crowd and heard the bids he said to himself, "I am certainly a very warm number. The governor couldn't attract half as big a crowd as this." Finally he was bought by a local butcher and led carefully away to a stall in a cattle shed. In the next stall was an undersized runt of Texas parentage which would weigh about 650. The great steer sniffed at the runt as he was led into his stall, but the runt only said as he gathered in another wisp of prairie hay, "You think you are a great many just now, by beauty, but unless I am badly off my trolley, I can see your finish within the next 24 hours." And within 10 hours after this the carcass of the great steer was hanging up on exhibition in front of the butcher shop with a tag attached stating that the choice cuts from this carcass could be had for \$1 per lb. Then the runty Texas steer tossed its head in triumph and said, "What did I tell you?" In less than two months the runty Texan was filling tin cans and being devoured by an unsuspecting public under the impression that they were eating choice roast beef.

Moral: All classes get it in the neck sooner or later.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Makes a Fortune

Started a Few Years Ago with no Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 3191, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.



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Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.



Worships His False God, Whiskey—Wife in Tears—Children Neglected—Home Forgotten—Life a Lingering Death—And Drink Did It All. The Drunkard Cannot Save Himself—You Women Must Do It For Him.

A new tasteless and odorless discovery which can be given secretly in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge.

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If you fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and send it to me. I will send you absolutely free, by mail in plain wrapper, a trial package of my Golden Remedy. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address:—Dr. J. W. Haines, Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Your choice of 5 new designs

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Address CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, H. M.

Home Journal TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED AT ONCE on salary and expenses one good man in each locality with rig, or capable of handling horses, to advertise and introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry specifics. No experience necessary; we lay out your work for you. \$25 a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write, W. A. Jenkins Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

Temperance Talk.

The Bar.

A poet has said of the public-house that it is appropriately called a bar:

A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well;
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health,
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair!
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to home that joy imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.

Temperance Notes.

The reign of crime in San Francisco since the saloons were reopened is almost unparalleled. The city is well-nigh as wicked and lawless as in the vigilance committee days. The ruined city is at present at the mercy of thugs, and the government is in almost open sympathy with them.

The relation of pauperism to intemperance seems very plain to the people of Japan. In Great Britain there are 1,000,000 paupers, while Japan has only 25,000. When someone expressed surprise at the great disparity and wondered why in Japan there is so small an element of pauperism in proportion to population, the reply of a Japanese statesman was: "That is because while the Japanese drink tea the British people drink alcohol."

There are five great liquor organizations in the United States. These five organizations are, of course, in league, and usually supply men, money and literature in every local contest where there is a possibility of the saloon being defeated. One organization, the Protective Bureau, so-called, is chiefly a distributing agency for saloon literature, edited by Cyrus C. Turner, with headquarters in New York. According to The American Brewers' Journal, during 1902-1905 this bureau sent out fifteen different tracts, aggregating more than 10,000,000 pages. Most of this is mailed directly to voters, whose names and addresses are furnished by friends of the trade.

The average rate of license taxation in 122 towns of the United States having a population exceeding 30,000, is \$835, as against an average of \$175 charged to similar towns in Great Britain. If the comparison be made with particular states or certain geographical divisions, the difference is even more pronounced. The average license duty in twenty-one New England cities, says The Independent, is ten times the average rate in similar cities in the United Kingdom. Naturally, the revenue thus received is much greater in this country than in Great Britain. In the 164 British towns having a population of 30,000 and upwards, the proceeds from this source is approximately \$4,080,000; whereas, in the 122 American towns of the same size it is \$36,975,000, or more than nine times as much.

Mr. Tennyson Smith, whose successful tour in this country was terminated by the death of his wife, whose remains he conveyed to England in order to lay her to rest in their native land, took a lengthy rest after his arrival there in August, but has been continuously at work since the middle of September, and his reception in his native land must have been very gratifying to him, for it has been of a most flattering character. The Manchester Dispatch says: "Mr. Tennyson Smith has had a great reception on recommencing work in his native land, and the Press chronicles the fact that in the various towns visited splendid demonstrations have been made to welcome him on his arrival at the railway stations; processions of temperance societies, with their banners, accompanied by bands, have escorted his carriage to the hall. Reception teas have been held, with addresses of welcome delivered by ministers and representative temperance friends. Crowded gatherings have followed in every instance, and in many places numbers have been turned from the doors." Mr. Tennyson Smith's tour in this country has evidently been most helpful to his work in his native land and to the cause of prohibition there, for as the result of his investigation of the matter, under an official appointment from a British organization, he has been able to refute the statements made and recently reiterated by Mr. Sherwell that prohibition is a failure. Lengthy interviews have been published in several papers, in which he gives the result of his observations. He was in-

vited to give a special lecture on the subject in Manchester, England, in connection with the recent annual meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance. Mr. Smith is now in Canada, conducting a campaign against the liquor traffic. Later he will fulfill engagements in the United States.

It develops that in the Confederate Soldiers' Homes there are no beer canteens and never have been, and there has been comparatively little trouble on account of "outside resorts." The "outside resorts" are the dumping ground of the canteens. The Richmond Leader declares that this is "one of the compensations of poverty."

There seems to be no doubt that for some reason, whether moral or economic, the consumption of spirituous liquors by Englishmen is steadily decreasing. The Chancellor of the Exchequer recently stated in Parliament that the annual imports of wine from the principal sources of supply had decreased 4,000,000 gallons since 1900. The amount now drunk in the British Isles is but three pints per capita.

J. B. Martin, a Cincinnati hotel-keeper, and an enthusiastic prohibitionist, declares he will devote the proceeds of his Alaska mining properties up to \$500,000 yearly to the cause of prohibition in the United States. He believes that eventually the Prohibition party will wipe out the liquor traffic in America. The party heretofore has had not more than \$50,000 a year for carrying on its work. Martin is sole owner of mines on Douglass Island, Alaska, having gold ore veins comparable to those of the Treadwell mines. It is estimated that his properties will produce several hundred millions in gold.

"It ought to furnish convincing arguments for the temperance cause that fractures and other injuries, when occurring in habitual drunkards, are so frequently followed by fatal pneumonia," writes Dr. Haines, in Inebriety. "It must be the experience of all surgeons that an unexpected pneumonia frequently follows severe injury in such subjects. They seem to be particularly susceptible to this infection. Again, we must remember the possibility of pneumonia originating from traumatism of the chest. Indeed, it is sometimes observed that a right-sided pneumonia follows injury to the left chest wall, and vice versa. Pneumonia may follow an injury within forty-eight hours, or may occur later. Again, it is common for such pneumonia to be marked by a delirium very suggestive of delirium tremens, or true mania-a-potu may be present."

In a speech recently at the Bishops-gate Institute, Sir Victor Horsley gave some remarkable figures to show how the use of alcohol in hospitals was declining. In 1862 nearly \$40,000 was spent on alcohol in the London hospitals, and \$15,000 on milk; in 1902 the situation was almost exactly reversed, about \$15,000 being spent on alcohol, and over \$40,000 on milk.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society has adopted a new plan to fight the liquor traffic. It is distributing free to all who write and enclose a stamp a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in coffee or food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell the recipes, but give free copies to your friends. Their address is Room 68, Gray Building, Kansas City, Mo.

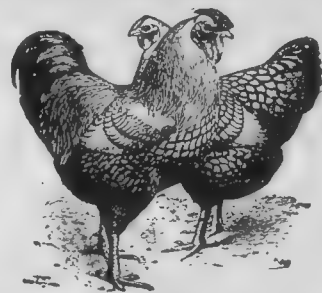
The chief organizations for promoting prohibition in Great Britain are the United Kingdom Alliance, secretary, Mr. W. Williams, 16 Deansgate, Manchester; The Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association; the Irish Temperance League, and the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance. Most of the other temperance organizations, although existing for other purposes, are in general sympathy with the legislative aims of the United Kingdom Alliance.

The following is taken from a temperance sermon delivered by the Rev. Munhall, the great evangelist: "I do not believe a glass of pure, distilled whiskey could be bought in the United States. Not enough hops are raised in the United States to make the beer used in New York City alone. A brewer was once asked how much beer he drank. He answered, fifty to sixty glasses per day, but he did not make a hog of himself. The alarming increase of Bright's disease and apoplexy is due to the use of beer and whiskey. Enough money is expended annually for flour to buy every working man a broadcloth suit, his wife a silk dress that would stand alone, pay off the indebtedness on his home, put a quarter of beef in his cellar, and a barrel of flour in his pantry, a hired girl in his kitchen, and \$25 in his pocket to begin life with. These hard times should be charged to the whiskey and beer account."

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Incubators and Brooders. It gives full instructions for operating all kinds of Incubators. This chapter is marvellously complete and worth dollars to anyone using an incubator. It gives descriptions and prices of Incubators, Brooders and all kinds of Poultry Supplies. In fact, it is an encyclopedia of chickendom and will be mailed to anyone on receipt of only 15 cents. Your money returned if not pleased.

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Remember, Foso actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff, insures a new growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, and changes gray or faded hair. I don't ask you to take my word for it. Fill out free coupon below and mail to-day.

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Fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail it to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 6127 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and by return mail you will receive prepaid a free 10 cent trial package that will delight you.

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It means improved health, greater comfort and protection against chill at all times and seasons.

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Obtainable from leading dealers in all chief cities.

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Among the Flowers.

To a Red Rose.

Scientists, dear rose, declare
That the royal red you wear
Is but borrowed of the sun,
And is lost when day is done.

Say if we, when sunbeams flee,
In the darkness you could see
As you then are, we would know
You have lost your crimson glow.

Lost it till approach of day
Slowly drives the dark away,
When your daily dress you don,
Putting your bright colors on.

But last night my feet you drew
By your fragrance sweet to you,
And I pressed you to my lips
Softly as the night-moth sips,—

Saying: "Dearest, I believe
Wiser men would but deceive
Us who love you, for I'm sure
In the dark your hues endure!"

"I believe that as none may
Where you found your fragrance say,
So may none tell truly where
You secured your colors fair.

"If your fragrance you can store,
To retain when day is o'er,
You can keep your lovely hue—
'Tis an innate part of you."

One-leaved Tulips.

The tulips that show but one leaf are too small to bloom. Under favorable conditions, however, they will develop in two or three years until they become of blooming size.

Potted Parsley.

A plant of Curled Parsley makes a handsome table decoration. The rich green mossy foliage is exquisite. A garden plant can be lifted and potted at any time when the ground is not frozen.

Wintering Hydrangea Hortensis.

The well known and beautiful Hydrangea hortensis is easily wintered in a frost-proof room or well-ventilated cellar. Water sparingly—merely enough to keep the soil from drying out.

Angle Worms.

When the soil in pots contains angle worms let it become rather dry, then apply a liberal amount of limewater to the soil. This will bring the worms to the surface, when they can be removed. This remedy is simple, but always effective.

Ice Plant.

The ice plant is easily grown from seeds. Give it a rather sunny bed of sandy soil, and avoid crowding and too much moisture. The plant is succulent, and gets much of its nourishment from the air. Failures with this plant are mostly due to strong, tenacious soil, liberal watering, and crowding or lack of ventilation.

Small Gourds.

Many of the small fancy gourds are very useful for a trellis, being handsome in foliage, flower and fruit. They are mostly graceful in foliage, and the flowers and fruit are showy and produced in great abundance. The fruits being richly and curiously colored, are valuable as toys for children during the long winter months.

Remedy for Pests.

The green fly or Aphis is the most troublesome pest of roses and other window plants. It is easily eradicated and kept away by dusting the infected foliage with tobacco dust, and applying chopped tobacco stems or tobacco leaves to the surface of the soil around the plant. To keep window plants in good condition an important part of the culture should be to syringe them at least once a week. This not only removes dust, but makes it impossible for pests to live and flourish.

Two Sowings.

A correspondent suggests that it is a good plan to make two sowings of such annuals as balsam, phlox, portulaca, poppy and larkspur, allowing an interval of three or four weeks. Plants of the second sowing will begin to bloom about the time earlier plants have exhausted their energy, and can be given their room, thus affording a continued bloom. The suggestion is worth considering.

German Iris.

There are many lovely varieties of German Iris, some with white, slightly tinted flowers, others with purple, dark blue, light blue, pale pink, yellow, yellow with dark reticulated falls, variegated, etc. They are all hardy and beautiful, and once planted will take care of themselves. The white Florentine Iris, the flowers of which show a faint tinge of lavender, is especially recommended for cemetery planting.

For a Northern Exposure.

For a permanent bed on the north side of the house plant Saxifraga petata, Iris, Hemerocallis in sorts, Day Lilies (Funkias), Hydrangea paniculata, Kerria Japonica and some perennial Phloxes. If a vine is wanted for that side of the house use Clematis paniculata, Akebia quinata, or Aristolochia sypho. All of these plants are hardy, and as they bloom at various seasons a succession of flowers will be assured.

Narcissus After Forcing.

After a narcissus bulb has been forced to bloom in the house in winter let it dry off when its foliage begins to fade, and keep the pot in a cool cellar until October, then bed the bulb out where it can take care of itself. It will hardly pay to care for a forced bulb as a pot plant afterwards. Get fresh, strong bulbs for window culture. The better satisfaction they give will more than repay the cost of new, choice bulbs.

Blistered Geranium Leaves.

Ivy-leaved geraniums are liable to the attack of a fungus which blisters the leaves and causes them to brown and die. There is no sure remedy. Flowers of sulphur stirred into the soil may be beneficial in avoiding an attack, but when the disease shows remove and burn infected leaves as soon as noticed. If you cannot get rid of the trouble by this means throw the plants away and procure healthy plants. Once the disease thoroughly penetrates a plant it can hardly be eradicated.

The Rose Bed.

A sunny exposure with some protection from the north and west winds, as a wall or a fence, is the best place for the rose bed. The soil should be spaded up deep, well enriched with cow manure, and if very tenacious should have a liberal dressing of sand, thoroughly incorporated. The plants should be obtained and set in spring or early summer, and during the heat of summer the bed should be given a top dressing of well-decayed stable manure. In the north a board frame with some dense brush (without leaves) thrown over will be found good protection. If more protection is needed place a large pailful of coal ashes around each bush, before applying the brush. In spring, after danger from frost is past, remove the frame and the ashes, and cut away any frost-nipped branches. You will soon be awarded by a fine growth of branches with buds and flowers.

Piles

Cured Quickly and Painlessly—No Risk, No Danger.

A Free Trial to Convince Sent by Mail to All Who Write.

Common sense is just as necessary (even more so) in medicine as in business or the affairs of every day life. People are getting to know more than they used to. Not so long ago, it was the fashion to make all sorts of claims for a medicine, and wind up by asking the reader to go to a drug store and buy a bottle. People won't stand for that kind of thing now. They want proof—tangible proof. They want to try the remedy first and if they find it to be what is claimed they will be glad enough to go and buy it.



A Convincing Argument.

That is why we say to every person suffering from piles or any form of rectal disease, send us your name and we will gladly send you a free trial package. For we know what the result will be. After using the trial you will hurry to your nearest druggist and get a 50ct. box of Pyramid Pile Cure, now admitted by thousands to be one of the most wonderful reliefs and cures for Piles ever known.

"Please excuse my delay in writing to you sooner in regard to what your Pyramid Pile Cure has done for me. I consider it one of the finest medicines in the world for piles. I suffered untold misery for four months when my wife begged me to send for a 50c. box. When it was half gone I knew I was better, and it didn't take any begging to get me to send for a second box. I think I am about well now, but if I feel any symptoms of a return I will order at once. I order it from the Pyramid Drug Co. to be sure of the cure. Tell all about this fine remedy for piles.

"And if there is anything in this letter you want to use do so. I received your letter a few days ago. Yours for a remedy like Pyramid Pile Cure.

J. J. McElwee.

Honey Grove, Tex., R. R. 9, Box 29.
"P. S. I only used two boxes and don't think I need any more. Piles of seven months' standing."

To get a free trial package send today, to the Pyramid Drug Co., 64 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Michigan. It will come by return mail and the results will both delight and astonish you.

FREE TWO 14K. GOLD.



Laid Rings set with elegant Jewels or plain engraved. Sell only 12 packages of Marvel Washing Blue, the great wash day help, at 10c. a package. We send handsome Gold-finished Scarf Pins and Brooches to give away with the Blue. Every lady needs bluing. When sold return us the money, \$1.20, and we will give you free two handsome 14k. Gold Laid Rings, plain, engraved or set with dark emeralds or brilliant, garnets and pearls. Send name and address. We trust you and send Bluing postpaid. No money wanted till goods are sold. We take back all not sold. Address: The Marvel Bluing Co., King Dept. 55, Toronto, Ont.

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and, mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver and excretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles, and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin diseases as this remedy.

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers" will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers, a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

Send your name and address today for a free trial package and see for yourself.

F. A. Stuart Co., 57 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

The Home Doctor.

Find Something Good To Do.

When the world goes wrong, and life seems to hold few joys for you
And the days with toil are rife,
Then find something good to do

When the stream of life flows rough,
Aim to make it smooth and true;
For the way is clear enough,
Just find something good to do.

When your skies are dull and gray,
Make them blossom forth anew;
All along life's rugged way
There is something good to do.

Do not stop to grieve or fret,
Time is precious, toilers few;
Care and wrong you'll soon forget
When you've something good to do.

When the days are dark, oh then,
Keep life's pleasant things in view;
For the sun will shine again,
If you've something good to do.

God will bless each kindly deed
Of His toilers, many or few;
He will bless the hearts that heed
And find something good to do.

A soft chamois shield for corns and bunions affords immediate relief.

Proper Position for Sleeping.—The right side should be the position chosen for sleeping, as it aids both digestion and circulation of the blood.

Salt As a Remedy.—The use of hot water to which salt has been added is excellent for tonsillitis, and cloths, wet with hot salt water, applied outwardly.

Sunshine a Health Giver.—Don't keep the sunshine out of your house for fear of fading the carpets or the draperies. Every room should, if possible, have an inlet of pure air and sunshine.

The best all-round inhaler is the nose, and the best inhalant is pure air. When these are properly employed, manufactured inhalers and inhalants have to go begging.

Sore Throat.—Take a lump of resin as large as a walnut, put it in an old tea or coffee pot, pour over it boiling water, put on the lid and put the spout in the mouth. The steam will cure the inflammation.

For Colds.—To three ounces of glycerine add one dram of aqua ammonia, and one ounce fluid extract of ginger. Take a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water an hour before each meal while the chilly feeling remains.

Coffee As a Purifier.—Coffee is a good air purifier. A little burned on coals will abolish the bad smells from a sick room and it is not nearly so disagreeable as the odor of woollen yarn, which is sometimes employed for that purpose.

Toothache.—A desperate case of toothache, unless connected with rheumatism, can be cured by the application of the following remedy: Two drachms of alum reduced to the finest of powder mixed with seven drachms of nitrous spirit of ether.

Sprained Ankle.—Pounded caraway seed put into a tin basin with a little hot water and cooked slowly over the fire until it thickens, when it can be applied to the ankle, binding it on firmly with a cloth, will take out the inflammation and ease the pain.

Foreign Substance in the Nose.—Children are often putting beans, corn and other small substances up their noses. Sometimes they can be easily removed by getting the child to open its mouth and when you blow into it hard the object will be expelled from the nostril.

For cough or hard breathing of children at night take tin cover, drop five or six drops of turpentine on it and place on top of lamp chimney. The fumes ease the throat and even the

lungs. Have used this also in cases of whooping cough and croup.—Martha Laude, Monticello, Ia.

Keep the windows sufficiently open so that fresh "night air" can come in from one side and the impure air can go out through the other. The upper sash should be down one inch and the lower sash up one inch for each person sleeping in the room.

Deafness.—Deafness, which is due to wax in the outer ear canal can be removed by taking away the wax. This can be done by syringing with warm water. If the wax has become very much hardened it will be a slow process and unless one is accustomed to doing anything of this sort it will be better to have your physician syringe the ears and remove the whole collection.

Preventive Against Colds.—Close the mouth and breathe through the nostrils, so that the cold air will be warmed by passing through the air chambers of the nose before reaching the lungs. One of the simplest and best remedies for a cough is within the reach of everyone, and that is deep, full breathing.

How to Breathe.

As we grow older, only our most intimate friends—and they not always—dare to tell us of our faults. How many times have you had occasion to say to yourself, "What a pity Mrs. So-and-So has nobody to tell her that she whistles most disagreeably when she breathes," or "If only anybody dared to inform Mrs. Tries-to-Please that, if she would keep her hands still, she would make an infinitely better impression."

To one who has really made an effort to learn how to use the breath, and who sees how little this wonderful healer and restorer is understood, it is incomprehensible that many people should regard information on the subject as almost impertinent. Everybody knows and will acknowledge that breathing is a somewhat important part of the human economy; but the implication that he does not do it rightly is frequently resented.

Not long ago, in a little gathering of women, who knew each other well and exchanged confidences with each other whenever they met, an interesting tale was told concerning this matter of breathing. It was so illuminating to all of those present that we pass it on for the benefit of others. Then, if they can find sensible hearers who will not "get mad" at the implication that they, perhaps, do not know how to breathe, it can be disseminated still more widely:

"A good many years ago," began one of the most vivacious of our number, "a member of my family was ill. The young doctor who treated him said much to him on the subject of breathing. 'I was once in a bad way,' said the doctor, 'from incipient tuberculosis, but I was cured by outdoor air in abundance and plenty of deep breathing. I was obliged to remain in the city, but I kept myself outdoors at least eight hours each day, and every time I crossed a street I took a deep breath through my nostrils, keeping my mouth closed. I held the breath until I reached the opposite curbstone, when I expired it slowly. I have been sound and well now for many years—but I still keep up my deep breathing, and it is of the greatest benefit to me.'

"We were all so much impressed by what the doctor said that we resolved to breathe more deeply, but it is a great bother to try to breathe right, and the matter soon slipped from our minds, though, no doubt, we might have saved ourselves many colds and other lung troubles if we had been willing to regard the doctor's homilies."

Tricked by Dyspepsia

The Doctor Couldn't Tell Where The Trouble Lay.

"For the past seven years I have been a victim of dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and have consulted the most noted specialists to be found on diseases of this character. None, however, seemed to locate the difficulty or give relief. In addition to this medical treatment, I have resorted to the use of many remedies and have given them faithful trial, but all to no purpose.

Upon the recommendation of a close friend, I purchased a 50c. package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and in less than five days noticed that I was receiving more benefit than from any remedy I had used before. I continued to use the tablets after each meal for one month, and by that time my stomach was in a healthy condition, capable of digesting anything which my increasing appetite demanded.

I have not experienced any return of my former trouble, though three months have elapsed since taking your remedy."

We wish that you could see with your own eyes the countless other bona-fide signed letters from grateful men and women all over the land who had suffered years of agony with dyspepsia, tried every known remedy and consulted eminent specialists without result, until they gave Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets a trial. Like the doctor above, they couldn't locate the seat of the trouble.

Dyspepsia is a disease which has long baffled physicians. So difficult of location is the disease that cure seems next to miraculous. There is only one way to treat dyspepsia—to supply the elements which nature has ordained to perform this function and to cause them to enter the digestive organs, supplying the fluids which they lack. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets alone fill these requirements, as is shown by the fact that 40,000 physicians in the United States and Canada unite in recommending them to their patients for stomach disorders.

We do not claim or expect Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure anything but disordered conditions of the stomach and other digestive organs, but this they never fail to do. They work upon the inner lining of the stomach and intestines, stimulate the gastric glands and aid in the secretion of juices necessary to digestion.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. One box will frequently effect a perfect cure. If in doubt and wish more adequate proof, send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a sample package free. F. A. Stuart Co., 61 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture, and for the next thirty days will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable home cure. FREE. Mark on the picture the location of your Rupture, answer the questions, and mail this to DR. W. S. RICE, 55 Church St., Block 308, Toronto, Ont.

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Do you wear a Truss?.....
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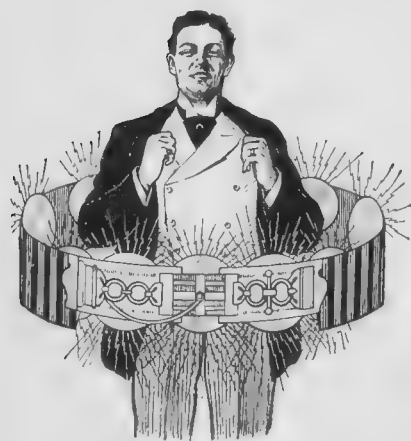
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STRENGTH FREE TO MEN



How to Regain it With- out Cost Until Cured.

Strength of body—strength of mind, Who would not possess it if he could? It is nature's greatest gift—our most valuable possession. Without this strength life is a failure, with it everything is possible. Almost every man was made strong, but few have been taught how to preserve this strength. Many, through ignorance, have wasted it recklessly or used it up excessively, leaving the body exhausted, the nerves shaky, the eyes dull, and the mind slow to act. There are thousands of these weak, puny,

broken-down men dragging on from day to day who might be as strong and vigorous as ever they were if they would only turn to the right source. Electricity cures these weaknesses. It gives you back the very element you have lost. It puts new life into the veins and renews the vigor of youth. For 40 years I have been curing men, and so certain am I now of what my method will do that I will give to any man who needs it my world-famed DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY, FREE UNTIL CURED. You pay nothing down, you deposit nothing, you risk nothing; but upon request I will furnish you with the Belt to use, and if it cures, you pay me my price—in many cases not over \$5.00. If you are not cured or satisfied, return the Belt to me and that ends it.

As I am the originator of this method of treatment and have made it a great success, there are many imitators of my Belt; but my great knowledge, based upon 40 years' experience, is mine alone. My advice is given free with the Belt.

This offer is made especially to men who lack strength and vitality, who have drains, losses, impotency, varicocele, etc., but I also give my Belt on the same terms to sufferers from Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Sciatica, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles.

Call or write for a Belt to-day, or, if you want to look into the matter further I have two of the best books ever written on Electricity and its medical uses, which I send free, sealed, by mail.

DR. W. A. SANDEN,

140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Hints for the Housewife.

Baked Sweet Apples.

Ripe sweet apples when baked slowly and eaten with brown bread and milk are a dish fit for a king and would be relished by any one

Dried Sweet Corn.

Boil corn for fifteen minutes and when it is cool, cut from the cob with a sharp knife, drying on pans, granite if you have them. Dry in the sun if possible, stirring often.

Chicken Fricassee.

Cut up chicken and cook until nearly tender, then add a cupful of boiled rice and the same amount of minced bacon; continue the cooking until the bacon is tender, then serve with the rice as a garnish.

Grease for Working Boots.

A grease for boots which is said to prevent sore feet entirely is made of four parts of lard, four parts of olive oil or cottonseed oil and one part of raw rubber (caoutchouc). These ingredients are melted together over a slow fire. Having moistened the sole of the boot with water, the boot is warmed in a stove or before a fire and smeared over with the compound. The boot is said to become soft, pliable, shining, waterproof and even more durable.

Ideas.

There is nothing nicer for cleaning potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips, beets, etc., than a small brush. A scrubbing with a brush removes more dirt than mere washing would do. The hands are saved from discoloration, and from much wear and tear.

It has been found that oatmeal furnishes earthy phosphates and other materials from which good milk is formed. It should prove the best food, when thoroughly cooked, for mothers who nurse their babies, supplying the best form of nourishment for the growing child, and providing for the inevitable drain on the mother's system during this period. Oatmeal should be eaten with cream or milk, but no sugar.

Here is a suggestion for a busy housewife: Have a comfortable chair for your own use with head rest, and use it as often as you can for rest only, with your hands dropped at your side, and your head thrown back. Place it in a cozy part of the room where the sunlight strikes.

Facts About Eggs.

Mrs. M. E. C. Bates, Traverse City, Mich., contributed an article on eggs and their uses to good housekeeping, receiving the first prize therefor in strong competition. The following extract from the article contains many valuable suggestions to housekeepers: The yolk of an egg alone is better for invalids, and will be frequently relished when the white would be rejected.

When cream cannot be procured for coffee, the yolk of a soft-boiled egg is a very good substitute.

To prevent the juice of fruit pies from soaking into the bottom crust, wash the crust over with a beaten egg before putting in the fruit.

When making frosting in warm weather, set the whites of the eggs on ice for a short time before using.

If the eggs you have to use for frosting are not quite as fresh as you would desire, a pinch of salt will make them beat stiffer.

The white of an egg, an equal quantity of cold water, and confec-

tioners' sugar—XXX—sufficient to make it the required consistency, makes a frosting which is very nice, and as it requires no beating, is very easily made.

When beaten eggs are to be mixed with hot milk, as in making gravies or custards, dip the hot milk into the beaten egg, a spoonful at a time, stirring well each time, until the eggs are well thinned, then add both together; this will prevent the eggs from curdling.

It is often a question what to do with either the whites or yolks of eggs which are sometimes left over after making cake, frosting, etc. Either will keep well for a day or two if set in a very cool place—the yolks well beaten and the whites unbeaten.

Whites or yolks of eggs may be used with whole eggs in any cake or other receipt calling for eggs, counting two yolks or two whites as one egg.

Sort out the little eggs and keep them for settling coffee, using the larger ones for cake.

When eggs are cheap and plentiful in summer, wash all those used in cooking before breaking. Save the shells and when a quantity are dry, crush them fine, beat half a dozen eggs well and stir them into the shells. Spread them where they will dry quickly and when thoroughly dry put in a thin cotton bag and hang in a very dry place. In the winter, when eggs are scarce and dear, a tablespoonful of this mixture put in a cup, a little cold water poured over it and left to stand over night or for half an hour or so in the morning before breakfast, will answer every purpose of a whole egg in settling coffee.

Egg stains can easily be removed from silver by rubbing with a wet rag dipped in table salt.

An egg well beaten and added to a tumblerful of milk well sweetened, with two tablespoonfuls of best brandy or whisky stirred in, is excellent for feeble, aged persons who can take little nourishment.

Eggs are valuable remedies for burns and may be used in the following ways: The white of the egg simply used as a varnish to exclude the air; or, the white beaten up for a long time with a tablespoonful of fresh lard till a little water separates; or, an excellent remedy is a mixture of the yolks of eggs with glycerine, equal parts; put in a bottle and cork tightly; shake before using; will keep for some time in a cool place.

To cleanse the hair and promote its growth, rub the yolk of an egg well into the scalp, and rinse out thoroughly with soft warm water.

The eggs of the turkey are nearly as good as those of the hen, and those of the goose are about as preferable for most culinary purposes. Ducks' eggs have a richer flavor, but are not as desirable to eat alone; they are, however, as good for all purposes of cookery, and for puddings and custards superior to any.

Try This.

To keep silver bright without constant cleaning, which is injurious to the plated articles, dissolve a small handful of borax in a dishpanful of hot water with a little soap; put the silver in and let it stand all morning; then pour off the suds, rinse with clear, cold water and wipe with a soft cloth. Or, try a tablespoonful of ammonia in cold soap suds—about a teacupful—and polish with a soft cloth. Silver can also be polished by rubbing with oatmeal or a little baking powder. Egg stains can be removed from silver with a cloth dipped in salt water. Powdered charcoal gives the knives a fine polish if applied after they are scoured clean.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

Boys and Girls.

With a First Reader.

Dear little child, this little book
Is less a primer than a key
To sunder gates where yonder waits
Your "Open Sesame!"

These tiny syllables look large;
They'll fret your wide, bewildered
eyes;
But "Is the cat upon the mat?"
Is passport to the skies.

For, yet awhile, and you shall turn
From Mother Goose to Avon's swan;
From Mary's lamb to grim Khayyam,
And Mancha's mad-wise Don.

You'll writhe at Jean Valjean's dis-
grace;
And D'Artagnan and Ivanhoe
Shall steal your sleep; and you shall
weep
At Sidney Carton's woe.

You'll find old Chaucer young once
more,
Beaumont and Fletcher fierce with
fire;
At your demand, John Milton's hand
Shall wake his ivory lyre.

And learning other tongues, you'll learn
All times are one; all men one race;
Hear Homer speak, as Greek to Greek;
See Dante, face to face.

Arma virumque shall resound;
And Horace wreath his rimes afresh;
You'll rediscover Laura's lover;
Meet Gretchen in the flesh.

Oh, could I find for the first time
The "Churchyard Elegy" again!
Retaste the sweets of new-found Keats;
Read Byron now as then!

Make haste to wander these old roads,
O envied little parvenue;
For all things trite shall leap alight
And bloom again for you.

Some Oddities of Well Known Men.

I ran across an article the other day giving some of the foibles of well-known literary men that interested me, and will, I think, interest us all. I think we have, all of us, known some man who lugged about a hard dried up knot of a potato, or a horse-chestnut to ward off rheumatism. Just how it was to be accomplished no one ever seemed to be able to tell, so we have our laugh at them, but here is quite a list of foibles. I give them as found in an exchange:

Keats liked red pepper on his toast.

Dickens was fond of wearing jewelry.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall.

Edgar Allen Poe slept with his cat, and was inordinately proud of his feet.

Daudet wore his eyeglasses when asleep.

Thackeray used to lift his hat whenever he passed the house of which he wrote "Vanity Fair."

Alexander Dumas, the younger, bought a new painting every time he had a new book published.

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite recreation was playing the flute, in order, he said, to tune up his ideas.

Robert Browning could not sit still. With the constant shuffling of his feet, holes were worn in the carpet.

Longfellow enjoyed walking only at sunrise or sunset, and he said his sublimest moods came upon him at these times.

Hawthorne always washed his hands reading a letter from his wife. He delighted in poring over old advertisements in the newspaper files.

Darwin had no respect for books, and would cut a big volume in two for convenience in handling, or he would tear the leaves he required for reference.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to carry a horse-chestnut in one pocket and a potato in another to ward off rheumatism.

Danger in Little Sleep.

Many energetic people seem to think that they can steal from their night's rest to accomplish their work. Sometimes it is unavoidable, as when a student has to prepare for examinations, and occasionally it probably

does no harm, but the regular practice of sitting up until late hours of the night is one of the silliest things a sensible person can do, says the Chicago Chronicle. An authority says: "There is no overstepping of the limit which is more dangerous than that of doing work which curtails sleep."

It is a common thing for girls in college and students in professional schools to lose sleep by working until after midnight. A certain well-known oculist, in speaking of this practice, said that he and his brother entered college together, that he himself worked like a "grind" and graduated with honors, while his brother was always at the foot of his class. "Now," he added, "my eyesight is forever impaired and my health is delicate, while my brother has made fully as much of a success in life as I, though in a different walk, and his eyes and health are absolutely perfect and likely to remain so until a good old age."

The end for which schools and colleges are intended—namely, a useful career in life—is defeated when one starts with weak eyes and a tired, overworked nervous system.

Of course, there is such a thing as too much sleep, but it's a decided mistake to rouse up an energetic young person or growing school child who has overslept. If the rest was not thoroughly needed he would probably not have overslept. "Work while you work and rest while you rest," is a good motto for all industrious young people.

What Not To Do.

Never bring a book or a letter to the table to read. It is allowable at a hotel or restaurant, where you are not anxious to form promiscuous acquaintances, but among friends the gaps should be filled in by cheerful conversation.

Separate fish bones before eating, but should one get into the mouth remove it by placing the napkin before the mouth.

Everything that it is possible to cut or break with a fork should be eaten without a knife. Do not overload the fork. And never put the knife into the mouth.

Do not speak with contempt and ridicule of a locality where you may be visiting. Find something to truthfully praise and commend; thus make yourself agreeable.

Do not contradict. In making a correction say, "I beg your pardon, but I had an impression that it was so and so." Be careful in correcting as you may be wrong yourself.

Do not be unduly familiar; you will merit contempt if you are. Neither should you be dogmatic in your assertions, arrogating to yourself much consequence in your opinions.

Do not be too lavish in your praise of various members of your own family when speaking to strangers; the person to whom you are speaking may know some faults that you do not.

Do not discuss politics or religion in general company. You probably would not convert your opponent, and he will not convert you. To discuss these topics is to arouse feeling without any good result.

Thinking, not growth, makes manhood. Accustom yourself, therefore, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To join thinking with reading is one of the first maxims, and one of the easiest operations.

A little thinking shows us that the deeds of kindness we do are effective in proportion to the love we put into them. More depends upon the motive than upon the gift. If the thought be selfish, if we expect compensation or are guilty of close calculation, the result will be like the attitude of mind which invited it.



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The whole idea of it is to regenerate the nerve cells and by reconstructing them to build up manly men full of Will Power and vibrating Health, Energy and Success.

It is not an ordinary Patent Medicine for the ignorant, idle, stupid or the credulous, but a course of treatment for thinking men and women who are willing to help to cure themselves—NEURASTHENIA—DEBILITY—EARLY DECAY—all yield rapidly to the BIOT.

By its use Will Power is developed to resist secret vice, The Drug, Alcohol and Cigarette Habits.

Send confidential description of case and full information will be given—No indecency—no scare literature—just a service of heart talks by a man who knows.

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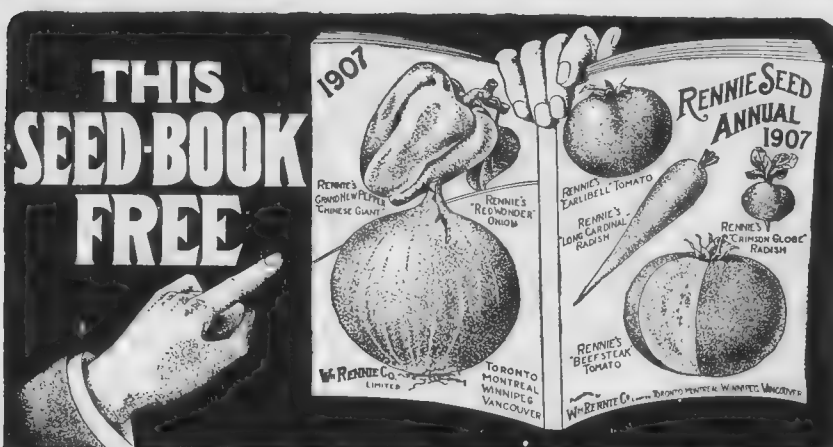
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Woman and the Home.

A Wife's Confession.

[After reading of the clergyman who omits the word "obey" from the marriage service.]
I lightly took the vow that day
We, side by side, stood at the altar,
And at that dreaded word "obey,"
Not mine to mumble or to falter.
Though other brides may shirk the word,
Such other brides but earn discredit:
By my firm voice it was not slurred,
And oh! I meant it when I said it.

I had full confidence that you
In happiest ignorance would linger,
That you were too responsive to
The twirling of a little finger.
Of disobedience not a sign
You found among my worst offences.
I vowed your lightest wish was mine,
And that was true—but in two senses.

If I disliked your stern behest
That stern behest was not contested,
For soon you would yourself suggest
What I had from the first suggested.
You plumed yourself with happiest air
To think you settled every question,
And issued orders, unaware
That each of them was my suggestion.

And so, of wisdom all compact,
Should every wife find joys come faster,
Content the while she rules in fact,
To hail "him" as her lord and master.
But well it is to understand
What happiness is to my plan due,
For I shall do as you command,
And you command as I command you.

A Word to Parents.

When your children come home with complaints about the teacher, do not encourage them in their fault-finding. Give them to understand that you have confidence in the teacher and no sympathy with their complaints. If parents would interest themselves more in the school, and give the teacher their sympathy and support in her efforts to do her duty by her pupils we would have better schools and the lot of the country school teacher would be much easier.

Parents should understand that children must be taught many things in school that are not found in books and the discipline of school counts for quite as much as book learning, and as the teacher in the country school cannot send the unruly child to the principal for correction, but must fight her battles alone, it is the duty of parents to uphold the teacher in the discipline which makes for the good of those who are under her control and leadership for the best part of the time during the school year.

To Prepare Round Steak.

Dust with salt and pepper a two-pound steak cut from the round. Such a steak will cost very much less than a sirloin or porterhouse. Put it into a double boiler. Melt in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, adding it to three tablespoonfuls of flour, and cook thoroughly.

Add to this some stock; if you have none prepared, cut the bone out of the steak and boil it in a little water; less than a pint is sufficient. Add to this one teaspoonful of minced parsley and a few drops of onion juice; then pour the mixture over the steak in the double boiler when it has become very hot.

Let it boil up very quickly, then so regulate the heat that the meat will merely simmer until tender. Add one cupful of oysters, or a few mushrooms, or a little minced ham, which always gives a good flavor.

Bachelor Friendships.

"If you are really anxious to learn how long a couple have been married all you have to do is to note whether his or her friends fill the house," said a woman who always makes good use of her bright brown eyes.

"At first a man invites all his bachelor friends to the house under the impression, which is invariably wrong, that they will like his wife and she will like them. Whatever the reason, most

women find their husband's bachelor friends dreadfully dull. There may be a pretense of liking them at the start, but that forced enthusiasm oozes out and the wives greet the visitors with cold handshakes. When a woman seems as bored as that, even the young husband realizes it will be a kindness to his old chums not to ask them around any more. Perhaps in his heart he knows they are dull, too, and that's what drove him into matrimony."

Decorating the Home.

Food, clothing and hygiene may seem to some the most essential things. I will not deny their convenience. I wish, however, to call the attention to the making pleasant of the home. There are more housewives who do their own work than there are who keep help. There are more who must, perforce, make the best of small means, and hence many go without the ethical part of the home life; there may be a small effort at decorating, but how few take thought about the pictures in the home. We can hardly pick up a magazine or paper in which we do not see pictures advertised. It is wonderful, too, the large choice one has and for the most nominal sums. So many reproductions of the choicest pictures in the world are furnished. A mother who considered herself too busy gave her 14-year-old daughter the privilege of selecting twenty-five small pictures from a catalogue. It was understood that they were to be choice ones, and all, or nearly all, of sacred subjects. The Madonna, by many masters; the Christ Child, the Boy Christ, and others by the most famous artists, were chosen. The young girl entered into it most heartily and she searched the catalogues and magazines for her choice. When she came across a picture that seemed desirable it was listed. The result was that when the package came there was not one seemingly common picture. They were surely very cheap, but all fine. In the true sense of the word, these pictures offered a good scope for the taste and talent of the girl. Passe Partout was used for some, others were cut out and made upon plaster of Paris panels. These are very simply made: wet the plaster of Paris with water to the consistency of cream, rather thick; barely moisten the face of picture and place it face down on whatever is to form the base and pour the liquid plaster of Paris over it, until it has a depth of about half an inch. Put in loops to hang by and set away to harden. It will cleave from the surface and the result is a beautifully mounted picture. A series of the various Madonnas made a good gift for a friend and formed the nucleus of a larger and better collection. The Boy Christ and the various scenes in His life—"Disputing with the Doctors," etc.—formed another group. The Good Shepherd, The Healing of Jairus' Daughter, etc., formed still another. This lot was but the beginning. To see just what the pictures were some very low priced ones were ordered at first, and this gave a chance for a better selection. There are many plans afloat for the coming year. When Christmas work will last all the year, the refining influence of these pictures can not be estimated. They fill a need in every common home, and until we can afford high priced pictures let us avail ourselves of these cheaper pictures. The home whose walls are well adorned with pictures is apt to produce better educated children, better satisfied grown folks, and to open the way to better achievements in the higher lines of life.

What they are doing for one young girl they may do for thousands of both girls and boys, and the sum required to get the pictures and paraphernalia for arranging them is so small it might well be spared even from a pretty flat pocketbook.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Graham Fruit Cake.—One cupful of sugar, sweet milk and raisins, one-half cupful of molasses, two and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a generous pinch of salt and spice to taste.

Creole Dish.—Two cupfuls of well-cooked and seasoned rice, two cupfuls of canned tomatoes, half a pound of raw ham minced and browned in butter; mix all together, add a dash of cayenne pepper, turn into well-buttered pan and bake.

Split Pea Soup.—Soak two cupfuls of split peas over night. In the morning place over the fire in two quarts of water, with a good-sized onion, allow to simmer until all is absolutely tender. Then add one cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste.

Potato Cakes.—Save from dinner a soup-plate of mashed potatoes; add to it half a tablespoonful of pepper, the same of nutmeg, if liked; a little salt and the yolk of an egg. Form into cakes; put in a buttered baking dish, brush the top with the white of an egg and brown in a quick oven.

Poached Eggs with Creamed Celery.—Carefully arrange poached eggs on rounds of buttered toast. Fill in the center of the dish with a pint of celery cut into inch lengths and cooked in boiling water until tender, then stirred into a cupful of cream sauce. Serve very hot. This is a light and nourishing breakfast dish.

Browned Parsnips.—Cut parsnips into inch cubes and cook till tender. Drain and brown in butter. When nearly done add a dusting of flour, and let this also brown carefully. Remove from stove and add a little milk or the water from the parsnips, making a brown gravy, adding more butter as necessary. Serve on toast.

Banana Custard.—An easily made dessert consists of sliced bananas over which is poured unsweetened custard. In making the custard allow three eggs to a pint of milk. Bake for about twenty minutes, when the custard will be firm and the bananas which rise to the top will be slightly browned. Serve with boiled brown sugar sauce.

Creamed Salt Fish.—Put a cupful of the shredded codfish in a strainer and pour boiling water through it, then stir it into one cupful of white sauce. Let it stand over hot water, and just before serving add one well-beaten egg. When prepared in this way, and eaten with a well-baked, hot, mealy potato, it will often prove more palatable than the more expensive breakfast of steak or chops.

Maple Sugar Rolls.—Make a crust by mixing two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of milk. Roll to an inch in thickness, spread with butter, then cover with a mixture made of chopped citron, chopped walnuts and a cupful of maple sugar. Roll up jelly-roll fashion, cut into inch slices and bake in a moderate oven.

Stewed Tripe.—Cut cooked tripe into small pieces. For two cupfuls put into a frying-pan two tablespoonfuls butter and stir to a froth with two tablespoonfuls flour. Add slowly two cupfuls rich milk, stirring all the time. Season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice. Add the prepared tripe and toss lightly until thoroughly heated. Turn into a heated, covered dish, and serve with baked potatoes.

Chicken Wiggle.—Put a tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish, add two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until smooth, adding gradually one and one-half cupfuls of milk; when thick add one and one-half cupfuls of cold boiled chicken (cut in small pieces), season with a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of cayenne pepper; last add a can of French peas, after they have been drained; serve on small squares of toast.

Macaroon Pudding.—Soak one dozen macaroons ten minutes in sherry wine, grape or orange juice, and then remove them. Beat two eggs slightly, and add five tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, one cupful of milk and one cupful of cream, one-quarter teaspoonful of almond extract and four finely-powdered macaroons. Turn this mixture into a pudding dish, arrange the soaked macaroons on top, cover and bake thirty minutes in a hot oven.

Steamed Golden Pudding.—Four ozs. of flour, two ozs. of sugar, four ozs. of finely shredded suet, two eggs, half a lemon, two ozs. of breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup. Mix the dry ingredients together, then beat up the eggs and stir in the syrup, also the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Pour into a buttered mold, tie

down with paper, and steam one and one-half hours. Set with a little hot golden syrup poured around.

Rice Waffles.—One teaspoonful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder, one coffee-cupful of cold boiled rice, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and three beaten eggs. Mash the rice fine, add the butter, then two teacupfuls of milk with the flour, and finish with the eggs. Beat all together. Have the waffle irons hot and well greased with butter. Fill three-quarters full and let the first side be well browned before turning.

Boiled Apple Dumplings.—Boil six good-sized mealy potatoes and mash very fine. Mix while hot with a pint of flour, using no water, or not more than a teaspoonful, then roll out upon the molding-board and cut in discs, leaving the middle portion thicker than the edges. Or make a dough by scalding four cupfuls of flour with enough boiling water to set it. Pare and core four apples. Fashion the dough about the apples; wrap and tie each one in a floured cloth and boil.

Oyster Canapes.—For six people cut two dozen oysters into small pieces. Put two level tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan or chafing-dish blazer, and, when melted, add a generous cupful of cream. Let it come to a scald, add oysters and one tablespoonful grated bread crumbs, with salt and pepper to taste. Have ready oblong pieces of bread cut a quarter of an inch thick and fried a golden brown in butter. Place in the bottom of a dish and pour the oyster mixture over them.

Plum Duff.—Mix in order given, one egg, one cupful molasses, one cupful milk, one cupful raisins (chopped), one teaspoonful all kinds of spice, half cupful butter (melted), three cupfuls dry bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of soda. Steam three hours in three-pound pail. Sauce: Half-cupful butter and one cupful sugar beaten to a cream, yolk of one egg, add one cupful of boiling water. When ready to serve beat in the beaten white of an egg. Hard sauce can be served on it if preferred.

Spice Cakes.—Cream well together one-half cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. To one cupful of thick sour cream add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one teaspoonful of boiling water. To the creamed butter and sugar add one well-beaten egg and, when well mixed, the cream. Stir in one cupful of seeded raisins, one-quarter cupful of corn-starch, two cupfuls of entire wheat flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-quarter teaspoonful of cloves. Pour over the batter into gem pans or a loaf pan, dust over a little powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

Apple Dumplings.—To make boiled apple dumplings, pare tart apples of good flavor and remove the cores; fill the holes with butter, sugar and a little cinnamon. Have ready a dough made of two tablespoonfuls of butter chopped into a quart of sifted flour, in which has been well mixed a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt, wet with two cupfuls of milk to make a soft dough, and roll to a thickness of a quarter of an inch. Cut into squares large enough to encase the apples; put an apple in each and fold together, pinching the edges tight. Tie up in small cloths, not too tight, and boil an hour, never allowing the water to stop boiling.

Jam Eclairs.—Cook together one cupful of water and one-quarter cupful of butter, and as soon as the boiling point is reached stir in all at once one cupful of flour, and keep stirring until the ball is made that cleaves free from the sides of the saucepan. Set aside to cool, then add, one at a time, four eggs, beating the batter well between each addition. Drop the batter in long, narrow strips two inches apart on a buttered tin, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. Open a door a few minutes after they are done before taking them from the oven. If they are slowly and well cooked they will not fall. When cool cut open the side and fill with any kind of jam. Spread a little white frosting on the top of each.

Coffee Fruit Cake.—Cream together one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of brown sugar; dissolve a teaspoonful of baking powder in two tablespoonfuls of warm water and stir into a cupful New Orleans molasses. Add to the butter and sugar mixture, together with a well-beaten egg and a teaspoonful each of allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg; sift three cupfuls of pastry flour and take from it enough to thoroughly dredge a quarter of a pound of shredded citron, three-quarters of a pound of cleaned currants and a pound of seeded raisins. To the butter, sugar and egg mixture add one cupful strong coffee. Add the flour, knead thoroughly, and lastly incorporate the fruit. Bake in buttered and lined pans in a slow oven.

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About the Farm.

Suggestions.

"The farmer's trade is one of worth, He's partner with the sky and earth, He's partner with the sun and rain, And no man loses by his gain. And men may rise and men may fall, The farmer he must feed them all."

Begin now to keep a cash account.

Men are great only as they are kind.

We have heard of the coreless apple, but where is the cobless corn?

Are you entering the year with a lot of last year's debts? Debt is the spigot that drains the cream off farm life, leaving the clabber.

If the farmer succeeds the country prospers, peace and plenty reign and the world rejoices.

Speak a good word for your friends—even if you can't talk where they will hear you.

You will never know how small some great men are until you have occasion to be great yourself.

The ideal farm of the future will be the one where father, mother and little folks are the happiest.

Keep a note book near you, and, as they come to your mind, make a list of the seeds you will need. Before you know it, it will be time to make garden again. Send for the catalogues and read them.

Peter has no solid footpath from the house to the barn, and so all winter he goes floundering through the snow, slush or mud. Isn't it queer? Five inches of coal ashes topped out with three inches of crushed stone would make him a clean walk every day in the year.

Dairy and Stock.

Some men who believe they have religion could never make their horses believe it.

If farmers only realized the importance of keeping the young stock growing, there would be more profit and less bad luck.

Are the cows in good trim for the work of the new year? Better get them so, because that will decide the outcome of your season's work.

If the horse could talk we may readily imagine the things he would say to the master who would leave him standing for hours hitched under the drip from a snow-covered roof.

Because the cow falls off in milk it does not follow that she is sick. There may be something wrong with her feed; look into that. Often it is the man and not the cow at all.

Start in with a few more hogs than you think you can carry through the summer. Feed them well as long as you keep them, and when milk begins to get short, turn some of them off. Money in it.

Mutton Chops.

Sheep should be kept in comfortable quarters at night during the winter.

They should be allowed a good range and plenty of exercise during pleasant days, but should be kept in out of all storms.

Keep the sheep pens dry with plenty of litter; put in fresh, clean straw often. Keep the pens level. Rake them over if they become tramped and unevenly packed.

Do not allow the wool to become damp. It takes a long time to dry, and may cause colds and pneumonia.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the matter of food.

The success with the early lambs depends upon the capacity of the mothers to supply milk. To insure this they must be fed on the proper variety of food.

The value of food depends upon its digestibility.

Too much dry food must not be given.

Sliced beets, turnips and carrots should be fed with the grain ration.

The hay should be carefully selected;

never give coarse or musty hay to sheep.

Clover is the best kind to feed to sheep, though fine old meadow hay is also good.

Never feed coarse timothy hay to sheep. Remove any hay or stubs that may be left in the racks, before giving a fresh supply.

Colts and breeding mares relish hay that has been picked over by sheep. By feeding this to them all waste is avoided.

Keep the drinking vessels absolutely clean, and give fresh water often.

Feminine Dairy Wisdom.

The chief cause of the difficulty of getting butter in winter, is that the cream is too cold or too old.

The temperature of ordinary farm cream in winter should be from 68 to 72 degrees.

If a separator has been used, from 2 to 4 degrees lower will often bring better results.

Another important condition to remember is not to have too much skim-milk in the cream.

Skim the pans or cans carefully, taking as little milk as possible in the process.

If cream has been allowed to become too old and bitter, it will be impossible to get good butter, or to churn in a reasonable length of time.

Proper temperature and rich cream are two important points.

In some cases, where cows have been milking for a long time, there is some difficulty in churning.

The addition of one or two fresh cows in the milking herd will often overcome the difficulty.

The best way to bring cream to the proper temperature, is by putting the cream can into a pail or tank of very warm water. Stir gently until the cream is of the proper temperature.

Never churn in a cold room. The butter will be cheesy if you do.

The churning room should be about the temperature of the cream.

Perfect butter can not be made in a kitchen where there are all the odors of cooking.

Give the cows all the comfort possible, if you expect to reap any profit during the winter.

Humped backs and staring coats will put the balance on the wrong side of the ledger.

Are your cows only grades? Make the most of them. Feed them well, care for them as well as you would thoroughbreds and improve your herd as fast as you can.

Keep the young things happy and growing.

Horse Talk.

Give the baby colts the choicest of the hay, a little at a time and many times a day.

Ground oats with some wheat bran, oil, meal and a little molasses, will be good food for them.

A stunted colt will never make so good a horse as one kept vigorously growing from the start.

The main point is to see that the weanling gets the most nutritious food, plenty of it, and the chance to eat it and digest it in peace.

Plenty of exercise should be given in the open air on all pleasant days.

The two-year-old colts should be handled in harness this winter.

It is true that the earlier the process is gone through, the easier it is for colt and owner, and the better broken the animal will be.

Use him in a light rig and let him do some of the "running around," and by spring he will be hardy enough to do a share of the lightest work.

It is easier to keep colts from learn-bad tricks than to break them of these habits. For that reason have every strap and rope used by the colts so strong that they cannot be broken. Once a colt finds out that he can get

away from a halter or other part of a harness, there will be trouble perhaps for all time.

The boys may want the farm horses to get-up-and-get when they are on the road. Hold them steady now. For all-round farm work, it is hardly wise to think exclusively of speed. There is a lot of work to be done on the farm in which speed is not the highest virtue.

Keep an empty salt sack in the stable, rub the driving horse with it every day, and see how his coat will glisten.

When driving a horse, make that your business. More horses are spoiled by slack drivers than in any other way.

Bristles.

The better you care for your porkers the better they will pay; but—don't stuff your pigs till they are pot-bellied.

Many farmers use a great deal of water and make the swill too thin for stock hogs.

Feed, to be satisfactory to hogs and make them contented, should possess reasonable bulk, and the digestive tract should be pretty well filled.

There is nothing better for the digestion and to furnish the desired bulk, than properly cured clover hay.

The hay should be cut and mixed with the desired amount of meal and moistened with hot or cold water; preferably hot water.

Hogs fed in this way will thrive much better than when fed a greater amount of grain mixed in a thin slop.

Hogs will greedily eat a bright lock of clover if given them occasionally.

Fresh, clean water should be given to the hogs every day to drink; also a good allowance of roots should be given them daily.

Every fine day give the brood sows exercise in the open air. Scatter a little shelled corn on the ground to encourage them to move around.

Give the brood sows warm, dry sleeping quarters. Be sure that there are no drafts in the pens. Hogs are subject to pneumonia if exposed to cold and drafts.

Look out for drafts of icy wind under the floors.

Do not attempt to keep a number of brood sows in the same pen. As they grow heavy, separate them. Crowding may cause abortion.

If you are troubled with lice on the hogs, use kerosene emulsion. Spray the hogs and spray the pen.

In order to make a success of hog raising, every animal must be attentively watched, and every small detail of the business carefully attended to.

Poultry Yard.

Regularity in the performance of the work is important.

System simplifies the work and brings order out of chaos.

A reputation for honest goods and honest dealing is bound to bring success.

Close attention and thorough work will prevent disaster and save time, labor and money.

The poultry raiser who is constantly complaining about "bad luck," is advertising the fact that his methods are at fault.

Take "volunteered advice" with a "grain of salt." Wise men do not need to advertise their wisdom. No one knows it all.

Some one once said, and truthfully, too, that poultry culture is made up of a chain of little things, one link out of place making a bad kink in the whole chain.

Farmer Jones' Short Cuts.

So long as the hens lay all right, what difference does it make whether they are of a fashionable color or not?—"handsome is as handsome does."

It is the man who thinks he knows all about hens, and swings into the race with five or six hundred the first pop, whom you hear saying a year or two later, "Hens are the biggest nuisance on the face of the earth. No one ever made anything out of them."

When the combs of the fowls begin to droop and look pale and limp,

better sort them out and get hens with nice bright combs.

It is the singing hen that does a good day's work. Same way with men folks.

The beef trust is leading us to trust more and more in hens.

Change the diet of the hens often. None of us likes to live all the time on pudding and milk, good as they are.

About the surest way to fail is to crowd too many hens into one pen. It never paid; it never will.

Kind of hard work to wash eggs, but they look so much better when you offer them for sale, that I always like to do it.

Keep the doors closed at night. This is the time of the year when enemies of the biddies prowl around.

Use some animal food every day, but have it good.

Have the feed boxes high enough from the floor so that you can sweep under them. Sure to be a lot of litter there.

Hens do not like to pick their shells out of a box half full of straw and cobs. Keep the shells clean by putting the box up where the litter will not get into it.

Expect to learn something about the chickens every day.

Because hens like to roost in the tops of trees don't conclude that the colder the weather the better they will like it in an open hen house. Hens can catch cold the same as men folks.

Ever see a hen sneeze? They sneeze because they are forced to roost in drafts of air. Ventilate the houses, but do it so that the hens may be out of direct drafts.

The deeper you have the straw on the floor of the hen house the harder the hens will have to work to get the feed you scatter for them, and the more eggs you will get.

One of the best hen men in this country, in answer to my question, "Do you think pepper is good for hens?" said, "I don't use it." That was all; but it was enough for me.

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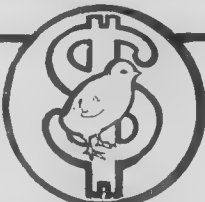
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Simply tell me to ship you a **PEERLESS** Incubator and a Peerless Brooder—you need them both to start right.

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advisor, if you want advice. I will see you through—show you just how to make most money quickest.

I will even find you a good high-paying buyer for all the poultry you want to raise.

And I will put a Ten-Year **GUARANTEE** behind the incubator and the brooder—an absolute, plain-English guarantee that puts ALL the risk on me, where it belongs.

I can afford to, because I know for sure you can make money if you go at it right,—and then I will sell you more incubators and more brooders—

Suppose you send for the free book anyway—and send now. That commits you to nothing and costs you nothing

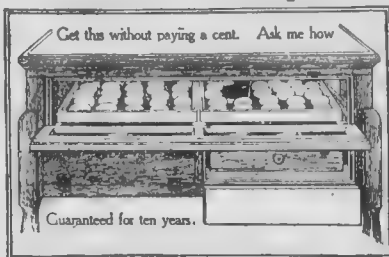
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Unless I can prove that to you beforehand I won't be able to sell you a Peerless. What I ask you to do is just to let me submit the

proof for you to examine.

You do your own thinking, I know. Read my free book—it's called "When Poultry Pays"—and think over what it says. Then make up your mind about my offer to start you raising poultry right—

Remember that the risk is on me. The incubator and the brooder will easily earn you much more than their cost long before you pay me for them.

In Lighter Vein.

Lookin' Out.

Life's a mighty risky thing these busy, dizzy days, You've got to keep a-watchin' in a dozen different ways; Lookin' out for autos that come hustlin' down the road, An' wonderin' if they're goin' to run you down or jest explode. Lookin' out fur engines when you drive across the track— There doesn't seem a minute when you aren't on the rack; Lookin' out fur sunstroke when the summer days unfold, An' when the winter comes a-lookin' out fur ketchin' cold.

Lookin' out fur prices when you've got some crops to sell; Lookin' out fur bunco men that knows yer folks so well; Lookin' out fur germs that comes a-flyin' through the air An' never leaves you any chance of restin' anywhere! Lookin' out fur burglars when you shut the house at night; It rel'y seems existence isn't regulated right, I'd like to be more cheerful, but I can't see what about; It seems like there is nothin' to this life but lookin' out!

Sparklets.

A school inspector put a few questions to the lower-form boys on the common objects in the schoolroom. "What is the use of that map?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room; and half a dozen shrill voices answered, "Please, sir, it's to hide the teacher's bicycle!"

Mr. Smith: "I believe there is a special Providence which protects bricklayers' laborers. Do you know that only yesterday one slipped off a forty-foot ladder and was not hurt in the slightest degree?" "That sounds almost miraculous," said Mrs. Smith. "Oh, no; there was nothing miraculous about it; he slipped off the first rung."

Diogenes sighed wearily as he entered the grocery and steered for his usual cracker-box. "How now?" queried one of his enemies. "Beshrew me, but you seem ill of temper." "Alack," responded the philosopher. "This morning I essayed with a lantern in quest of an honest man and be-thought me to have found one." "And had you not?" "I doubt me sadly," rejoined the sage, "that his integrity was impeccable for even as I was congratulating him he swiped the lantern."

Glad News.

"I can hardly believe it." The face of the man in bed was unnaturally pale in its peacefulness. His white hand, lying on the coverlet, betokened that his illness had been extreme, yet his brightened eye indicated either that the crisis was past or that some sudden good news had come to him.

"Maria," he said feebly, but with an intonation of gladness, "I have been thinking of you. Do you remember those baked beans you have prepared for me every Saturday night?" "Surely," she assented; "there are some left over from last week now. When you get well—"

A shudder passed over the prostrate form, but it was only momentary. "And do you remember, Maria, those biscuits of yours—those large, glossy, beautiful biscuits?"

"Of course. I shall make some more soon."

"And that cottage pudding that we had every Tuesday, with the good, hard sauce. Do you remember those apple pies you made for me with their fine, adamantine aspect? And the apple dumplings your loving hands fashioned, not to speak of the boiled dinners you always had on Mondays, and the specialties you surprised me with? Maria, they are all back numbers now; no more of them for me, dear wife of mine."

"What do you mean?" she said anxiously. "You are going to get well, aren't you, for my sake?"

"Yes, dear," he replied. "I expect and hope to get well, but—a heavenly smile suffused his face—"they tell me now that I must have my stomach removed."

Willing to Oblige.

Irate Customer (to butcher)—So you called me a muttonhead, did you? Will you take it back?

Butcher—No, I can't take it back, but I'll exchange it for you."

A Business Woman.

"What did your wife do when she found that you had paid your creditor with her dowry?" "Do? Why she divorced me, and married the creditor."

His Closest Relation.

"Mamma," said a young Winnipeg hopeful the other day, "who is my closest relation? Are you?" "No," sweetly replied the mother. "Your father has that distinction. He never gives me a cent unless I ask him for it." And it was a full half hour before the head of the house discovered that the paper he was reading was upside down.

He Belonged to the Union.

Representative McNary of Boston and Representative Madden of Illinois were discussing the traits of character of the Irish. "I went to call on a constituent of mine," said Mr. Madden, "to see a new baby. I found the youngster all battered up, black and blue in spots. 'What's the matter with him?' I asked. 'Oh, nothing,' answered his mother. 'You see he was christened yesterday, and while his daddy was holding him the six o'clock whistle blew.'"

Catalogued.

They were in the garden, and they took their similes from Nature. "You are my dear, little, clinging vine," he murmured. "Yes, and you're my darling, big tree," she gurgled. "And what in thunder am I?" cried the Rejected One, parting the bushes angrily. "You?" they answered. "Oh, you are just a rubber plant." Then there was silence in the garden.

A Reciprocal Sacrifice.

John Drew, the actor, not long ago met a friend, formerly a player in his company, but now engaged in business. Mr. Drew had heard a rumor to the effect that the former player was about to wed the widow of his deceased partner, so he genially remarked:—"Ah, my boy! I understand that you are to marry the old man's widow. Furthermore, it is whispered that she has effected a great reform in you—that you have given up many little enjoyments of which you used to be so fond—smoking, for instance." "Yes," replied the ex-player, she gives up her weeds, and I give up mine."

The Wrong Number.

Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang vigorously several times, and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do. "Hello!" he called. "Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?" "Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye think Oi am—a box-car?"

Cheap Courting at Epping.

There lived in the town of Epping, N.H., an old man who was noted for his penuriousness. One winter the school teacher boarded at his house, and she had a beau who came once a week to spend the evening with her. This, of course, necessitated heating and lighting the parlor.

Nothing was said about this item of expense at the end of the term, when the teacher paid her board bill, but the next day, happening to meet the young man on the street, the old man accosted him, and after a few preliminaries about the weather, remarked:

"You know we've been to some little expense this winter running that fire in the parlor for you and the teacher. I didn't say anything to her, but I thought perhaps you'd be willing to make it right."

"Why, yes," replied the young man. "I am willing to pay anything reasonable, of course. How much do you think you ought to have?"

"Waal," drawled out Mr. B., "I guess 'bout ten cents will do."

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The Craven Dam, at the junction of the Qu'Appelle with the outlet from Long Lake.

Only a Trifle Gone.

The editor of a paper in Western Indiana declares it to be a fact that a "cub" reporter on an Evansville sheet, in describing the murder of a man in an adjacent town, wired his paper as follows:

"Murderer evidently in quest of money. Luckily Jones had deposited all his funds in the bank day before, so he lost nothing but his life."

Senator Hoar on Profanity.

United States Senator Hoar above all things disliked profanity. The story is told, how much shocked the venerable senator would be by the inflammatory interjections of a certain politician, with whom he frequently was compelled to confer. But on such occasions he would refrain from censuring the culprit except in the mildest manner. One day when the politician came to the senator's committee-room on a subject of considerable importance, Mr. Hoar indicated a seat to him and remarked, "Now, Mr. Blank, before we enter upon a discussion of this question, we shall assume that everybody and everything is damned. Then we can talk it over amicably."

Why Norah Was Worried.

My maid Norah went to consult a fortune-teller and returned wailing dismally.

"Did she predict some great trouble?" I asked, sympathetically.

"Och, mem, sich terrible news!" moaned Norah, rocking back and forth wringing her hands.

"Tell me," I said, wishing to comfort the girl.

"She tould me that me father wurks hard shovelin' coal an' 'tindin' foires fer a livin'."

"But that's no disgrace nor sorrow," I said, a trifle vexed at such affectation.

"Och, mem, me poor father!" sobbed Norah. "He's bin dead these noine years!"

Catching A Skeptic.

A well-known divine was once reading his Bible in a railway carriage, when a fellow passenger of skeptical proclivities said, "It is time you ceased reading that book which the scientific world has long since repudiated."

"It would be better for you, sir, if you knew more about this old Book," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, I know all about that old Book: I have studied it from one end to the other."

"Then will you please tell me," inquired the minister, "what you think of the Book of Jehoachim?"

The Book of Jehoachim, sir, is the

best book in your Bible," replied the skeptic; "but it is full of historical inaccuracies."

"There is no such book in the Bible," replied the clergyman.

The skeptic immediately subsided.

Spoke Only for Himself.

An Atlanta minister tells this at his own expense. He had employed as a general utility man a country negro named Jake, and found him a very satisfactory servant, except for the habit he had of asking rather long vacations every little while. One day he came to the minister and made his usual request.

"Ah's des bleegeed ter go, Mars Jeems," he said. "Ah dun had er letter frum mah wife what libes out yander in de country, an' she dun say Ah hatter come home an' help pick cotton."

"When did you get your letter?" the minister asked.

"Last Chusday, sah."

"Well, I had one from her yesterday in which she said that, after all, she thought she could manage the cotton, and for you not to come. How about that?" asked the minister, who had a rather well-developed sense of humor, and who was secretly greatly amused.

"Dat so?" the man asked, in surprise.

"Den Ah reckon Ah won't go."

As he was leaving the room, he turned and said:

"Mars Jeems, Ah reckon Ah oughter 'fess dat Ah war tellin' a lie—Ah neber had no wife in mah life!"

An Anecdote of Wagner.

The following anecdote of Wagner is told by Alfred Reisenauer, the pianist, who, as a pupil of Liszt, knew the composer of "Parsifal" personally.

"Wagner was always more or less self-conscious," says Reisenauer, "and only at rare intervals did his friends see him in moods that could be called anything but premeditated. In Bayreuth I saw him in a highly characteristic situation, and I never shall forget it. It was at a rehearsal of 'Parsifal.' The garden scene had just been admirably sung and danced, whereupon Wagner, in his exuberant joy, hugged and kissed the artists, and then, quite beside himself, got down on all fours and barked like a dog, concluding his exhibition by throwing his legs in the air and balancing himself on his head. At this interesting moment Liszt and several of his pupils, including myself, walked on the stage. Quick as a flash, Liszt, who always played the role of Wagner's self-constituted defender, said grimly, 'Well, if that's a pose, it's the hardest one in the world to hold, by thunder!' For the sake of the Meister we tried to restrain our mirth, but the effort was not wholly successful. I firmly believe, however, that Wagner himself was secretly pleased at the sensation for which he was responsible."



Earl Grey from the elevator.



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ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

How the Roman Road was Built.

A careful estimate shows that the Romans spent from thirty to one hundred thousand dollars per mile on their roads; yet Europe knew no road-building worthy of the name from the fall of Rome, about A. D. 400 to the coming of Napoleon's Tresaquet fourteen hundred years later.

For a millennium and a half the roads of these men who built for eternity were the best roads in England, Europe and Asia Minor, and though many of them quickly disappeared if neglected, a large number remain to this day, and a much larger number have served as a foundation of modern roads. One road, which Begier examined in France, was raised twenty feet above the surrounding country. A vertical incision revealed the following sections:

Sec. 1. A "fill" of 16½ feet.

Sec. 2. A foot layer of flat stones and cement.

Sec. 3. A foot layer of flat stones without cement.

Sec. 4. A foot layer of firmly packed earth.

Sec. 5. A half-foot layer of small metal in hard cement.

Sec. 6. A half-foot layer of large metal and cement.

The width of Roman Roads varied from one hundred and twenty feet at home to fifteen or twenty feet in England. The lesser width made a great reduction in original cost of maintenance.

In the case of the narrow roads on the island the work was well done. "Two furrows were first made," writes W. B. Paley, "at the proper distance apart; the earth between was dug out for a foot or two, and the bottom rammed and beaten down tightly. Upon this the first stratum of material was laid and the lime poured over it; then larger stones were placed upon that, and the interstices filled with mortar, after which sometimes came another layer similar to the bottom one. The whole was often three feet thick, or more, and was rounded in the center to prevent water lodging upon it." From "The Roman Road Builders' Message to America," by Archer Butler Hulbert.

Items of Interest.

Egyptologists say that there are still 3,000,000,000 mummies in Egypt.

Smoking-cars for women are a feature of Russian railways.

The banana and potato are almost identical in chemical composition.

In Scotland a landlord gives his tenant notice to leave by chalking the door.

The occupants of the Philippines represent such a variety of races that thirty-one languages are spoken there.

There is a large and growing importation of salt into this country, the home supply being unequal to the demand.

When first taken from the mines, opals are so tender and friable that they may be picked to pieces with the finger-nail.

Statistics of prisons show that twelve men to one woman were imprisoned in this country. In France the proportion is five to one.

The emerald improves in color on exposure to the light. Pearls kept in the dark lose their luster, but regain it on exposure to the sun.

Natives of the interior of Bolivia wear hats and shirts made of the bark of a tree which is first water-soaked and then beaten into pliability.

Cats are often victims of tuberculosis, and physicians declare that there is considerable danger of contracting the disease from these household pets.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives put him into a coffin and bury him. The mourning does not begin until after burial.

An acting model of the human heart, with every detail, has been made by a French physician. The blood can be seen coursing to and from it through artificial arteries.

The men who raise many peanuts now send them to the mill, vines, roots and all. A machine cleans and shells them. One factory can shell many large wagon-loads of peanuts in a day.

The nickname of "Dinner Bell" was bestowed upon Burke because of his long and badly delivered speeches, which were so often interrupted by members of parliament leaving to go to dinner.

The Chinese never use butter in any form. In Africa a vegetable butter made from the fruit of the shea tree is used by the natives, and is said to have a much richer flavor than that made from cows' milk.

Among the middle classes of Russia when a death occurs and an impressive funeral cortege is desired, tramps are sometimes employed as mourners, suitable clothing, with the exception of shoes, being furnished by the employing agency.

There is a society in Norway which, in order to increase the output of butter for the British market, offers a six-months' course, with free board and tuition, to young country girls who wish to learn how to take care of cows and make the best butter.

Runaway horses are unknown in Russia. No one drives there without having a thin cord with a running noose around the neck of the animal. When an animal starts the cord is pulled and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe.

Siena, Italy, is famous for the large hats of its women and the long horns of its cattle. The hats, which we know in America as Leghorn hats, are a peculiar product of Siena, although they are known abroad by the name of the city from which they are exported.

Every three years all Chinese domiciled in Siam have to pay a small poll tax. When this has been paid the collector ties a string around the man's left wrist and fastens the knot with a special official seal. The bracelet is a Chinese receipt and must be worn one month.

A remarkable dinner was served recently by a farmer near Ault, Col. The table was set for twelve, and the menu consisted of one five and a half-pound potato, one fifteen-pound cabbage, one ten-pound chicken, one six-pound turnip, one two-pound onion, and three pies made from a one and a half-pound apple.

There is an animal hospital at Lodepur, near Calcutta, where there are usually about a thousand animals under treatment—horses, oxen, mules, elephants, dogs, and even sheep—all comfortably housed and looked after by a staff of eighty native "nurses," under the orders of a British veterinary surgeon.

During a recent cold period in Switzerland thousands of swallows fell exhausted and half frozen. At Lucerne and Zurich the birds were collected and taken care of by the

people. When they had sufficiently recovered they were shipped by train to Italy and there set at liberty to continue the migration southward.

The great opera singer, Mme. Grisi, who was married to Signor Mario, the tenor, was singing in St. Petersburg. The Emperor, the father of the present one, gave Mme. Grisi permission to walk in his private park. One morning the Emperor met Mme. Grisi, accompanied by two little girls. The Emperor saluted her, and said: "Are these two Grisettes?" "No, your Majesty," replied Mme. Grisi, "those are two Marionettes."

Bishop Joseph Wilmer, of Louisiana, and Bishop Richard Wilmer, of Alabama, are cousins and intimate friends. In their travels in Italy one summer, the bishop of Alabama was pointing out with enthusiasm certain architectural beauties. The Bishop of Louisiana was bored. He said: "It's all very fine, Cousin Dick, but, nevertheless, a rich field fragrant with the odor of new-mown hay would please me better." And the Bishop of Alabama replied: "Cousin Joe, there's not a donkey in all Italy that would not agree with you."

His Pass.

J. W. Brooks, a great railway manager of Michigan, whose penmanship was very poor, once wrote a letter to a man on the route, notifying him that he must remove a barn which, in some manner, incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution.

The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for two years on the company's trains, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.

A Rule for Judging Men.

The late Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., President of the Long Island Railroad, was one of the most considerate and best-liked of New York's large employers. Yet he had an inflexible rule in employing and discharging men. Speaking once on the subject, Mr. Baldwin said:

"There is a rule that experience has taught me to be correct. It is a rule that I have used for years in my business, and that has not once led me astray. It is this: whenever I discover one of my men looking back with pride over his accomplishments, instead of keeping his eyes forward—well, that's quite enough for me. I don't wait for any positive offense. No matter how capable he may have been, I put a cross against his name, and he goes out at the first opportunity. When a man gets to looking back on his record his usefulness is past."

She Passed Him.

A widow in a Maine town, according to the Boston "Herald," was a strict constructionist in her theology, and would admit no lodger into her boarding-house who had not a leaning toward Universalist views. One day an old sea captain happened along to ask for rooms.

"But what do you believe?" asked the widow?

"Oh, most anything," replied the captain.

"Do you believe there is a hell?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"Well," parried the widow, "how many do you think will go there?"

The captain cautiously remarked that he thought twenty thousand would be a fair estimate. The widow paused, then stated that he could come in. "Twenty thousand," she said, "is better than none."

He Learned Their Names.

The late Professor Sommerville, of the University of Pennsylvania, who was a great Oriental traveller, told of the following amusing mistake made by a French explorer:

This explorer had made a journey to Kairwan and had drawn a map of the country he had passed through.

The singular thing about this map was that the name "Maarifsh" appeared so many times on it. A river would be "Maarifsh River," a mountain would be "Mount Maarifsh," a village, a lake, a valley—each would be called "Maarifsh."

When Professor Sommerville saw this map he laughed.

"Don't you know," he said to the traveller, "what 'maarifsh' means in Arabic?"

"No," said the other. "What does it mean?"

"It means 'Don't know.'"

A Facer.

It was somewhere within the regions of closing time, and the door-keeper of the dog show was beginning to allow his thoughts to dwell upon a prospective steak-and-onions supper, when a hulking individual presented himself at the door.

"Called for Bill Smith's dawg," he said curtly.

"Receipt?" said the door-keeper, holding out his hand therefor.

"Lorst it," said the hulking one.

"Oh, lorst it, eh? Well, what class was the dawg in?"

"Dunno. It's Bill Smith's dawg, and it's name's Jack."

The doorkeeper waxed wrath.

"There's fifty blessed tykes here called Jack," he said. "Ow am I to know which is your'n? Did it win a prize?"

"No, it didn't."

"Well"—wearily—"wot breed is it, anyway?"

"Breed," said the inquirer scornfully. "Ow should I know what breed it is? Why, that's just what puzzled the judge!"

Allow me to introduce

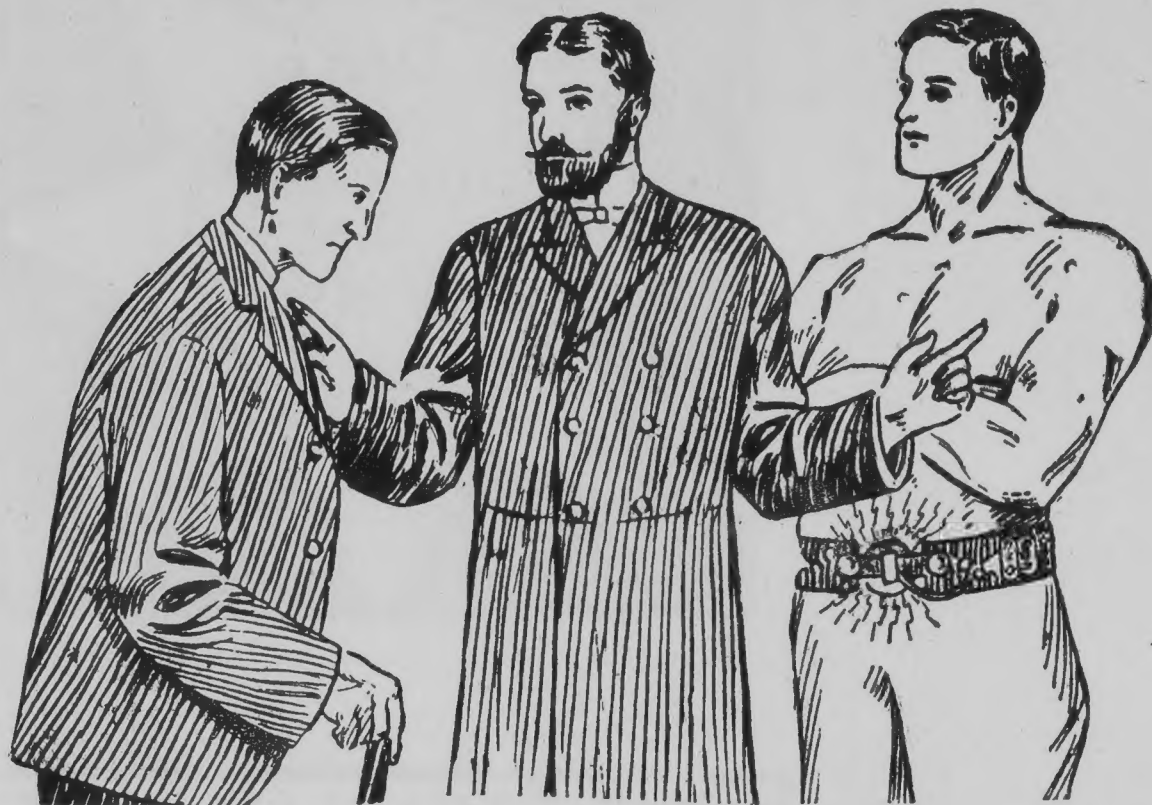
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(BRIGHT PLUG)

Chewing Tobacco



Dr. McLaughlin's Enthusiasm



Why would he
not be enthusiastic
when he receives
such letters as this

Read Margret Scott's
experience with my Belt
What it did after
Doctors and Medicines
failed.

Dear Sir,—The Belt I got from you last winter while in Montreal, cured me of enlargement of the heart and giddiness. I was treated for some time in a Montreal hospital, without benefit, and was obliged to give up work. I wore the Belt for three weeks under your care in Montreal, when I was able to do my work again, and I must thank you for your kindness to me during my visits to your office. I am now as well as ever and enjoying good health. Since coming to Edmonton I have lent the Belt to several people, and it so benefited them that I have got orders for two Belts for you. Your Belt has done wonders for a lady here (Mrs. Vanassdalen). Her husband came and asked me to see his wife. He said they had two doctors for her, and that they could not tell what the trouble was, as it was a complicated case. She was bloated and could hardly speak. She was losing her strength rapidly, as her heart, liver and kidneys were affected. I asked if they would allow me to put the Belt on, and they said I could, as the medicine was not doing any good. I put it on, and in less than an hour she was sitting up laughing, and in two days the swelling had entirely disappeared, so all the medicine was put in the fire. Mrs. Vanassdalen will be glad to answer anyone who will write to her. She says it made her a new woman; and it is not necessary for me to tell you what the Belt did for me.

MARGRET SCOTT.

Letters of this kind are coming to me every day. My files are full of them.

A man or woman who wears a Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt for a few weeks begins to feel the joys of youthful fire and courage in their veins. The strength which they lost in earlier days comes back to them, and those "come and go" pains in the back are driven out for ever. Where it is used there is vigor, youthful ambitions, a light heart and freedom from worry and care.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

has made thousands of lives happy during the past six months. You have heard your neighbor speak of it. In every location some one speaks well of Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt, because every town has one or more cures by it. The nature of the matter prevents the public mention of its effects by those who have benefited by it. If it were not for this fact there would not be space enough in this paper to print the glad tidings that would be produced. It has a remedy born in nature, and is the only natural means of regaining vital force. Therefore, it is the only sure means of regaining it. Drugs have been tried and have failed, you know that; but Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt cannot fail; it is Electricity, and "Electricity is Life." It gives you the oil with which to set the machinery of your body in motion, and a few months' use of it will assure you health and happiness for the rest of your life. "It is worth its weight in gold to me," says a recent letter. "I would not sell it for all the gold in the province," writes another grateful patient.

I have a Cure in Every Town. Tell Me Where You Live and I Will Send You the Name of a Man I Have Cured

Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the Electric Belt I purchased from you some time ago did my wife a world of good; in fact, I am satisfied that it saved her life. It is very seldom that she wears it now, only occasionally, when she feels weak and run down. James Brindle, Lamberton, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—Ever since starting to wear your Electric Belt, I have felt a decided improvement in my condition. After two months' use the pain entirely disappeared, and I have not been troubled with it since. Wishing you every success, I remain, R. H. Forbes, Loon Creek, Sask.

Fleming, Sask.—Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—I am fully satisfied with my Belt; it is a good cure. I am stronger in every way, and I thank you very much for your Belt. It is well worth the money I gave for it. Yours truly, Wm. J. Pearson.

Nipissing, Ont.—Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir,—My case has certainly been a very serious one, and one of long standing. I had latterly been unable to do any work at all. Your Belt has worked wonders in my case, as I am working steady now. It is well known here that it is your Belt that has put me on my feet again, and no doubt will be the cause of other sales to you. Yours very truly, William J. Byers.

I don't want your money without giving you value for it. I know it will cure in any case that I undertake. If I can't cure it, I'll tell you so frankly. You have nothing to lose, for if you wish you can use the Belt entirely, at my risk, and if it don't cure you it will not cost you one cent. The only condition I impose is that you give me security for the Belt while you are using it, as evidence of good faith on your part. You can then use it on the conditions of

NO CURE

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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

The Humorist.

A king and his clown fell ill one day,
And the king, as he lay on his royal
bed,
Beholding the clown, was moved to say:
"Lo, all my glory has from me fled.
One man wears motley, and one a crown,
We raise distinctions and cling to
caste,
But the hand of the Master strikes us
down,
And the king and his clown are the
same at last."

The poor, pale clown turned wearily
And looked across where the monarch
lay:

"Nay, master, it is not so," said he.
"Though we share one lot in common
to-day

I must have my wits when I rise again,
Or another clown to your feet they'll
bring.

But you, O sire, though you retain
No spark of reason, will still be
king."

Love in a cottage is all right. The
thing is to get the cottage.

A great many persons can make a
name, but only a few can keep it.

Friends, like everything else that a
man gets in this world, must be bought
and paid for promptly.

The great secret of popularity is to
make everyone satisfied with himself
first, and afterwards satisfied with you.

Bess: Why did you break off your
engagement with Jack?

Nell: I asked him to guess my age—
and he did.

The Customer: Do you think you can
make a really good photograph of me?
Artist: Well, sir, I'm afraid I must
answer you in the negative.

There is a saying current in the city
of New York to this effect: "You can
always tell a Boston man, but you
can't tell him much."

Tommy: I don't believe that cat
story. How could a cat have seven-
league boots?

Bobbie: Mebbe a giant threw 'em at
'im one night.

Van Dauber: How much do you pay
a week for your board and room?

Scribbler: Well, some expressmen
charge me a dollar, and some seventy-
five cents.

Visitor: Are there any fish in this
river?

Native: Fish! I should rather think
there was. Why, the water's simply
saturated with them.

Pat: What be yer charge for a fun-
eral notice in yer paper?

Editor: Two dollars an inch.
Pat: Good heavens! An' me poor
brother was six feet high.

Teacher: Now, what is a fort?

Johnny: A place for soldiers to live
in.

Teacher: And a fortress?

Johnny: A place for soldiers' wives
to live in.

Uncle Jerry Peebles was looking over
the list of "amended spellings" recom-
mended by the reformers. "Good land!"
he exclaimed. "I don't see anything
strange in them words. That's the way
I've allus spelled 'em."

Tommy Twaddles: Gee, but I'm glad!
We're goin' to study general history
this term.

Johnny Jimpson: Wot's gen'ral his-
tory?

Tommy Twaddles: Why, all about
generals, you chump.

"So sorry not to have heard your lec-
ture last night," said the loquacious
lady. "I know I missed a treat; every-
body says it was great."

"How did they find out?" asked Mr.
Frockcoat. "The lecture, you know,
was postponed."

Ben Butler was a terror and torment
to the judges. On one occasion Judge
Sanger, having been bullied and bad-
gered out of all patience, petulantly
asked, "What does the counsel suppose
I am on this bench for?"

Scratching his head a minute, Butler
replied:

"Well, I confess, your Honor's got
me there."

Critic: It is not what I should call
a speaking likeness.

Artist: Oh, well, I don't think many
people find fault with it for having
nothing to say.

He: She told me that it was her first
year out.

She: Why, she's been out four sea-
sons.

He: Well, I suppose she counts four
seasons to the year.

"You say you take automobile rides
for the sake of exercise?"

"Certainly."

"But where does the exercise come
in?"

"Getting out to see what is the mat-
ter."

"Mrs. Glitterby does love to be talk-
ed about, doesn't she?"

"I should say she does. Why, she is
so anxious for notoriety that she even
wears her last year's hat."

Employer: Yes, I advertized for a
strong boy. Do you think you will suit?

Applicant: Well, I've just finished
lickin' nineteen other applicants out in
the passage.

She: If there's anyone I detest more
than another it's a man who is for ever
talking shop.

He: Yes, he's almost as tiresome as
the woman who constantly talks shop-
ping.

Mrs. Dash: I don't understand, dear,
why you can't get along with your hus-
band. He's such a charming man! Per-
haps you haven't been sufficiently—

Mrs. Rash: Yes, I have!

"I think," said the office-seeker, "that
my campaign work should entitle me to
an office."

"Who are you?" demanded the big
man. "What did you do?"

"Well, I 'also spoke' on about forty
different occasions."

"You were very successful in monopol-
izing your line of trade."

"I was," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I
put in my life killing competition in
order that the other members of my
family might put in their lives killing
time."

"Mister," sniveled the hobo. "It's a
turrible thing not to know where yer
next meal's comin' from."

"You don't know what trouble is,"
snarled the gaunt press humorist. "It's
a terrible thing not to know where
your next joke's coming from."

Medical Student: What did you oper-
ate on that man for?

Eminent Surgeon: Five hundred dol-
lars.

Medical Student: I mean, what did
he have?

Eminent Surgeon: Five hundred dol-
lars.

"All the little boys and girls who
want to go to Heaven," said the Sunday
school superintendent, "will please
rise."

All rose but Tommy Twaddles.

"And doesn't this little boy want to
go to Heaven?"

"N-not yit."

Overheard in a Pullman.

"Oh, George, wouldn't it be lovely
to make people think we are already
married?"

"All right; when we get out you
carry the bag and umbrella."

He Knew It.

She (reflectingly): Let me see—red is
love, green is jealousy, blue is fidelity,
yellow is envy, black is mourning, white
is innocence—and what is brown?

He: Beer!

In Perfect Agreement.

Tender-hearted Maiden Lady: It's a
shame to go out and kill little birds!
I could not do it!

Hunter (looking sadly at his empty
game bag): Neither could I.

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and keep the stomach and bowels
free from deleterious matter. Taken
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